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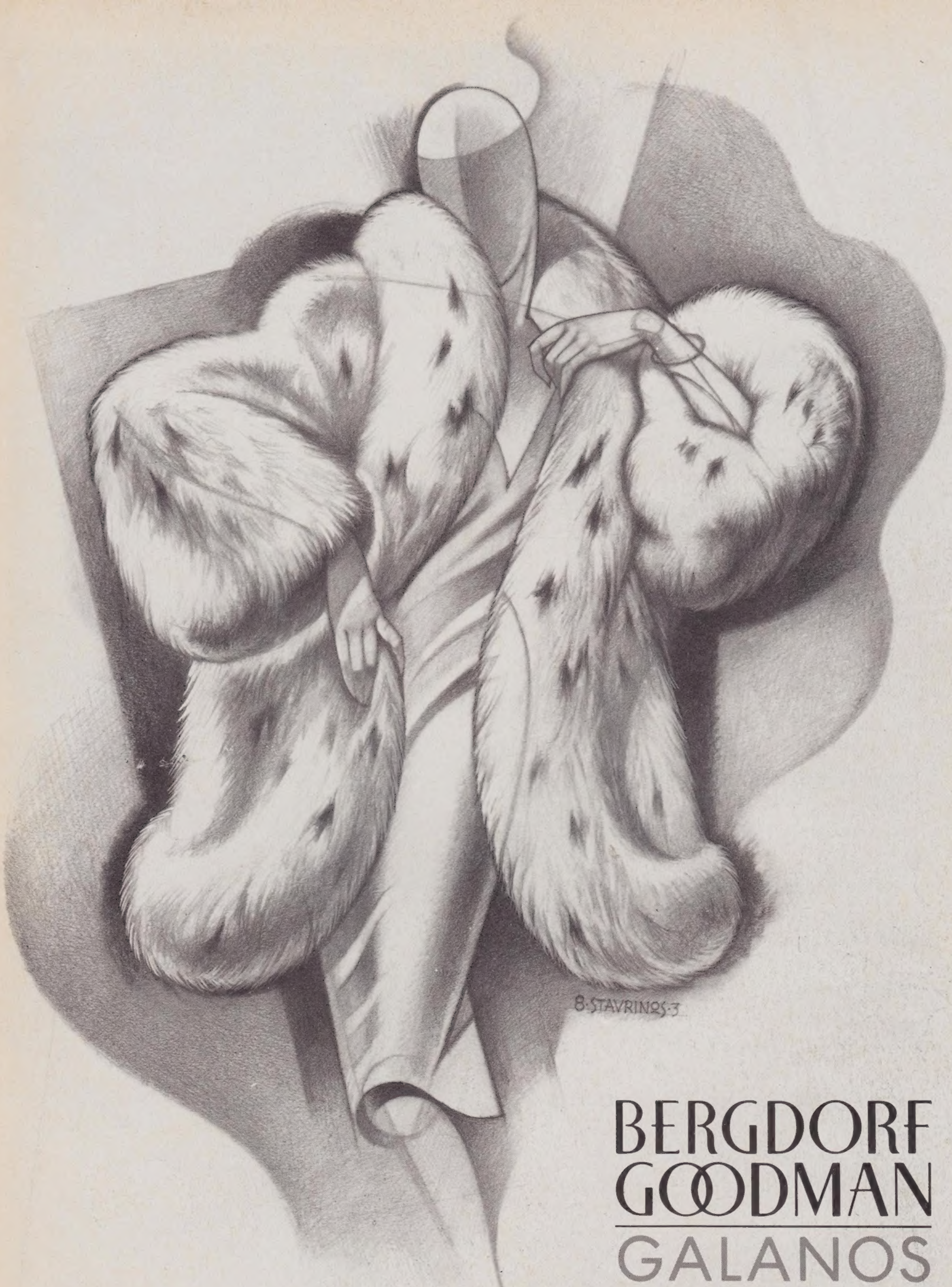

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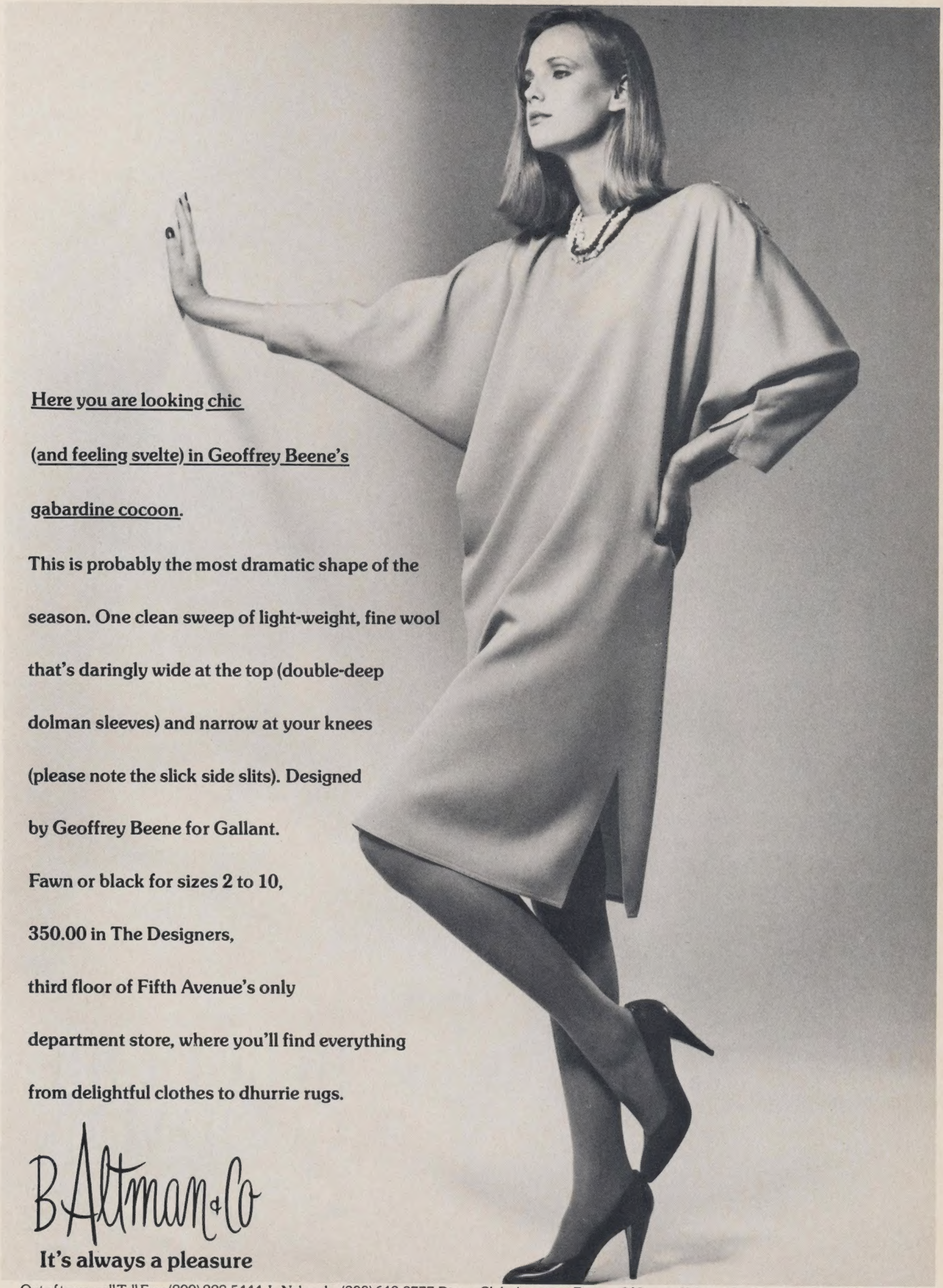

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october

1983

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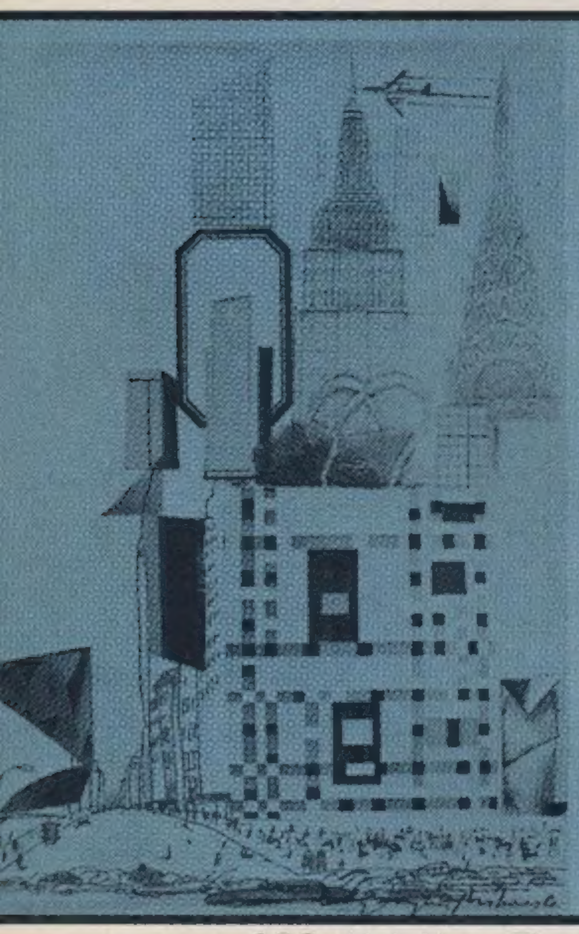

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From today till November 6, Bloomingdale's will celebrate a romance with France that began a century ago, with our first trips to see and to buy. Today, the romance blooms into a true love affair.

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Artisans, craftspeople and the great chefs of France will bring the taste and touch of French skill to life. France of the future will be reflected in the technological displays of aerospace, flight, computer and satellite expertise.

Streets of shops from Paris to Provence, model rooms by famous French interior designers, the Artcurial gallery, a parfumerie, a French newsstand—every aspect of France is recreated.

And fashion, the signature of France, as seen by the well known and the new designers in shops and fashion events—will continue the traditions.

The richness of France's heritage, the dynamics of today, the challenge of the future, here at Bloomingdale's. Celebrate with us this Fête de France.

We thank our colleagues for their special support: Ministry of Culture and Communication of France, Ministry of Exterior Affairs and Tourism of France, Aerospatiale, Air France, The American Express® Card, L'Art de la Table, Compagnie Générale Maritime, Crédit Lyonnais, Fédération Française de la Couture, French Government Tourism Office, Perrier, Régions de Provence, Alpes, Côte d'Azur, Rémy Martin, Saint Gobain - Des Jonquières

SEPTEMBER 13 – NOVEMBER 6

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LITTLE SHOPS

Innocence has its own reward: Issey Sport.

Issey Sport's new concept in dressing for fall is full of possibilities. It's a collection of statement shapes that succumb to your innocent (and not-so-innocent) moods.

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© 1983, Charles Revson Inc. Kim Alexis' gown is by Siam Originals. On her eyes Shimmertints in Night Jewel.
On her lips Star Amethyst Lipstick with Diamond Sparkle Lip Sparkler as an overglaze.
Her perfume: Ciara. Her plane: Piper Aerostar. It's a small plane, but it gets her there.

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Lauren is wearing Berry Rich Lipstick, Million Dollar Wine Blush-on, Goldleaf and Prosperous Plum Eyeshadow.
The pussycat is wearing her own pure white Persian coat.

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Your Letters

Reality—accept it or improve it?
I would like to thank you for the article, "Adjust to Reality—Why Should You?" (July, 1983).

While in college I was prepared, by faculty and administrators, to enter the "man's world" of work and be able to adjust to it. It was the hope of the college, however, that we would see that the present conditions do not have to continue. Only because of the women who have come before us do we have the opportunity to change the reality of the work force.

A man I dated in college remarked that he would not want to be a woman today. He said to succeed will be difficult enough, without having to struggle against the fact that one is a woman. To him, it was clear that women have to struggle *against* their sex, that in a sense we have to try to be men. He understood the problems that women face but was glad that he didn't have to be one actually going through it. He had a look of relief on his face. It was then I realized how difficult change was going to be.

It is still a high priority that women enter and adjust to the man's world of work, as it is obvious that change in the work force is slow (consider, for example, the 59 cent phenomenon). It is my hope, however, that adjustment can share its priority with the goal of creating a different world, a new reality. I am glad that Ms. Blakely also sees that this has become a possibility.

Karen Avagliano
Summit NJ

(Continued on page 136)

Waterford pours forth memories. It conjures up fantasies, evokes poetic imagery, provokes the creative spirit, celebrates life's mysteries. It is never too early nor too late to assume the title: Waterford Collector. Some begin at birth, others as nonagenarians. To the collector, a piece of Waterford® crystal is more than a drinking vessel, more than a vase, a decanter, a lamp, a chandelier, more than a family heirloom, more than an objet d'art; it is an incentive to lose weight, to win forgiveness, a way to attract a lover, to distract a patient, to symbolize hope, to crystallize a dream, to bid adieu, to hail the seasons, to raise spirits, to diminish melancholy, to mark events, to start traditions, to end a day; it is a noble rite of passage. Born of the breath of man, Waterford is life's child.

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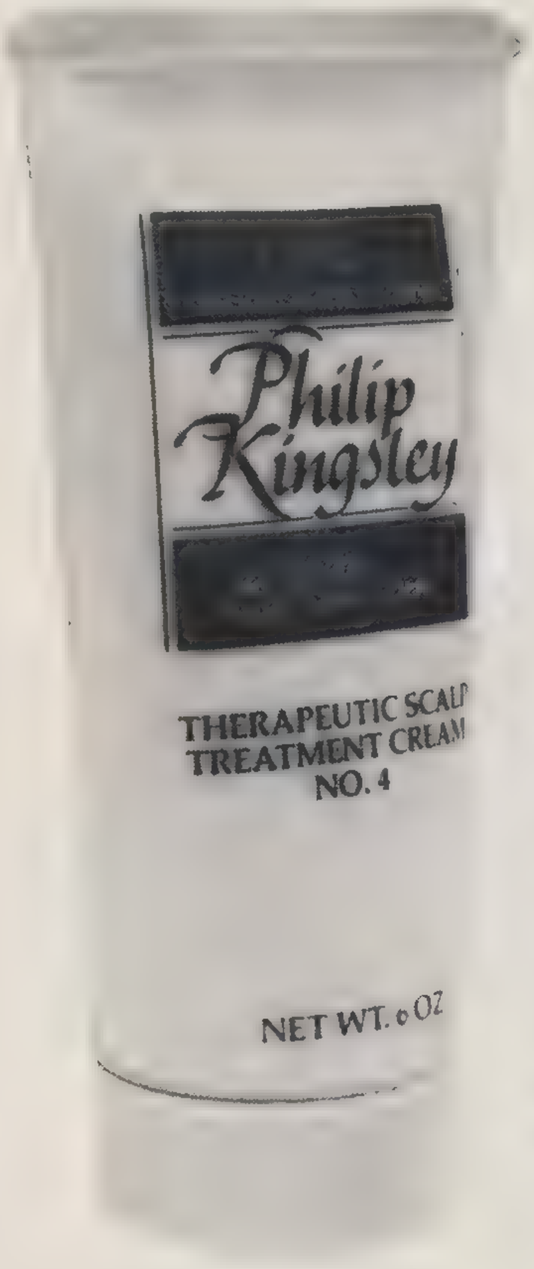
Photographed by Gideon Lewin at Sunar Showroom

Trichologist Philip Kingsley... Creating Beautiful, Healthy Hair at Saks Fifth Avenue



Your hair. Thick and curly, or fragile and stick straight...it is one of your most important—and most visible—assets. Did you know that almost everything you do affects your hair? Diet. Sunlight. Climate. Tension. Age. Exercise. Pregnancy. Combing. Water and the chemicals it contains. And did you know that your hair most often has two conditions; oily at its roots and drier at its ends? The longer you grow your hair, the greater the physiological and external traumas inflicted upon it. When you consider that many people have scalp conditions (oily to dry) that are different from their hair, it is understandable that no one product can meet both needs. It follows then, that treating the hair only, or the scalp only, will not achieve optimum results.
Enter Philip Kingsley, the world's leading trichologist, with clinics in New York and London. He has practiced the science of diagnosing and treating the hair and scalp for more than 25 years. His 70,000 clients have included royalty, celebrities, and persons from all walks of life, each looking to improve the health of their hair.

Now, Philip Kingsley has brought his expertise to Saks Fifth Avenue via his Inter-Effective Hair Care Regimen...a system insuring that all conditions of hair and scalp are treated specifically and cohesively. And best of all...it is a simple system, based on the belief that everyone, whatever the condition of his or her hair, requires a prescription for three products—Daily Shampoo, Conditioner, and Scalp Treatment. These are prescribed to meet each individuals' needs after a careful analysis and case history has been taken. Then, if needed, Intensive Treatment products, such as Intensive Scalp Stimulant or Elasticizing Hair Conditioner, will be prescribed.

Philip Kingsley has overlooked nothing in his search for optimum hair and scalp health. He's even designed his own combs, saw-cut, so no seam is left to break or damage hair. All in all, Philip Kingsley proves that beautiful, healthy hair and scalp is a dream within your reach—based on common sense. The collection, from $10 to $25. A special introduction for you! With the purchase of the basic regimen, 2 oz. Elasticizing Conditioner, is yours as a bonus. Throughout October and November, Philip Kingsley will personally appear at Saks Fifth Avenue stores from coast to coast to analyze and prescribe a specialized hair care program for you.

Do plan on meeting him in these locations:

October 3...Boston
October 5...Ft. Lauderdale
October 6, 7...Bal Harbour
October 11, 12...Troy
October 13, 14...Chicago
October 15...Kansas City
October 18...Beachwood
October 19...Frontenac
October 20...Atlanta
October 21, 22...Dallas
October 25, 26...Beverly Hills
October 27...Woodland Hills
October 28, 29...San Francisco
November 1...Bala Cynwyd
November 2...Bergen
November 3, 4, 5...New York

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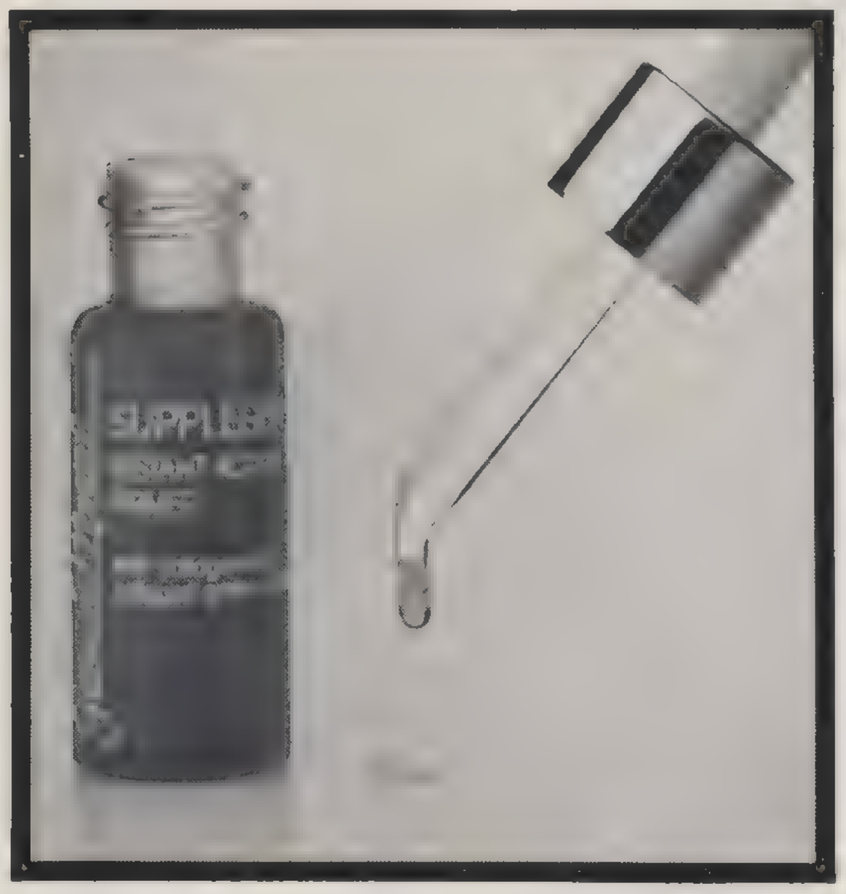
Sweater by Izabel Lam. Basile blouse. Robin Kahn earrings. © G



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*Out of 50 women, 23 had positive results in the eye area, 14 in the cheek area, and 20 in the cheek/throat area.

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Photograph: Skrebneski

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Above: The classic purity of French handblown, full-lead crystal from our collection by Baccarat. Crystal Department

On the facing page: Sonia's seductive silk crepe dinner dress, spiced with insets of lace. The Shop for Sonia Rykiel

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PHOTOGRAPHED AT
THE CRILLON HOTEL, PARIS

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Notes from our fashion edit, Fall 1983.

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Why not gather a few of these eyecolors and see how gorgeous they look on, and how gloriously they will perform. All day. Or all night.

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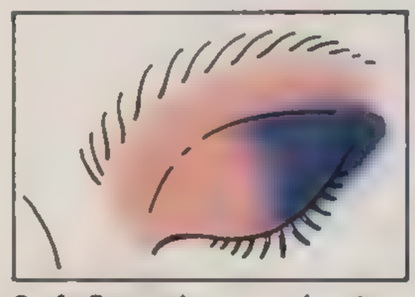

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Glamorous new eye design using Aziza Bamboo-Spruce Duo and Wisteria Single.

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Photographed by Lord Lichfield at Shugborough, Staffordshire.

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my face so I have
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cheekbones?"

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but I hate a
made-up look.
How should I
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Answer.

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Skin news: Going beyond repair

YOUR SKIN'S WORST ENEMY: THE ENVIRONMENT'S KILLING LIGHT

Walk out the door and zap! the ultraviolet rays start to nibble away at the heart of your skin cells. Meanwhile, creeping birthdays thin out your skin and slow down its natural rate of renewal.

But now science has struck a major counterblow against time and the environment. Orlane, the French company long known for innovations in skin treatment, has developed EXTRAIT VITAL Dual Skin Repair Complex, a multi-purpose lotion that uses new deep-epidermal technology to help replace damaged skin cells and rebuild the substructure of your skin.

REPAIR ABOVE, REBUILD BELOW

The natural healthy state of skin is plump and smooth. Starting in adolescence, your cells' functions begin to slow down. They don't take in and use oxygen as efficiently as they did. They don't absorb nourishment at the same rate or metabolize it as quickly. After a while, the skin tends to "cave in," creating fine lines and, ultimately, wrinkles.

Extrait Vital gives nature a healthy boost. It revitalizes the cells so they function better and reproduce faster, speeding fresh young cells to the surface.

At the same time, Orlane's unique product works below the surface, sending essential nutrients and moisture down to the deepest levels of the epidermis to help plump up the skin. The goal: smoother, healthier-looking skin. Since Extrait Vital is used both morning and night, this intensive nourishment and moisturization go on around the clock.

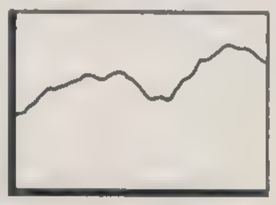
SKIN BEFORE TREATMENT

Damage above: *Unretouched photograph of untreated skin (magnified 25 times) reveals deep crevices and advanced fine lines, which can lead to wrinkles. The overall texture is coarse and uneven.*

AFTER TREATMENT

Repair above: *After 3 weeks of daily Extrait Vital treatment, crevices and fine lines have been markedly reduced and plumped out, creating a skin surface structure that's smoother and healthier-looking.*

Damage below: *Actual profile tracing of above skin surface. Crevices in photograph appear here as valleys between the peaks.*



Restructuring below: *After 3 weeks, revitalized by Extrait Vital, skin is smoother with a dramatic lessening of lines and crevices.*

A HEALTHY-LOOKING NEW STRUCTURE FOR YOUR SKIN SURFACE

Extrait Vital not only works to fill out the skin, reduce fine lines and wrinkles. It helps revitalize and plump up the entire epidermal structure. And it helps avoid erratic exfoliation, the flaking and roughness we shudder to see in our make-up mirrors.

HEREDITY: A CHALLENGE ORLANE ACCEPTS

Some of us, of course, have the cards stacked against us, inheriting skin that ages faster than seems fair. But Extrait Vital works to fight off the signs of aging. If heredity wasn't kind to your skin, Extrait Vital will be.

HOW EXTRAIT VITAL FITS INTO YOUR REGIMEN

Orlane has long been an advocate of complete, intensive skin regimens. But in creating this product to help repair the damage done by ultraviolet light and the environment, they have shown a keen awareness of today's speeded-up life style. By building nourishing and moisturizing properties into Extrait Vital, they allow the young woman in a hurry to use this new product as her single, all-purpose treatment. Its multi-purpose functions are a boon, too, to the frequent traveler who'd rather not haul along a dressing tableful of jars every time she flies off to Cincinnati or Paris.

For the woman with the time to do the utmost for her skin, Extrait Vital becomes the new essential first step under moisturizer or night cream. It not only works to help the skin repair itself. It helps create a healthy environment in which the skin can flourish and take full advantage of other treatment products.

When you use Extrait Vital, you'll find it floats easily onto and into the skin. Whether you use it alone or as part of a regimen, Extrait Vital doesn't replace anything you're now using, because *nothing quite like it has existed before*.

Extrait Vital is now available in the United States. Seek out the Orlane counter in your favorite store and ask to see it.

Deep-epidermal technology from France helps restructure your skin to a healthy-looking new fullness and firmness

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This astonishing fluid goes beyond repair.

Extrait Vital works hard to help repair skin damaged by ultraviolet light and the environment. But it goes much further. Helps speed fresh cells to the surface. Adds deep nourishment and moisture. Helps restructure the skin to a new fullness and smoothness. Developed in the distinguished laboratories of Orlane.

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fashioned as a cape,
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of England in the
14th Century, and he
permitted all the nobles
to wear sable, too.
So here I am with
the most beautiful
one I've ever seen,
designed by
Yves Saint Laurent, and
Bob is going to buy
it for me. Now
I'll have Bob and
my sable to love."

Photograph: Skrebneski. Fur products labeled to show country of origin.

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Don't tear your hair out. Come to an Artistic Center, get a couture cut and come out looking finished, top to toe.
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A call to 800 424-7288 will get you the name and address of a Center nearby.
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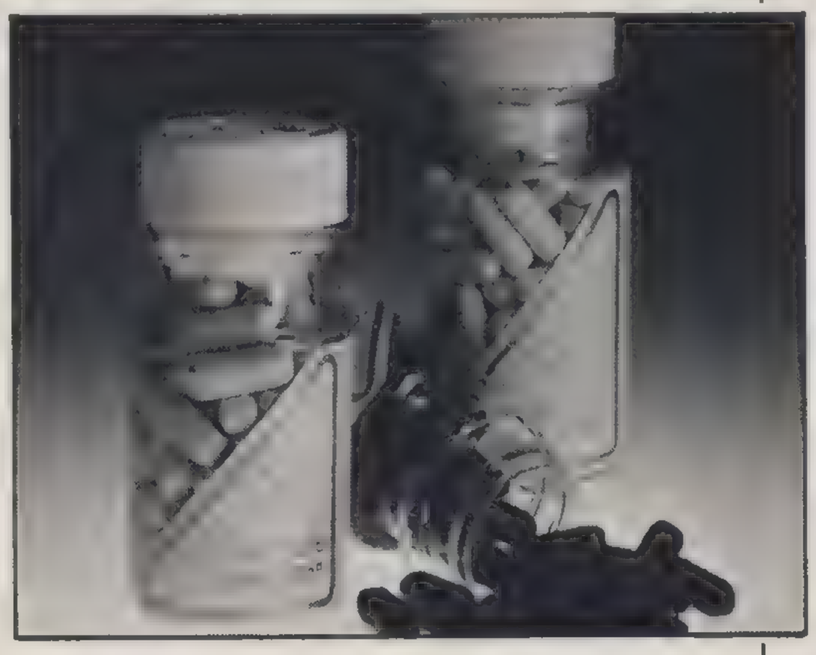

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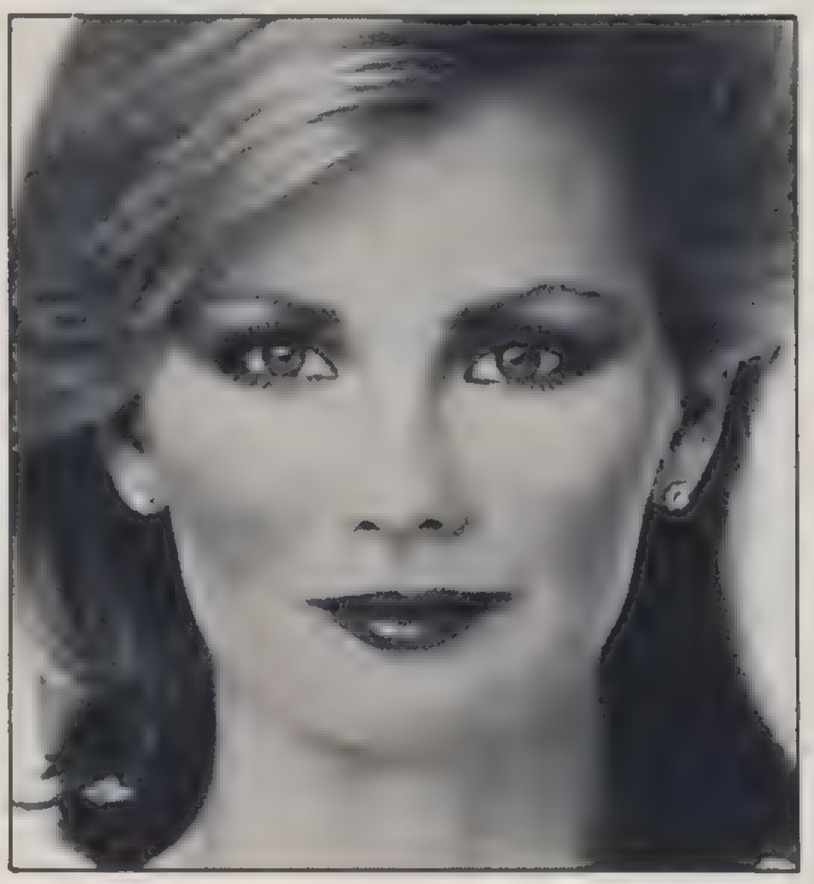

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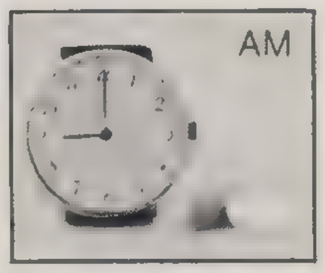

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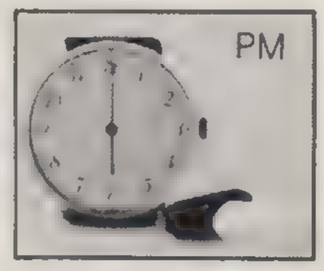

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What's News

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People are talking about...

Captive audience: Nolte and Cassidy as journalists caught *Under Fire*

Gerard Depardieu as Danton

Wojciech Pszoniak as Robespierre

Revolution as entertainment: the cause that seduces

If satire is what closes on Saturday night, politics is what generally never opens at all. Thus it comes as a welcome surprise to have two highly entertaining films that deal, in worlds widely separated by space and time, with the complex questions posed by revolution to its sympathizers, *e.g.* how far and with what terrible consequences does the end justify the means?

Well, perhaps "highly entertaining" isn't the phrase that comes instantly to mind with *Danton,* Andrzej Wajda's dry but eerily convincing dramatization of the last days of the French Revolution politician, but it can certainly be applied to *Under Fire,* a rueful and romantic American film that does for Nicaragua under Somoza what *The Year of Living Dangerously* did for Sukarno's Indonesia, and goes it one better. Though I have my reservations about the ultimate conclusions of *Under Fire* and the way that it reduces complex political issues to individual moral ones, it succeeds in playing a highly charged journalistic love affair against the chaotic background of Third World revolution.

Nick Nolte, as Russell Price, a prize-winning photographer, gives his best performance since *Who'll Stop the Rain;* Joanna Cassidy lights up the screen with the most powerfully attractive woman professional role in recent memory, and a slimmed-down and enigmatic Gene Hackman is charming as Alex, a *Time* correspondent and the trio's "fifth wheel."

When we first meet them, they are finishing up assignments in Chad, their lives about to take a sharp turn: Claire and Alex are ending a three-year relationship, Alex to go to New York and become a news commentator, Claire and Russell to go to Nicaragua and begin the love affair that has been gnawing at the borders of friendship for months.

Their need for each other and for a more profound engagement in the war they are covering evolves against the search for Rafael, a charismatic revolutionary leader, during Somoza's crumbling regime. The portrait of the boss Somoza, his U.S. props, and the poets and peasants who oppose him is, in the hands of screenwriters Ronald Shelton and Clay Frohman and director Roger Spottiswoode, predictably black and white, but with colorful ironic shadings. The most eloquent is the pragmatic voice of Jean-Louis Trintignant as the charmingly cynical Frenchman who plays both sides against the middle in full view of everyone.

Nolte's conversion to the cause of the revolutionaries is more questionable, particularly when it involves perpetuating a hoax that is a complete and inexcusable violation of professional ethics. His willingness to do this is apparently meant to vindicate Real Life and Commitment as distinct from and superior to professional integrity. But this is a naïve idea, wrapped in the greater *hubris* to which the film itself falls prey: the vision of the media as all-powerful and the souls of its practitioners as foreground drama. It is precisely Claire and Russell's simpleminded-ness—refusing to accept the ambiguity of their outsider status, aspiring toward guiltless moral purity—that makes them such dangerously easy dupes.

If the politics are sentimental, the romance isn't. The best part of the movie is the wry, gallant, very adult byplay among the three leads. I'm too aware of the shortage of grown-up male/female relationships in contemporary movies to think the "boy-girl stuff" is some sort of Hollywood sell-out. This is what movies, when they do it well, do best.

Danton—a master tactician in the modern political mold, pragmatist, machine boss, boozer, womanizer, social climber, and, as an orator, a man who made consummate use of rhetoric but was too little a fanatic to believe in it—remains one of the most tantalizingly unknowable figures in history. You must just choose a couple of facets and run with them, which is what Wajda and screenwriter Jean-Claude Carriere do in this tribute to Danton as the generous populist counterpart to Robespierre's scheming ideologue.

As played by a lustily attractive Gerard Depardieu, Danton is a Lech Walesa-like figure (or is Walesa a Danton-like man?), a man of action grown weary of the struggle, a conciliator but with irreproachable revolutionary credentials.

Polish actor Wojciech Pszoniak is wonderful as Robespierre, pale and ill from repressed grievances. What these were, *(Continued on page 100)*

BRUCE McBROOM

the cause that seduces

MOVIES MOVIES MOVIES MOV

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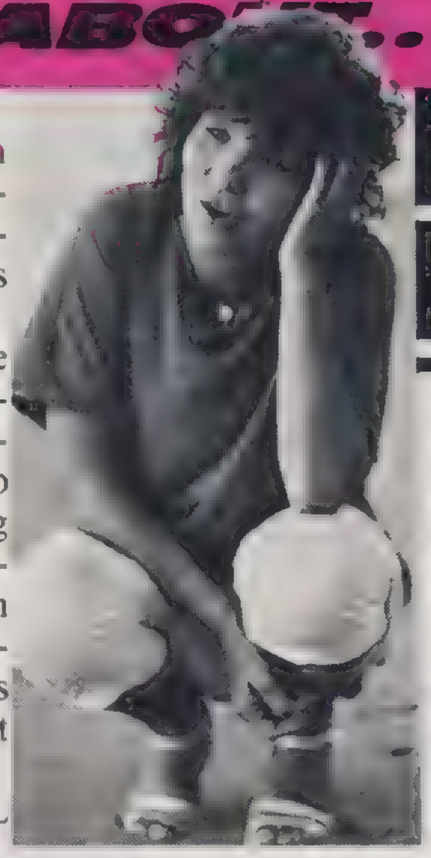


(Continued) what made him turn on his long-time ally, no one has adequately explained; so Wajda's mythic opposition of fire and ice is as good as any.

Historians have also debated the positive and negative effects of Danton's death on the course of the Republic. Wajda seems to subscribe to Danton's own view of his pending execution as cataclysmic, an interpretation that is carried through in the cadaverous glow of conspiratorial faces at night, and in the browns and reds of a color scheme that looks like caked blood.

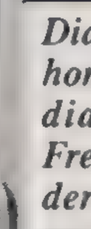
—MOLLY HASKELL

Ed Harris, looking decidedly un-Glennish

"Powerhouse" Pamela Reed

MOVIES

"Directing is a feminine job"



MICHAEL HALSBAND

Diane Kurys' movies are legacy, homage, and reminiscence. She is a diarist, a thirty-five-year-old French writer/director whose understated autobiographical films embrace the kind of moments many of us have let slip away. In "Peppermint Soda," childhood woe is turned to wit; and in "Cocktail Molotov" fits from the age of rage are treated with compassion. Now, with "Entre Nous," Kurys completes her trilogy, looking through her own childhood to her mother's past to explore the meaning of being thirty.

In "Entre Nous," as in real life, Léna (Kurys' mother played by Isabelle Huppert) and her best friend, Madeleine (played by Miou-Miou), ache to escape from their bourgeois married life. The two women want to open a shop, drive cars, go to Paris.

Ultimately, they leave their husbands and live together. "Their friendship was something very strong and good in their lives, although it broke something too," says Kurys. "Some people thought they were lesbians. But they were women loving men."

Léna and her husband were Russian Jews who met in a prison camp during World War II; she married him in order to escape. "My parents used to tell me stories about how they escaped from the Germans," says Kurys. "As a child, I always saw them as heroes." In fact, there are no heroes here.

Kurys' mother was simply determined; and so is Kurys. "It is not harder for me to find money or direct a crew because I am a woman," says Kurys. "Sometimes it's easier. It is a question of personality more than are you a man or a woman. Directing is a very feminine job, dependent on feelings. When I'm writing I can hear the music. I know how I want it played. And I do my best to make sure it's in tune." —D.B.C.

SYLVA PLACHY / DOANE MICHAELS

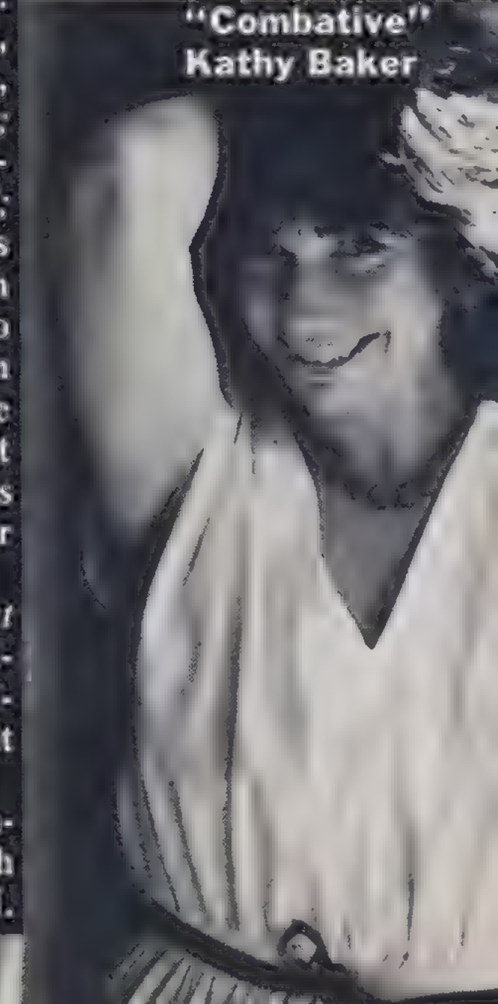
THE RIGHT STUFF

Here's a joke: *The Right Stuff* is a movie about the difference between heroism and hype that could possibly hype a man into the White House—or laugh him out of the New Hampshire primary. Of course, the film version of Tom Wolfe's reverent/irreverent astronaut epic may have little effect on John Glenn's Presidential campaign. But the odds are, given our impressionable electorate, that it will.

Hard-living Ed Harris, who swilled tequila and spat venom Off-Broadway as the mean, manic lover in Sam Shepard's *Fool for Love*, plays the role of the notoriously square Glenn. (The cast, an especially fresh and exciting one, includes: Kathy Baker, Harris' equally sexy, equally combative co-star in *Fool for Love;* Pamela Reed, another Off-Broadway powerhouse who co-starred in *Melvin and Howard;* and Shepard himself.) Harris says the film's Glenn is a fair Glenn, compassionate even: "In the book he's painted out to be a little too good—what's the word? 'Righteous.' But in the movie you get to see why he does what he does." And one of the things he does is orbit the Earth; surely it can't hurt Glenn to have us reminded that he wasn't always a Senator from Ohio with a rep for dull speeches.

But even ignoring the politics, *The Right Stuff* is biting off a huge hunk of as yet undigested history. Are we really ready for a period film about the "Space Age." Wasn't that our Future?

With politicians and pundits—not to mention critics—eager to praise or pounce, wish this ambitious film a safe journey. —B.H.



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MOTHERWELL: A PASSION FOR A LITERATE ART

obert Motherwell; Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo, NY; October 2 through November 27. Modernism shows two very different faces—that of the extremist on one side and, on the other, the patient, sometimes inspired mediator. Extremism gives us Futurist violence, Minimalist severity, and the typewritten pronouncements of Conceptualism. Mediation is far richer. Its achievements include Manet's blend of traditional and the new, the "classicism" of Balthus, and Robert Motherwell's contributions to the New York School.

The Albright-Knox in Buffalo has assembled nearly one hundred of Motherwell's paintings and collages in an exhibition reaching from last season back to 1941, when New York was crowded with Modernist exiles from the war in Europe—Mondrian, Léger, Ernst. Motherwell's ease with the grand tradition of Western culture made him a natural mediator between these European visitors and the painters who would go on to found the New York School—Jackson Pollock, Mark Rothko, Barnett Newman. By instinct a harmonizer, he has the visual equivalent of perfect pitch. Among the earliest works in the show are brilliant syntheses of Cubist structure, Surrealist allegory, and what would come to be known as New York-style gesture.

As an editor, Motherwell has articulated the impulses of his own and his fellow New Yorkers' Abstract Expressionism. And always he has trained a European light on the possibilities of postwar American art. Motherwell's *Elegies to the Spanish Republic,* a series of black-on-white paintings begun in the early 1950s and still continuing, have the sweep and scale of Newman's immense field paintings, yet their forms show a draughtsmanly delicacy reminiscent of Matisse.

As the 1960s approached, bringing with them the deadpan of Pop Art and the catatonic simplicities of the Minimalist sculptors, it seemed that Motherwell's passion for a literate art, politically involved and historically aware, would go out of style. That is precisely what happened, and yet Motherwell found an appropriate response. His *Open* series minimizes the lush resourcefulness of his touch with results that are far from Minimal. In each of the *Open* paintings, a subtly nuanced field of a single color, often a sky blue or a warm ochre, spreads like light from frame to frame. In the midst, Motherwell draws two or three lines in charcoal, sparse reminders of perspective, of architecture, of civilization's attempts to come to terms with the natural world. Even at his most restrained, Motherwell is a mediator—an extremist, perhaps—in his faith that extremes can be overcome and unity encouraged to prevail.

—CARTER RATCLIFF

Albright-Knox Art Gallery

Motherwell's "Elegy to the Spanish Republic" XXXIV (1953-54): the delicacy of Matisse, the sweep of Barnett Newman

Gainsborough's other life

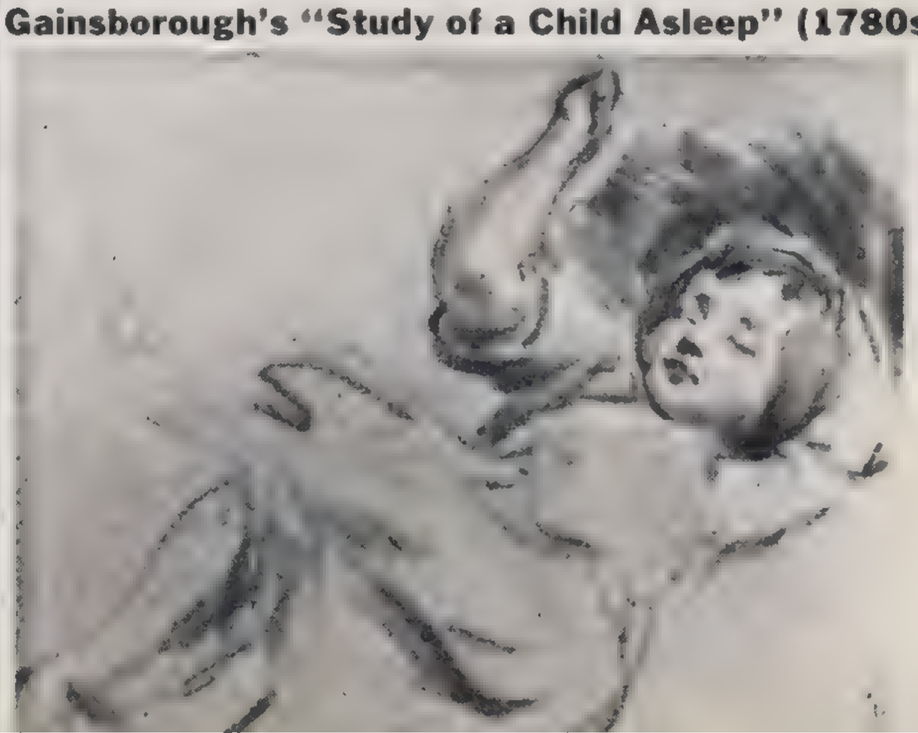
ainsborough Drawings; National Gallery of Art, Washington, DC; October 2 through December 4. In all of the eighteenth century, no painter has a more characteristic touch than Thomas Gainsborough. His brush slides over the canvas but never hurries, leaving an effect of airy luminosity. His greens are deep but only rarely sullen; and the blue of his skies has a delicacy that links him to the rococo of his contemporaries. Gainsborough is so much a painter we rarely think to remember that he must have been a draughtsman too—sketches in pencil and chalk precede those of the brush, and it is here that one might expect to see his effortlessness plain.

Oil paint permits only the look, not the fact of spontaneity; while drawing, no matter how finished, refuses to hide its immediacy. Now The International Exhibitions Foundation has put together a selection of Gainsborough's drawings. This is an exquisite show. If he has been neglected since the onset of Modernism, it is thanks to his exquisiteness.

This exhibition offers surprises, among them the strength with which he endows his forms with volume. Gainsborough is so much an artist of atmospheres and attitudes that the eye isn't really prepared for the authority with which his blurry chalk lines establish the animal bulk of the two sheep he sketched in the late 1750s. At one extreme, his images seem almost to disappear into their own delicacy, an effect not entirely due to the working of time on sketches intended to be transitory. Yet even in these far reaches of his draughtsmanly style, his "Study of a Child Asleep," *(below)* for instance—form is clear and flesh looks alive, not ethereal.

These drawings make it evident that Gainsborough, for all his familar refinement, is a sensual artist. The women in these drawings are convincingly feminine and his woodlands are particular places, not merely exercises in the picturesque. Perhaps we always knew this about him, but this exhibit is to be appreciated for making it so clear. —C.S.

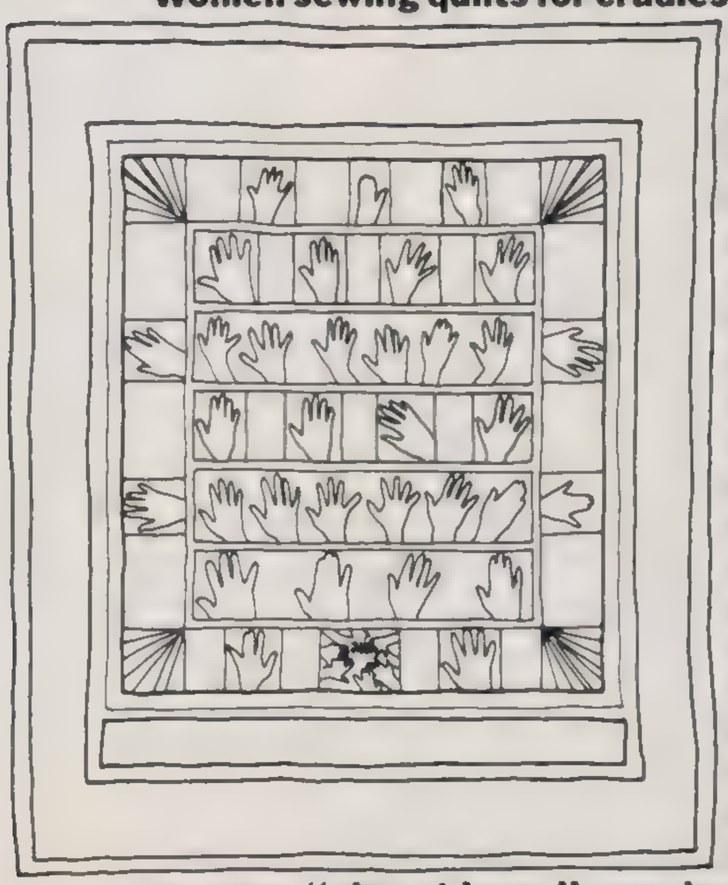
Gainsborough's "Study of a Child Asleep" (1780s)



PRIVATE COLLECTION

The Artist and the Quilt, McNay Art Museum; San Antonio, TX; through October 23, then travels.

Women sewing quilts for cradles, sewing from scraps and shirt collars for long nights without heat, is part of our past. To celebrate 1975's International Year of the Woman, artist Charlotte Robinson organized this collaboration between needle and brush, this marriage of home craft, high art. Eighteen painters and sculptors (among them Alice Neel, Betty Parsons) and twenty-four needle artists have sewn a salute to continuity. Sculptor Lynda Benglis mixed the chemical sunset of her youth with a sky full of kite fishes to create a tapestry you can "almost hear," says her quilter, Amy Chamberlin. The show's signature quilt, shown *above,* tells the story: hands working together toward timelessness. —D.B.C.



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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

ART A

THE LOOK Decades dangle on hangers at the back of closets or stagnate in attics, forgotten until time turns "that old thing" into an object of desire. Now the 'fifties have come out of the closet. In Michael Laughlin's ironic and comely new film, *Strange Invaders,* aliens from outer space take over a Midwestern town in the 1950s. They are wearing the same clothes when we meet them in the 1980s. Susanna Moore (her first novel was *My Old Sweetheart*) created the look of the film; she found 'fifties faces and clothes, designed the sets. *Below*, heroine Nancy Allen's apartment is appointed with a period lamp, vase, ashtray, and a cop who pays house calls. Of another room, Moore said, "I wanted it to be like space. Nothing is square. I wanted the tabletop to float like a sphere or planet." This same idea inspired furniture design in the 'fifties. It's like letting your eyes get used to the dark: when you can see again, objects glow—the 'fifties are the halo of the 'eighties.—D.B.C.

Strange Invaders: the look of the 'fifties leaps out of our closets—and into our set designs

Courtesy of Susanna Moore

BOOKS BOOKS BOOKS B

With vengeance for all

Forgive and forget is one of the most foolish cliches in any language," declares Susan Jacoby in the first paragraph of *Wild Justice* (Harper & Row). She then collars the murky subject of revenge and drags it into the light. The result: one of the most provocative, and vital, books to appear this year.

On the one hand, the very word "revenge" unsettles us. An act of vengeance is a disturber of the peace—an impulse with the stench of the cave still clinging to it. To acknowledge it we have to own up to our own primitive furies and passions, and the fragility of human order. No wonder we avert our eyes. Jacoby tells how, in 1972, the survivors of the Nazi death camp at Maidanek came forward to testify against Hermine Braunsteiner Ryan, who had supervised the killing of their husbands, wives, and parents. When asked "whether they were 'out for revenge,' all replied in controlled, dispassionate tones that they only wanted justice." To admit publicly a desire for vengeance, even in these "worst case" circumstances, was unthinkable.

Privately, says Jacoby, it's been a different story. Tracing the tangled concept of revenge through history, she reminds us that the Judaeo-Christian god dispensed it according to his mood; the Greeks hedged the question with hereditary curses; and society has traditionally made allowances for acts of sexual vengeance—especially toward unfaithful wives.

But our ambivalence has cost us, says Jacoby: we've driven underground our natural need for some kind of just vengeance, we have segregated it from our established system of justice. The problem is especially critical in our society now, she claims. Anguish over the crime rate, and loss of faith in both a justice-dispensing god and a just legal system have resulted in what Jacoby describes as "revenge gone wild": a society that applauds those who "take the law into their own hands," that plays out forbidden revenge fantasies in films such as *Death Wish,* and whose support for capital punishment—"vengeance taken to its extremity,"says Jacoby—is stronger than ever.

No advocate of vigilante justice or even of capital punishment, Jacoby presents an eloquent and convincing case for "domesticating" revenge, utilizing it in a measured way—allowing it to take its legitimate place in our justice system. The rage over the Hinckley verdict, she claims, reveals our hunger for some sort of individual accountability under the law, unsullied by what she disdainfully terms "psychiatric justice." Our system should exist "not only to restrain retribution but to mete it out" on behalf of the injured party. In doing so, Jacoby persuasively argues, we may clear the way for justice in its purest sense—maybe even forgiveness.—D.M.

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BEAUTIFUL SKIN NOW AND FOREVER

Hammett: the impenetrable man

Dashiell Hammett, circa 1946

Dashiell Hammett lived sixty-seven years, most of them drunk. His contributions to the detective story were major—he is, in a sense, mystery fiction's Cézanne—but it is not his distinction within a minor genre that has magnetized biographers and at least one filmmaker. Instead it is the Hammett persona, a peculiarly American one to those who remain romantic about the frontiersman. Not that Hammett was a Westerner—he was born in Maryland of a family that had been there since the early eighteenth century and was notable only for always picking the worst of whatever economic choices came their way—but he had something of the frontiersman's legendary cool. He was laconic, honest, and a dab hand with rifles and traps. He divided women into Buffalo Gals and Sunday School Teachers. From the one he got clap: Hammett was an habitué of whorehouses. From the other he got children: Hammett married the nurse he'd made pregnant, and had two daughters by her. Tubercular, he served in both World Wars. Tired, he went to jail rather than compromise his political convictions. Too opaque for a biographer, he is meat for a novelist, and in Diane Johnson he finally got one. Her book is *Dashiell Hammett: A Life* (Random House).

"Finally" is not wholly accurate. Miss Johnson had a predecessor of sorts in Lillian Hellman, who loved Hammett for thirty years and memorialized him in *An Unfinished Woman* and in her introduction to *The Big Knockover.* Hammett captured her imagination; together they captured the imagination of that woman, and she is legion, who wanted a Leonard for her Virginia. After reading Hellman on Hammett, she wanted a Dash for her Lilly. Hellman, it seems, is the only person who knew him well. To write his biography without her cooperation would be commendable but foolish. Fortunately, Johnson had it.

When Hellman met Hammett in Los Angeles in 1930, she was at the beginning of her career. He, only thirty-six, was near the end of his. His novels and stories had been written in a rush—to lift himself out of poverty and because he had something to say. But money dulled the spur and only God knows what stoppered his mouth. He had thirty-one years of life yet to kill, and kill them he did.

He killed them with prostitutes, alcohol, and a silence that was almost catatonic. That was when Hellman wasn't around. When she was—and lucky for her that talent and energy took her away as often as they did—he was her editor and prop. "I haven't had a dry shoulder since your career began," he said in one of his letters to her. In another: "You're practically breaking my heart with your letters about the play. I think we're going to have to make a rule that you're not to tackle any work when I'm not around to spur, quiet, goad, pacify, and tease you. . . ."

Hammett wrote that in the Aleutians during World War II. There he was happy, perhaps because he was free both of options and of having to make excuses to himself for not writing. Those years were probably the best he'd known since the hungry days in San Francisco when, an advertising copywriter and former Pinkerton man, he was writing the books that made him famous.

He stayed famous, too. His books were made into movies, his politics put him in jail, his lover made him a myth. He might have been one anyway, even if he'd never left Baltimore or written a novel. Richard Wilbur, the poet, said, "Hellman wrote that as you came toward Hammett to shake his hand in the first meeting, you wanted him to approve of you. There are such people and Hammett was one of them."

That he was one of those people is clear in *Dashiell Hammett: A Life.* His wife (they were divorced, but it was only a formality) was always respectful of him. She was entitled to anger—while he was burning dollar bills she was barely scraping along—but never showed it. So was Hellman, but she did get angry. Hammett punished her for it though: after she blew up because he'd pawed her drunkenly, he never slept with her again. At the time she was thirty-five. They'd gone beyond sex; he may always have been beyond it. Despite the whoring, Hammett was essentially virginal. He was elusive, untouchable, unknowable. Only once in his emotional life does he seem like other men. He had a crush on the very young, very pretty Patricia Neal.

The shade of Lillian Hellman hovers about Diane Johnson's life of Hammett; that is inevitable. But Johnson has endowed *A Life* with a good novelist's pacing and perceptions, along with interviews with Hammett's family, psychiatrist, and friends. Too, she has conveyed especially well the climate of the time that put Hammett in jail. There is no darker era in twentieth-century America than the McCarthy years. To read about them in *A Life* is to be shadowed again by those awful wings.

Hammett was their victim, just as he was the victim of poverty, disease, and—who knows?—maybe a less than sterling gene pool. Still, he had his successes, and they must have meant something. He had his victims too, and they wouldn't have missed him for the world. —MARY CANTWELL

Photos courtesy of Lillian Hellman

Hammett and Lillian Hellman at [illegible]; he was her wet shoulder, she, the keeper of his flame

HE SEEMED TO INVENT HIMSELF TOUGH AS SAM SPADE, SUAVE AS "THE THIN MAN." LILLIAN HELLMAN, HIS LOVER, REINVENTED HIM ROMANTIC IN HER MEMOIRS. NOW, NOVELIST DIANE JOHNSON GIVES US THE REAL HAMMETT

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

BOOKS

American Couples:

updating the book of love

riginally they planned to call it *The Management of Conjugal and Quasi-Conjugal Diads,* but presumably mindful of the value of appearing on *The Today Show,* Pepper Schwartz, Ph.D., and Philip Blumstein, Ph.D., wisely changed the title of their book to *American Couples: Money, Work, Sex* (William Morrow). The publishers are flacking the book as "a monumental work of social research . . . the most complete and authoritative study of the lives of American couples ever done," and promoting the authors as the rightful successors to Kinsey and Masters and Johnson.

For their research, Schwartz and Blumstein, University of Washington sociologists, sent out over twelve thousand thirty-eight-page questionnaires and conducted six hundred in-person interviews. The result is dauntingly bulky and replete with detail. There are some obvious conclusions ("When the nonsexual parts of couple's lives are going badly, their sex life suffers") and some fascinating insights ("Husbands with children are more nonmonogamous than those without children").

The authors decided not just to study the married but to include those increasing numbers of couples in less traditional relationships. So gay men, lesbians, and unmarried heterosexuals who live together are given the same attention as the conventionally linked.

The study's findings:

- Lesbians value romance and kissing, yet they have the lowest sexual frequency rate, making love less than half as often as cohabiting heterosexual couples, yet remaining more monogamous than any others studied.
- Gay men, many of whom accept cruising and casual sex on the part of their partners, seem to be less concerned than other couples about finding the "perfect" sexual mate. Instead they cherish the emotional aspects of their long-term "open" marriage.
- Attractive women have more "creative" sex lives than their less attractive sisters: they are more likely to be on top during intercourse, to receive and perform oral sex, and more readily arouse the fantasies of their male partners.
- Wives with high incomes worry about initiating sex because they fear it may take power away from their husbands.
- Couples with one man and one woman kiss less than couples with two women and couples with two men kiss least of all.
- Intercourse is a more essential part of lovemaking for heterosexual women than for heterosexual men—women say they derive a stronger sense of shared intimacy from it than from any other sexual act. Men, however, take equal pleasure from the whole menu of sexual delicacies; for them, diversity is more important to their ultimate satisfaction.
- Couples who attend church or synagogue are no more monogamous than those couples who do not.
- Married couples reported having sex more often than the researchers expected. After ten years together, 63 percent still have sex at least once a week.

Reading *American Couples* is rather like being given a detailed survey map of terrain you've stumbled through in the dark a million times. Most of it seems vaguely familiar but there are sudden illuminations. The authors provide a torrent of information, but they can't seem to make up their minds whether to give us an academic treatise or to go after Shere Hite's mantle, to provide sexy revelations and court the book sales that only an interview on breakfast TV can bring.

One thing is clear: the authors are already in training to become media celebrities. When asked to name one incontrovertible fact their research had turned up, thirty-five-year-old Dr. Schwartz replied: "If you want a relationship to last, get married." And demonstrating she is one who practices what she preaches, she went out and did just that.

—ANTHEA DISNEY

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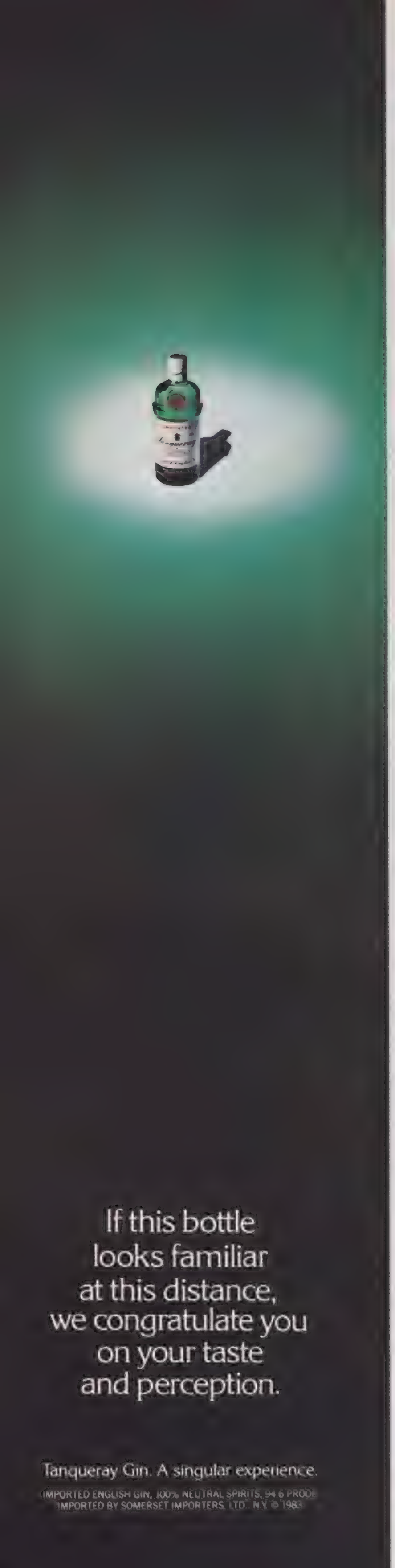

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

BOOKS

Making the world safe for urbanity

In 1946, when Cole Porter's life was made into a movie musical, *Night and Day*, Warner Brothers chose the tall, dashing Cary Grant to play the slight, sensitive Porter. They knew that the physical resemblance was unimportant; the two men had an infinitely more important link—their urbanity. Now, two new books, *The Complete Lyrics of Cole Porter* (Knopf) and Richard Schickel's *Cary Grant: A Celebration* (Little Brown), praise them and this special grace.

Urbanity has something to do with being at the top of the big-city heap, but it probably also has something to do with not being born there. Just as Cary Grant grew up in genteel poverty, in his signature role as the man-about-town hero of *Holiday* (1938), he played a boy from the sticks who made it on the battleground of the old elite, Wall Street. Urbanity without grit—without a sense of distance traveled—is mere suavity, and urbanity without wit isn't urbanity at all.

In his best roles, Cary Grant often suggested the power to keep himself *profoundly* amused, almost as if there were some mechanism in him that allowed him to locate, and remain fond of, the absurdity in everything. His sort of stable, exhilarating gaiety is contagious, and yet no Cary Grant performance is ever really complete without its flash of melancholy. His gracious swagger—his urbanity—is as much a matter of compassion, grief lived, as it is of playfulness.

A first-rate Porter song has the same good-sport brio and off-the-cuff chivalry as an adroit Grant performance. Again, beneath the cosmopolitan surface there is that same sense of just-folks origins, evidenced in the corny colloquialisms that crop up in Porter's most debonair lyrics, just the way you can sometimes catch a trace of Cockney still clinging to Grant's speech.

But if Cary Grant symbolizes the urbane man of affairs—the executive who knows how to unwind—Cole Porter represents the urbane man of leisure—the novelty-seeking partygoer. His songs are knowing, tolerant, keen-eyed, observant. What stupefies now is how often he was able to wring one stanza after another out of daft conceits grounded in raffiné trifles—*vide* the forgotten "A Lady Needs A Rest" (1941), in which he commented, with deadpan accuracy, on the fatiguing hardships endured by Park Avenue housewives. What jolts in Cole Porter is the note of despair and frustration—for him, urbanity is not a shield, but a creed of bravery.

Cary Grant and Cole Porter glisten in the pages of these books like the nocturnal skyline of the city they epitomized.

—ELLIOTT SIRKIN

MARK GERSON

WILLIAM TREVOR—AT LAST—ARRIVES

Since Yeats first beckoned "Come dance with me in Ireland," many Irish authors have repeated the call. William Trevor is one, well-known in his own country for his majestic weave of storytelling and political rhapsody. This month, Trevor's heady novel *Fools of Fortune* (Viking) and his omnibus collection of short stories (Penguin) arrive on these shores for a good long read on an autumn night.

Fools of Fortune is a novel with a nineteenth-century gleam—the love story of Willie Quinton of Kilneagh and his Dorset cousin, Marianne, whose lives were disrupted by the aggression between England and Ireland. Each line of the text is underscored by the baritone of war. The din of desperation and destruction has separated the voices of Willie and Marianne and only the reader can hear both confessions.

With the intimacy of loneliness, Willie painstakingly revives his past to speak to the ghost-memory of Marianne. And Marianne does the same for Willie, whose child she bears in secret. Characters and emotions are re-created and then pulled eloquently through the war to their demise. Mother, priest, teacher all pass from friendship to dust.

The stunning language of Trevor's folk-tales draws you in. When you are released, you are touched and sober.

—D.B.C

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WHY WAIT?

Vietnam: the truth at the end of the tunnel

WITH *VIETNAM: A TELEVISION HISTORY*, THE MOST DEFINITIVE AND MASSIVE DOCUMENTARY OF THE SEASON, PBS LOOKS BACK IN ANGER—AND COMPASSION—AND TRIES TO UNDERSTAND

Dozens of interviews—startling, pitiable, chilling—were recently done with American and Vietnamese, soldiers and civilians for the thirteen-hour public broadcasting series called *Vietnam: A Television History,* which runs from October 4 through December 20. Some are impossible to forget, and often the most remarkable interviews are those with the Vietnamese who fought us; their faces and their stories are the ones we do not know. The use of archival film, some of it rare, with television film from a much later period, the contemporary interviews and old ones, plus an excellent narration, gives power and coherence to *Vietnam,* a co-production of WGBH in Boston, Britain's Central Independent Television, and France's Antenne-2.

Perhaps no interview is as saddening as the one with Archimedes L. Patti, an American major who was heading an Office of Strategic Services Mission during World War II when he met, and liked, Ho Chi Minh. The Vietnamese leader wanted to help the Allies expel the Japanese who then occupied his country, having taken the place of the French colonialists. And Ho's forces, known as the Viet Minh, ran an operation to rescue downed Allied flyers in the jungles. After the war ended, Ho Chi Minh declared the independence of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam; and, in the first program of the series, "Roots of War," we glimpse the massive crowd, perhaps 400,000, that gathered in Hanoi to hear him.

It was to Major Patti that Ho had shown a draft of his country's first Declaration of Independence. Words and phrases had been borrowed from our own Declaration of Independence. "I couldn't believe my own ears," says Mr. Patti. "We had Ho Chi Minh in our hands. He was not leaning towards the Soviet Union . . . we had the Viet Minh, we had the Indo-Chinese question in our hands."

Believing the Allied statements supporting the rights of oppressed peoples, Ho had earlier written to President Harry S. Truman, then only four months in office, but no reply came. For that moment, the U.S. had the option of recognizing, or assisting in some way, the new Vietnamese regime in the north, preventing the French from again taking control, and thus avoiding the hideous consequences that followed. But no American President seemed able to transcend the fixations of the Cold War, seeing Ho only as China's puppet, when this was hardly the case. The "loss" of China to Mao, then the outbreak of the Korean War, and the inability or unwillingness to understand Vietnamese history and nationalism robbed us of that moment to act, and to save ourselves as well.

Our own fifteen years of war in Vietnam began, as the narrator of the series says, "with a handful of advisers, then the Marines, and finally an army of half a million." And the real aim of the series is to answer the question that haunts us today. It is: why? And what then did we really do there? The series almost succeeds.

Vietnam: A Television History begins, then, as it must, with the early history of Vietnam, the French reign and the astonishing harshness it imposed. The first moving images of the 1900s are seen—the French governor general in glistening white, white gloves, shoes, pith helmet, and uniform. Disobedient Vietnamese, or resisters to foreign rule, were killed in public executions. Postcards were made with pictures of beheaded peasants "which French soldiers sent home to sweethearts in Paris with kisses from Hanoi." In the north, factories were opened, mines expanded. In the south, French businesses fattened on the rubber, rice, and tea plantations they owned. By the 1930s, revolts were flaring up.

Westerners tended to underestimate the Vietnamese opposing them. Pham Van Dong, who became the Prime Minister in the north, recalls how at the Fontainebleau Conference in 1946 he was told by a French official: "We only need an ordinary police operation for eight days to clean all of you out." Instead, the French fought the Viet Minh for eight years.

There is haunting stuff in the second program of the series, "The First Vietnam War" (1946–1954), with veterans of the different armies telling us what was endured. A Frenchman who was a paratrooper at Dienbienphu—considered the "untakable" land and air base in the western mountains, 170 miles from Hanoi—describes how the corpses were used as sandbags; and as the Viet Minh guns, and men, came closer, those corpses seemed to shiver.

The Geneva Accords temporarily partitioned Vietnam at the 17th Parallel until general elections could be held in July of 1956. But they never were. And then another generation of Americans decided to make Vietnam a shining showplace of democracy with an invincible and heroic army. America had given France billions of dollars to stop the communist-led Viet Minh, but almost nothing seemed to have been learned from the French defeat.

"America's Mandarin" (1954–1963), to be aired October 11, is about our hand-picked president for South Vietnam, a devout Catholic, a patriot, a man who had not collaborated with the French. He was Ngo Dinh Diem, and it was expected that he could be a version of Ho Chi Minh, our own Ho, the answer to it all. Nothing shows as clearly in this program as the American genius for misunderstanding the Vietnamese psyche. Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson was sent to Saigon to reassure the government that they still had U.S. support and money. Behaving as if he were running for office back home, the Vice President is seen in a delirium of goodwill, bellowing, seizing hands, unaware that the Vietnamese do not understand or admire this kind of circus. "Tell 'em that, in the Battle of Britain," he said, "when the clouds were over the little island of England, Churchill said: 'We'll fight in the alleys, in the streets, uh. . . ' " But in a 1963 interview with CBS's Walter Cronkite, President John F. Kennedy says, cautiously, that in the long run the South Vietnamese would have to win the war themselves.

The Diem regime cracked so deeply that year when the Buddhists began protesting in the cities—on a Saigon street a monk burned himself to death as the *(Continued on page 120)*

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(continued) cameras recorded all of it—that neither Diem, nor his powerful brother, Ngo Dinh Nhu, could stay. The Americans did not kill the brothers, they had it done. On tour in the United States at the time, Madame Nhu, the sister-in-law of Diem and the outspoken, often outrageous, wife of Nhu, once more spoke her mind on TV. We see her for the last time in "America's Mandarin" and feel her scorn. She said: "I tell you that if really the Ngo family has been treacherously killed . . . it will be only the beginning." And so it was.

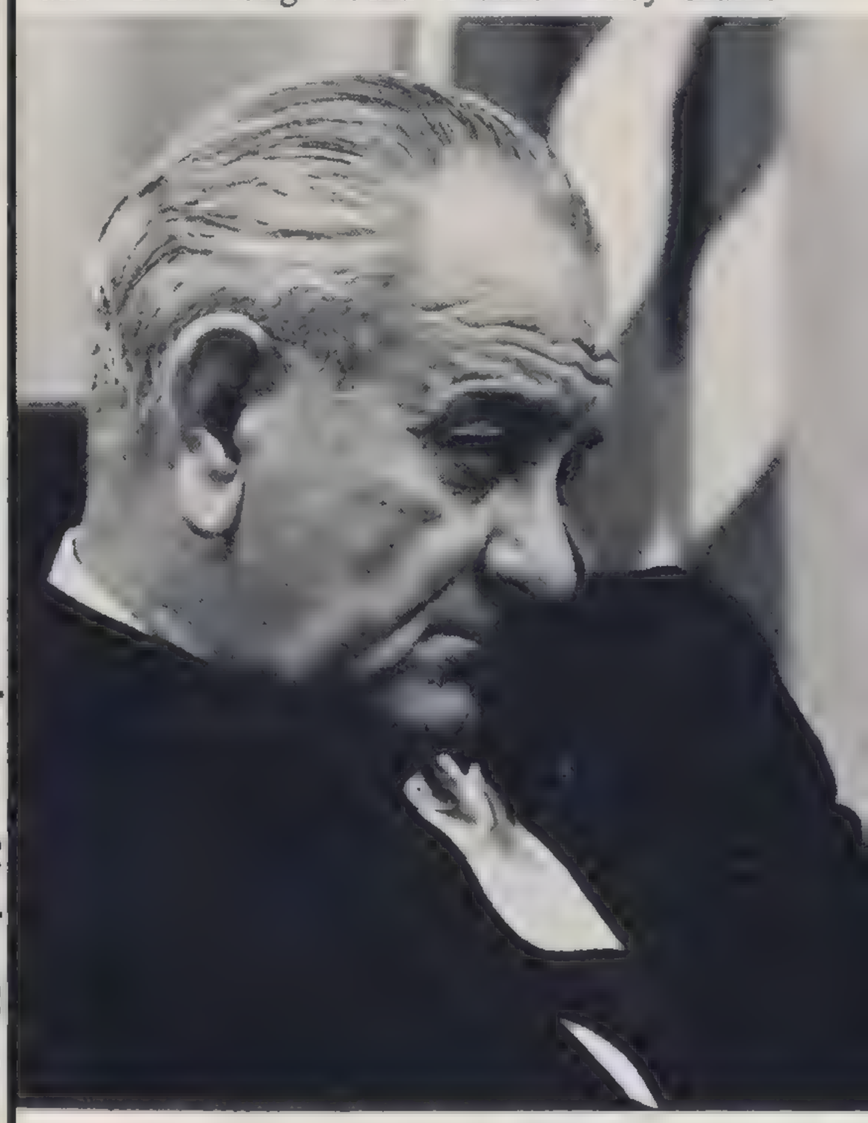
The titles of the programs tell the rest of it: "LBJ Goes to War (1964–1965)," October 18; "America Takes Charge (1965–1967)," October 25; "America's Enemy (1954–1967)," November 1; "Tet 1968," November 8; "Vietnamizing the War (1968–1973)," November 15; "Cambodia and Laos," November 22; "Peace Is At Hand," November 29; "Homefront USA," December 6; "The End of the Tunnel (1974–75)," December 13. The final program, "Legacies" on December 20, was not completed in time for preview.

The continuing succession of unstable, uncooperative, or ineffectual governments in South Vietnam baffled or infuriated the Americans running the war. They did not seem to comprehend that any government chosen, tutored, and paid for by them was tainted in the eyes of many Vietnamese, even the staunchly anti-communist. We did not find our Ho.

"IN APRIL 1968, PRESIDENT JOHNSON ANNOUNCED HE WOULD NOT RUN AGAIN FOR REELECTION; BUT THE WAR WENT ON AS IF IT OPERATED ON A SECRET ENGINE OF ITS OWN."

Because the highest-ranking Vietnamese in Hanoi were interviewed for this television history and presumably did not answer questions disconcerting or unacceptable, it seems clear the producers of *Vietnam* were trying to be even-handed by letting some of the principal players in our own country speak their minds and not be held to account. So we have glimpses and the comments of some of the men whose judgments and calculations were so wrong: Roger Hilsman, Walt Rostow, McGeorge Bundy, Dean Rusk, William Bundy, Henry Kissinger. No one apparently asks them the real questions, they are not held to account for their grievous errors. So the versions they choose to give of U.S. actions and policies are painfully self-serving. (Attention should be paid to other interviews with Vietnamese and Americans who give far different versions.) And the ghastly price, of course, for these mistakes was paid by the sons of people whose names are ordinary.

The series can also be criticized for not giving sufficient attention to the My Lai massacre, first made known in 1969, a year after it happened. The only mention of it is made in reference to the photographs that appeared in *Life*. I would have wished for more time devoted to the air war in Indochina, and the effects of the publication of the material in the Pentagon Papers. But there is so much to see, and to learn in *Vietnam: A Television History* that there is no choice but to forgive these flaws. The lunacy of war, for example, has never been so pointedly described as in an interview with Clark Clifford. He describes the three days he spent with the Joint Chiefs of Staff, in the program called "Tet, 1968" when he was Secretary of Defense. Here is what Mr. Clifford says of his immersion with the military masterminds at a moment when a request for more American troops, 206,000 of them, was in the air: "How long would it take? They didn't know. . . . Would 206,000 answer the demand? They didn't know. Might there be more [demands]? Yes, there might be more. So, when it was all over, I said, what is the plan to win the war in Vietnam? Well, the only plan is that ultimately the attrition will wear down the North Vietnamese and they will have had enough. Is there any indication we've reached that point? No, there isn't . . . " So Mr. Clifford turned against the war and, in the turning, took a stubborn, besieged President with him: in April 1968, President Johnson announced he would not run for reelection; but the war went on as if it operated on a secret engine of its own.



Lyndon B. Johnson Library

It took the Vietnamese victors only fifty-five days to reach Saigon, approaching the city in six directions. On April 30, 1975, Saigon was theirs.

There are many voices in *Vietnam* that should not be denied or ever dismissed by any of us. We see our own troops wounded and dying as French troops once did. And there is no moment more terrible in *Vietnam* than the bit of film showing a network correspondent trying to interview a Marine during a pause in the fighting in Hue. Neither man has the heart for a conventional chat. Both stand a good chance of getting killed. The soldier, filthy, spent, without the easy language of normal people, tries to say what is in his heart. "Everybody just wants to go home and go to school," he says. And at that moment all one can hope is that, finally, he did.

—GLORIA EMERSON

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The taste that outshines menthol–and leaves you with a clean, fresh taste.

The Norman Conquest

A debut at the Metropolitan Opera in New York City might seem a significant step in the career of any young singer. But when the debut is in a major role on the opening night of the Met's centenary season, as Jessye Norman's was—Cassandra in Berlioz's *Les Troyens,* on September 26—and when the same singer then stays on to take part in the company's gala concerts on its actual hundredth birthday, on October 22—concerts that will be telecast live on PBS—then we realize that we are in the presence of a major artist.

Sizing up the voice of the season: Jessye Norman

Miss Norman already has a major career on records, but her translation of that success onto the stage has been slower, for one obvious reason. Miss Norman is a truly gigantic woman. Not fat, mind you. She is *huge:* grand, towering, massive, statuesque.

Her stage presence is profoundly impressive, rather than awkward or clumsy. But it is also bluntly unsuited to the conventional dramatic stereotypes of the modern-day soprano, since our time places a great premium on dramatic verisimilitude.

Of course, not just the svelte succeed in opera; but Miss Norman remains special. One solution is to cast her in roles in which immobility is acceptable, like Cassandra, or honored by tradition, as in Wagner. Yet another solution is to devise new dramatic modes that treat her awesome impact as an advantage. Robert Wilson, the brilliant American maker of hypnotic avant-garde theatrical spectacles, attempted that last year in Paris with an evening-long performance of Negro spirituals in a theatrical setting. Unfortunately, it never made it to America, but a two-disc Philips documentation of the musical side of the proceedings is available. While a little self-conscious-sounding in its arrangements, it shows off Miss Norman's opulent, enveloping soprano to splendid advantage. (If Mr. Wilson can find the financing to make it happen, Miss Norman will also participate in his epic *Civil Wars* spectacle for the Los Angeles Olympics next June.)

With all this success, however, there is also a danger. Miss Norman's very grandness seems to convince people that she must have a grand, Wagnerian-sized voice, too; and that has not always proven to be the case. Her top notes can sound reticent and tense, as they did in a performance of the second act of *Tristan und Isolde* at Tanglewood in 1982, leading to worries about the long-range effect of such roles on her voice, and even about her ability to sustain a part like Isolde over an entire evening.

But a new recording of *Die Walküre* on Eurodisc shows her to much better advantage as Sieglinde. Miss Norman is not just a visual presence and a warm, rich, natural voice: she shapes the German with idiomatic intelligence and phrases like a dedicated, intuitive musician. This is an enormous talent; one only hopes the Met and the operatic world in general, not to speak of Miss Norman herself, know how to make the most of it.

—DAVID SARGENT

LINDA RONSTADT: CUDDLING WITH THE CLASSICS

For at least two years now, we have been hearing talk of a Linda Ronstadt "oldies" album. There was a session with a small combo, recorded with Jerry Wexler as producer, that came, seemingly, to nothing. But now, finally, the Ronstadt oldies album has appeared, and it's well worth the wait. Overseen by her longtime regular producer, Peter Asher, it has been enhanced with lush new orchestral arrangements by Nelson Riddle, who was responsible for so many superb Frank Sinatra arrangements in that singer's glory years.

Miss Ronstadt's record is called *What's New* (Asylum). Included are ballads and nothing but, which will please those who have always preferred her rock and country anthems and laments to her uptempo material. The composers are the classics of pre-rock American pop—Irving Berlin, George Gershwin, and the like—and the delectable performances do those giants justice. Miss Ronstadt has always boasted what is just about the most purely sumptuous voice in contemporary popular music. Here she brings her lush tone, precise pitch control, and intuitive gifts of phrasing to bear on songs that positively blossom under such treatment.

For Ronstadt fans, the album will be further proof that she seems capable of mastering nearly any idiom to which she sets her mind. But more basically, this album helps bind up wounds—the wounds being the antagonisms that still persist between partisans of rock and defenders of the song tradition that rock seemingly supplanted. By singing both well, Miss Ronstadt shows American popular music to be one ongoing tradition—sometimes urban, sometimes rural, sometimes black and sometimes white, but always singing of the country that gave it birth. —D.S.

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We wanted to ascertain for ourselves, and ultimately for you, whether a quartz watch could be brought up to the level of the Patek Philippe mechanical watch.

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During that time, thousands of quartz chips are rejected for each chip we accept. Furthermore, every mechanical and electronic component is individually checked before assembly. Then the entire movement is doubly checked.

We even insist that our watchmakers wear copper bracelets to ground them so that the static electricity in their bodies will not affect the minute circuitry.

Of course we make our own electronic components, unlike manufacturers who buy them on the open market.

In addition, we use special alloys in the tiny electronic coil to maintain esthetics, even in a part you would ordinarily not see.

We even go so far as to gild the quartz chip, not just for protection against corrosion, but for esthetics, again, in a part you would ordinarily never see.

If you should ever have the opportunity to view the interior of a Patek Philippe quartz watch, we think you will be impressed by the logic of its handcrafted beauty.

But what about the external beauty of the Patek Philippe quartz watch?

The case of the Ladies' Nautilus, pictured nearby, is carved from a solid block of gold. The only access to the movement is from the front.

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When you wear the Ladies' Nautilus, you can be sure you will not see less costly copies on every other wrist. The bracelet, for example, cannot be duplicated at a lower cost.

One last thought: we set out to make as much difference between a Patek Philippe quartz watch and other quartz watches as there is between a Patek Philippe mechanical watch and other mechanical watches.

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The Patek Philippe pictured here is our Ladies' Nautilus. For a new, comprehensive presentation of Patek Philippe timepieces, please send $5–or for a brochure of current styles write–to Patek Philippe, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, Suite 629-V, New York, NY 10020.

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COVER LOOK

BEAUTY NOW

a new mood

Makeup coloring and skin-care transitions ...plus real time-savers

Brooke Shields, *left* and on our cover—actress, model, student, and extraordinary beauty—photographed here by Denis Piel. Makeup: a deliberate, dramatic change in balance with eyes densely colored, lips just barely stained, all the more striking against a paled skin. To play up this new sense of balance, eyes are circled with liner for a rounded shape, lids shadowed with deep mineral tones, cheeks are blushed—but barely. All, from Estée Lauder's Color Graphics: Summer Smoke and Pale Oak on eyes, Brickstone on lips, Candlelit Rose on cheeks. Makeup, Linda Mason; hair, Garren of Garren, New York. Fashion by Neil Leonard; earrings by Ugo Correani for Chloé. Details, see next to last pages of this issue.

TERRIFIC

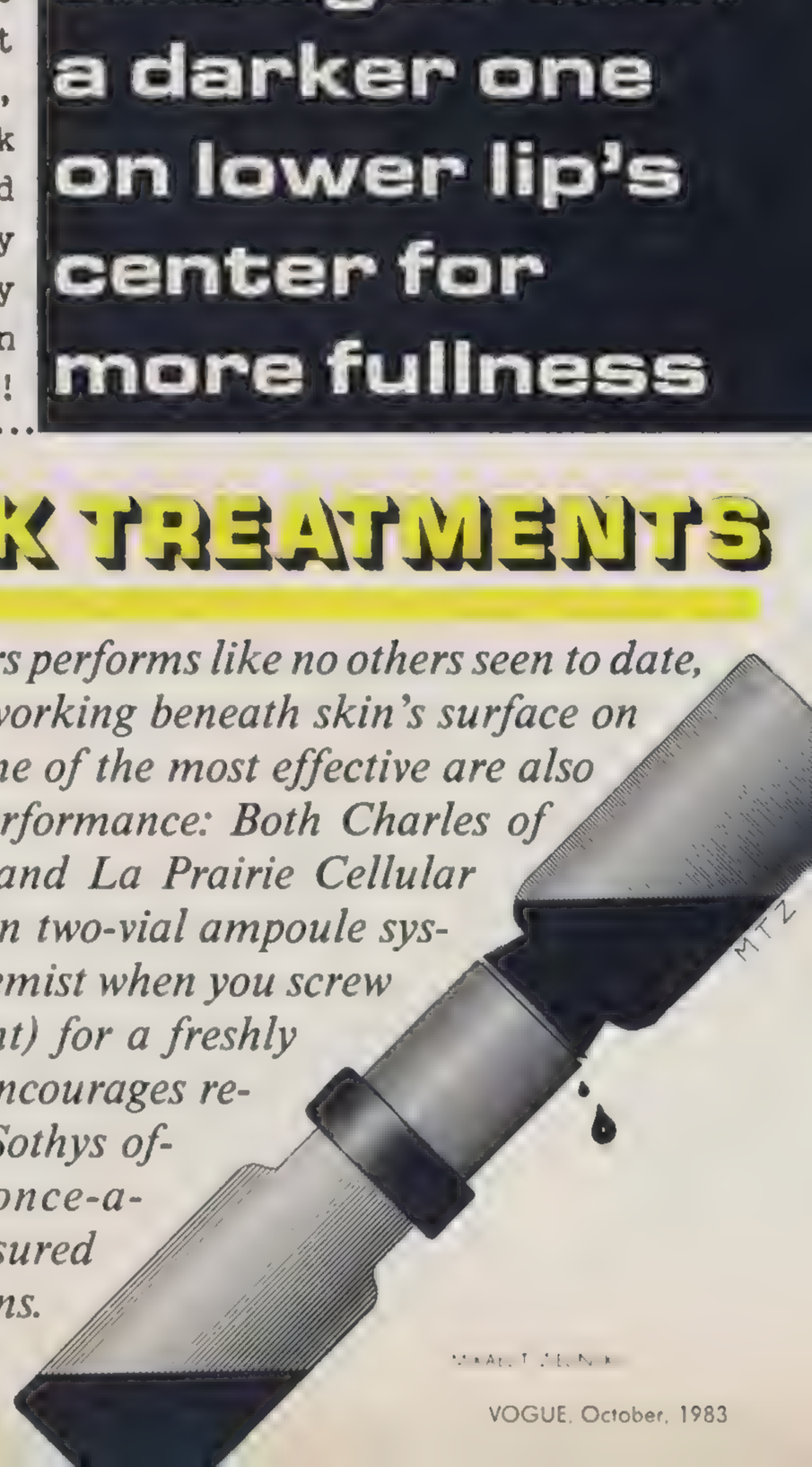
ideas culled for their time-saving/space-saving/top-performing pluses . . . Dual-color compacts to conceal skin flaws: half neutralizing color (e.g., yellow for ruddiness), half base color for blending; made by Il Makiage, NYC; Aida Grey in Beverly Hills, CA . . . A pencil-thin lipstick acts as liner/lipcolor: Chanel Rouge Extrême Lip Rouge . . . A one-step, in-salon liquid nail wrap: a strengthener that dries nearly clear to double as base coat (at Nails by Josephine, NYC). To clean up nail polish from cuticles: Beliza's touch-up stick (their nail salon just opened in Bloomingdale's, NYC) . . . Liquid soap stored in a tossable case: Quid, in seven scents . . . A ''heavy duty'' moisturizer that doesn't feel heavy, The Emergency Cream by Discipline (great on airplanes!) . . . NYC's Christiana and Carmen massage ''house calls,'' especially the double--for husband, wife!

special-effect lips: palest lip color smudged with a darker one on lower lip's center for more fullness

Foundations do far more than cover skin these days—they also work to improve skin's *condition*. Oil-controlling foundations give coverage without shine, often with a slight powder finish. For sheerness, use one application; for more complete finish, apply once, let dry, then apply a second time. Some of the best: Maybelline Shine Free oil-control makeup with sunscreen; Corn Silk Oil Absorbent Liquid Makeup for a natural matte finish, Halston's Perfect Blend makeup—long lasting coverage for normal to oily skins . . . New gentle foundations are geared for sensitive skins: both Elizabeth Arden's Gentle makeup and Germaine Monteil's Super Sensitive Delicate Finish makeup are irritant-free.

SKIN: SHOCK TREATMENTS

Now, a new breed of moisturizers performs like no others seen to date, improving skin's condition by working beneath skin's surface on the dermal skin cells. And, some of the most effective are also specially packaged for high performance: Both Charles of the Ritz Intensive Treatment and La Prairie Cellular Cycle Ampoules are formulas in two-vial ampoule systems. You become your own chemist when you screw the two elements together (right) for a freshly mixed single application that encourages renewal of damaged skin cells. Sothys offers skin an "emergency" once-a-month dose from precisely measured ampoules in four formulations.



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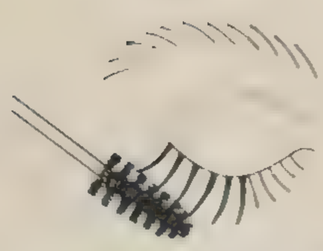
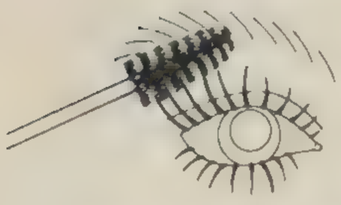
TIPS



Do top lashes first, brushing down from roots to tips.



Next brush upward on underside of top lashes. Use brush tip for bottom lashes.

Take off your mascara with Aziza eye makeup removers.

YOUR LETTERS

(Continued from page 48)

Spirit moves her
Re: July, 1983 issue . . . "freer spirit, experimental, breakaway" clothes are the poorest use of fabric, talent, magazine space I've seen.

We have fought tooth and nail for equality and reward based on our own merit only to be shown tatters and poverty as fashion.

Certainly you jest! . . . .

D. Renee Wellman
Austin TX

Freedom in fashion
The letters to the editor in your July issue were amazing. The writers carried on as though they believe everything they read.

I appreciate the "fantasy fashion" aspect you continue to present in Vogue. Not following rigid policies of those who would dictate fashion is in keeping with the "fashion freedom" and open-mindedness you represent and profess. Thank you. Jennifer E. Hartnett
Seffner FL

Success assessed
I am writing to compliment Vogue, because I think it is the superior fashion magazine in America. The photography, art, and models are stunning. Also, the letters demonstrate women's feelings of success. I think this magazine is successful not only because of the obvious talent it contains, but for its creativity.

Dana M. Bolettieri
Middle Island NY

Cycle style
Your suggested bicycling ensemble (HealthStyle, in the June issue) is fine, as far as it goes, but omits one piece of equipment which should be considered essential gear for the well-dressed cyclist: a protective helmet.

Granted, cycling helmets are less than fashionable millinery, but they are not entirely without charm: the Bell Biker, in white Lexan with sculpted air vents and red reflective stripes, has a Star Wars futurism; the Pro-tec is a nostalgic throwback to the football helmets of the 'fifties; the Skid-Lid is for the whimsical; and both the Bailen Bucket and the MSR have a sleek, uncluttered look.

Some of your readers might prefer the antique padded "leather hairnets" which some professional cyclists still use, although these offer very little protection. They look a lot like the hat worn with the Montana trenchcoat pictured on page 167 of the same issue.

Interestingly, all of the helmets I've mentioned cost less than any of the items in your cycling outfit. They are also cheaper than brain surgery. Remember, the beautiful-but-brainless look went out years ago.

Noah Jacobs
San Francisco CA

A veteran responds
Michael Sorkin's thoughts on the Vietnam Memorial as expressed in your May issue are cogent and thought-provoking but miss the mark, I believe, in some respects.

None of us who are Vietnam veterans could or should presume to speak for all veterans about any aspect of the war. The war was so long and the conditions the combatants found themselves in so diverse that one's perspective about the war, and inevitably about the memorial, would necessarily vary with his or her experience "in country." Some men engaged in virtually constant combat during their year tour. Others had desk jobs in Saigon and ate and lived better than they did at home. Those of us who served very early in the conflict missed the drug problem that became virulent later on. We were also back home before the anti-war movement took hold. I suspect that my thoughts about the war, my participation in it, and the memorial might well be different had I the pent-up bitterness that many veterans who served later in the war understandably feel.

I agree with Sorkin that the memorial is magnificent. I traveled from California to be in Washington on the day of its dedication, wondering how I would react to this controversial "wall." Those of us who marched in the parade stared at Maya Lin's work for three hours waiting for the ceremonies to begin. We peered at our own greying, increasingly middle-aged reflections, superimposed on the names, names, names and more names of our buddies who had spilled their guts over a sixteen-year period. Eventually the speeches were over, the band was gone and we could approach the wall. Many of us had the same unspoken need. We had to run our hand over the names of those whose memories had crept into our thoughts ever since the day they had left us. For me, Ms. Lin's work has helped me come to grips, in a palpable way, with the welter of emotions that have flowed through me for eighteen years. She and those who conceived and funded the memorial have given me and millions of other Vietnam veterans a sort of spiritual oasis where we can go to think, recall, contemplate and even feel something that symbolizes a very difficult time in our lives. . . .

William Stewart
Santa Barbara CA

Back to Bermuda . . .
I want to thank you for the article "Revisiting Bermuda: the pleasure keeps getting better" in your May, 1983 issue. My husband and I visited Bermuda in June and I took the article with me. It helped me find the stores and I even located Dean's Bakery in Somerset. I celebrated my birthday in the tearoom in Trimingham's with coffee and pastry. The tearoom was absolutely fantastic and I enjoyed the atmosphere there very much. I even stopped by Smith's Department Store and bought a "Bermuda Bouquet" scarf. I would have missed most of these places without the article and I thank Despina Messinesi very much for such a valuable travel guide. I have filed the article with my other brochures and will use it again when I visit Bermuda next summer.

Thank you again for such a helpful article.

Dorlo Gribbin
Ferrum VA

Batter blunder?
Upon Amy Gross's article in your magazine [May, 1983], I bought Lee Bailey's book *Country Weekends*. But, after making his cobbler batter, I wonder if the amount of flour (½ cup + 9 Tb. fat + 4 Tb. water) in the book is right. . . . I find your cookbook recommendations great.

Liselotte Walker
Indianapolis IN

Editor's note: *Ms. Walker is quite right; there is a mistake in the first printing of the book that is corrected in the second printing. The recipe calls for 1½ cups of flour.*

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Q&A

BEAUTY

Hair "aging"... hand care... vitamins for skin?...

Q Does hair age the way skin does? If so, what can I do to keep mine looking "young" and healthy?

A Hair does not "age" the way skin does. "Studies have shown that the chemical composition of hair is not a function of age," said John Corbett, Ph.D., vice president of technical development at Clairol. "Once hair emerges from the scalp—whatever your age—it is already dead tissue, though the follicle and the root are still alive." The only difference time makes is in hair's quantity—it may become sparser—and in a tendency to become grey and/or dull.

"Dulling of hair has to do both with the scalp's sebaceous glands and with chemical and mechanical aggravation," added Dr. Corbett. "Just as the activity of sebaceous glands increases in adolescence, making hair shinier, so, after menopause, the glands become less active, resulting in a seeming dullness of hair in older women."

As hair grows out—at the rate of one half inch per month—it is "aging" in a way, wearing down with combing, brushing, washing, exposure to sun, wind, pollution. "Cuticle cells, layered like shingles on the outside of each strand, break off with every brushing and washing; at the ends—the 'oldest' part of the hair—there is no cuticle left and the cortex starts to split."

Conditioning is important both to help prevent the wear and tear of hair and to give it a shinier, fuller appearance. Products that highlight as well as condition also help lessen dullness.

One aid to help counteract the "aging" effects on hair: Klorane, the French hair cleansing/treatment system created from botanicals, which enhances hair's tone by highlighting and conditioning and is formulated for all hair types and colors, is now available in the U.S.

Q My hands are so dry and red that they seem "older" than my face. How can I protect them as I do my facial skin?

A The effects of dryness are seen more on hands than on face because hands are cleansed more frequently and because the skin of the hands has few oil glands. "Dry skin is evidence of skin's 'shock' at losing water. Redness is caused by irritation, and may accompany dryness when it results from a chemical assault from harsh soap or heat," said Steven J. Kirchner, Ph.D., skin-care researcher, beauty-care division, Procter & Gamble (makers of Wondra hand and body lotion). "But skin redness is not something that lasts forever. When hands heal, redness disappears. Drying hands, often a problem as we age, can improve simply from regularly using hand lotion." Even a single application of moisturizer makes a difference immediately.

Hand cream—to be effective—should be applied after each skin cleansing, particularly if you use a drying soap. If you spend time outdoors, use a sunscreen or hand lotion with a sun protection factor, such as Chanel Protective Hand Cream, which has a sunscreen (SPF 8) and a nonchemical whitening agent to help eliminate redness.

Q Can vitamin and mineral supplements give me a clearer complexion and help keep my skin from aging?

A Good skin is a reflection of good health, a good diet and life style, say experts; and taking vitamin/mineral pills should serve *only* as a supplement, *never* as a substitute for a balanced diet. It has not been proven that taking large doses of multivitamins improves skin's appearance or prevents its natural aging. In fact, in some cases, vitamin/mineral excesses can be as damaging as deficiencies.

It is known that extreme vitamin deficiencies can be manifested in certain skin diseases—e.g., deficiency of vitamin C in capillary bleeding; vitamin A in skin dryness and cracking; riboflavin in seborrheic dermatitis; B_{12} in pallor and anemia. However, these conditions are rare; what active women are most often lacking, say experts, is calcium and sometimes zinc and iron.

Doctors say that optimal benefits can be derived from vitamin/mineral supplements when they are used rationally, when you are metabolically sound, when your diet is healthful to start with. *(More on vitamins/diet, see page 563.)*

With those guidelines in mind, if you're looking for vitamin and mineral supplements, you may want to consider the new nutritional supplement program that is part of Clientele's Skin Management System. Formulated by a team of dermatologists and nutritionists specifically for the needs of today's active woman, it includes an additional reserve of those nutrients shown to be deficient in many healthy women and reflects the same kind of scientific research that validates the Clientele skin-care program. For information, call (800)327-4660. ▽

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Mary McFadden's exclusive creation for Japan: Dynasty '83, John Wanamaker's gala celebration of this fantastical island nation in Center City Philadelphia, October 28 through November 13.

JAPAN: DYNASTY '83

Bill Blass and his sure sense of Glamour go to the beautiful limit in this exclusive gown to celebrate Japan: Dynasty '83, John Wanamaker's glittering international showcase featuring the best of Japanese fashion, electronics, home furnishings, fine art, cultural exhibits, entertainment and a host of very special events.

MOON AND GNAC

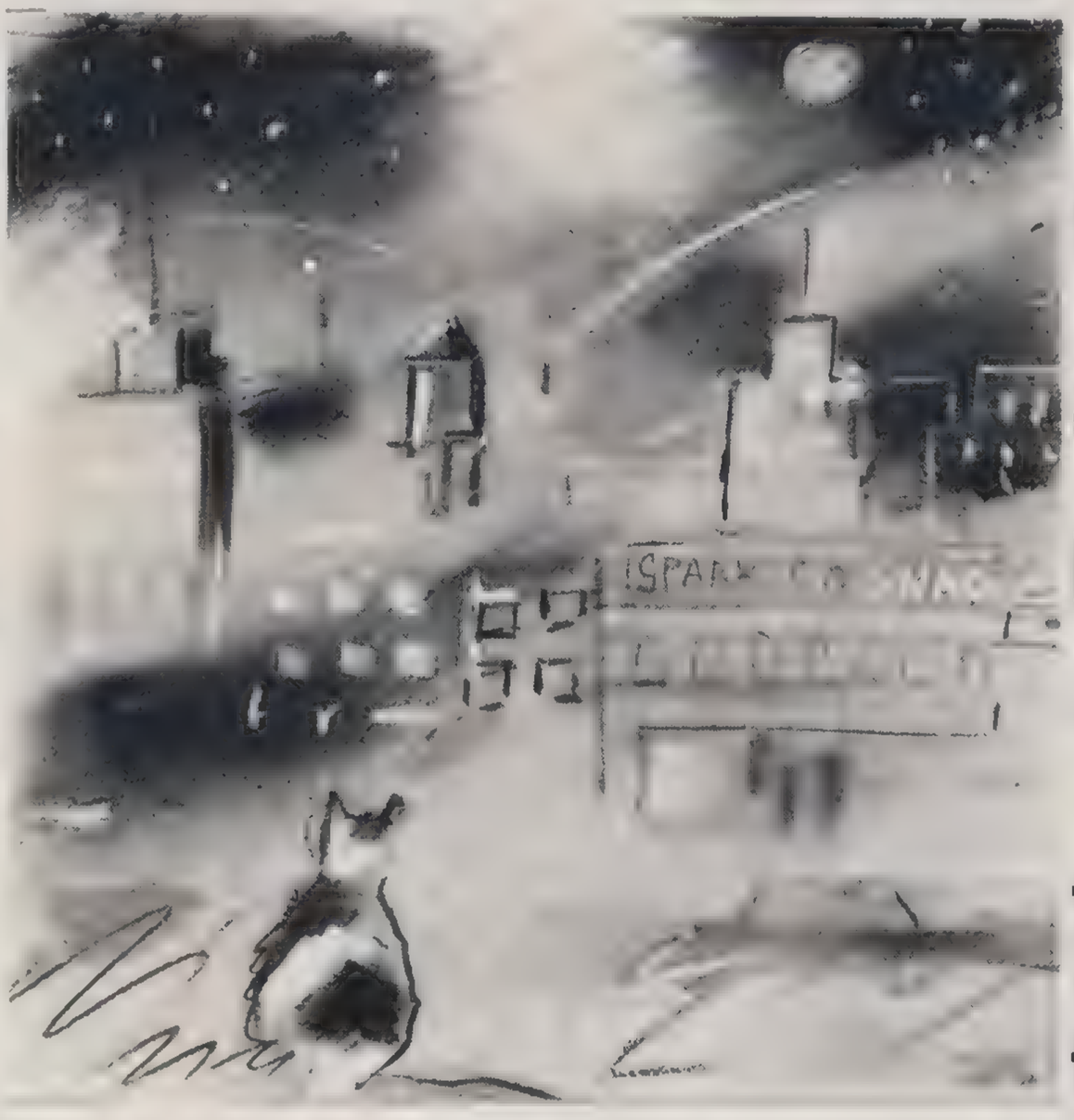
From Italy's master storyteller: love & defiance on a roof

BY ITALO CALVINO

The night lasted twenty seconds, then came twenty seconds of GNAC. For twenty seconds you could see the blue sky streaked with black clouds, the gilded sickle of the waxing moon, outlined by an impalpable halo, and stars that, the more you looked at them, the denser their poignant smallness became, to the sprinkle of the Milky Way: all this seen in great haste; every detail you dwelt on was something of the whole that you lost, because the twenty seconds quickly ended and the GNAC took over.

The GNAC was a part of the neon sign SPAAK COGNAC on the roof opposite, which shone for twenty seconds then went off for twenty, and when it was lighted you couldn't see anything else. The moon suddenly faded, the sky became a flat, uniform black, the stars lost their radiance, and the cats, male and female, that for ten seconds had been letting out howls of love, moving languidly towards each other along the drainpipes and the roof-trees, squatted on the tiles, their fur bristling in the phosphorescent neon light.

Leaning out of the attic where they lived, Marcovaldo's family was traversed by conflicting trains of thought. It was night, and Isolina, a big girl by now, felt carried away by the moonlight; her heart yearned, and even the faintest croaking of a radio from the lower floors of the building came to her like the notes of a serenade; there was the GNAC, and that radio seemed to take on a different rhythm, a jazz beat, and Isolina thought of the dance-hall full of blazing lights and herself, poor thing, up here all alone. Pietruccio and Michelino stared wide-eyed into the night and let themselves be invaded by a warm, soft fear of being surrounded by forests full of brigands; then, GNAC!, and they sprang up with thumbs erect and forefingers extended, one against the other: "Hands up! I'm the Lone Ranger!" Domitilla, their mother, every time the light was turned off, thought: "Now the children must be sent to bed; this air could be bad for them; and Isolina shouldn't be looking out of the window at this hour: it's not proper!" But then everything was again luminous, electric, outside and inside, and Domitilla felt as if she were paying a visit to the home of someone important.



Little Michelino aimed high: "Now I'll turn off the moon"

Fiordaligi, on the contrary, a melancholy youth, saw, every time the GNAC went off, the dimly lighted window of a garret appear behind the curl of the *G*, and beyond the pane the face of a moon-colored girl, neon-colored, the color of light in the night, a mouth still almost a child's that, the moment he smiled at her, parted imperceptibly and seemed almost to open in a smile; then all of a sudden from the darkness that implacable *G* of GNAC burst out again, and the face lost its outline, was transformed into a weak, pale shadow, and he could no longer tell if the girlish mouth had responded to his smile.

In the midst of this storm of passions, Marcovaldo was trying to teach his children the positions of the celestial bodies.

"That's the Great Bear: one, two, three, four, and there, the tail. And that's the Little Bear. And the Pole Star that means North."

"What does that one over there mean?"

"It means *C*. But that doesn't have anything to do with the stars. It's the last letter of the word "COGNAC." The stars mark the four cardinal points: North, South, East, West. The moon's hump is to the west. Hump to the west, waxing moon. Hump to the east, waning moon."

"Is cognac waning, Papà? The *C*'s hump is to the east!"

"Waxing and waning have nothing to do with that: it's a sign the Spaak company has put there."

"What company put up the moon then?"

"The moon wasn't put up by a company. It's a satellite, and it's always there."

"If it's always there, why does it keep changing its hump?"

"It's the quarters. You only see a part of it."

"You only see a part of COGNAC too."

"Because the roof of the Pierbernardi building is higher."

"Higher than the moon?"

And so, every time the GNAC came on, Marcovaldo's stars became mixed up with terrestrial commerce, and Isolina transformed a sigh into a low humming of a mambo, and the girl of the garret disappeared in that cold and dazzling arc, hiding her response to the kiss that Fiordaligi had finally summoned the courage to blow her on his fingertips, and Filippetto and Michelino, their fists to their faces, played at strafing: Tat-tat-tat-tat . . . against the glowing sign, which, after its twenty seconds, went off.

"Tat-tat-tat . . . Did you see that, Papà? I shot it *(Continued on page 158)*

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MOON AND GNAC

(Continued from page 146)

out with just one burst." Filippetto said, but already, outside the neon light, his warlike mania had vanished and his eyes were filling with sleep.

"If you only had!" his father blurted. "If it had only been blown to bits! I'd show you Leo the lion, the Twins . . ."

"Leo the lion!" Michelino was overcome with enthusiasm. "Wait!" He had an idea. He took his slingshot, loaded it with gravel, of which he always carried a reserve pocketful, and fired a volley of pebbles, with all his strength, at the GNAC.

They heard the shower fall, scattered, on the tiles of the roof opposite, on the tin of the drainpipes, the tinkle at the panes of a window that had been struck, the gong of a pebble plunging down on the metal shield of a streetlight, a voice from below: "It's raining stones! Hey, you up there! Hoodlum." But at the very moment of the shooting the neon sign had turned off at the end of its twenty seconds. And everyone in the attic room began counting mentally: one two three, ten eleven, up to twenty. They counted nineteen, held their breath, they counted twenty, they counted twenty-one twenty-two, for fear of having counted too fast. But no, not at all: the GNAC didn't come on again; it remained a black curlicue, hard to decipher, twined around its scaffolding like a vine around a pergola. "Aaaah!" they all shouted and the hood of the sky rose, infinitely starry, above them.

Marcovaldo, his hand frozen halfway towards the slap he meant to give Michelino, felt as if he had been flung into space. The darkness that now reigned at roof-level made a kind of obscure barrier that shut out the world below, where yellow and green and red hieroglyphics continued to whirl, and the winking eyes of traffic-lights, and the luminous navigation of empty trams, and the invisible cars that cast in front of them the bright cone of their headlights. From this world only a diffuse phosphorescence rose up this high, vague as smoke. And raising your eyes, no longer blinded, you saw the perspective of space unfold, the constellations expanded in depth, the firmament turning in every direction, a sphere that contains everything and is contained by no boundary, and only a thinning of its weft, like a breach, opened towards Venus, to make it stand out alone over the frame of the earth, with its steady slash of light exploded and concentrated at one point.

Suspended in this sky, the new moon—rather than display the abstract appearance of a half-moon—revealed its true nature as an opaque sphere, its whole outline illuminated by the oblique rays of a sun the earth had lost, though it retained (as you can see only on certain early-summer nights) its warm color. And Marcovaldo, looking at that narrow shore of moon cut there between shadow and light, felt a nostalgia, as if yearning to arrive at a beach which had stayed miraculously sunny in the night.

And so they remained at the window of the garret, the children frightened by the measureless consequences of their act, Isolina carried away as if in ecstasy, Fiordaligi, who, alone among all, discerned the dimly lighted garret and finally the girl's lunar smile. Their Mamma recovered herself: "Come on now, it's night. What are you doing at the window? You'll catch something, in this moonlight!"

Michelino aimed his slingshot up high. "Now I'll turn off the moon!" He was seized and put to bed.

And so for the rest of that night and all through the night following, the neon sign on the other roof said only SPAAK CO, and from Marcovaldo's garret you could see the firmament. Fiordaligi and the lunar girl blew each other kisses, and perhaps, speaking to each other in sign language, they would manage to make a date to meet.

But on the morning of the second day, on the roof, in the scaffolding that supported the neon sign, the tiny forms of two electricians in overalls were visible, as they checked the tubes and wires. With the air of old men who predict changes in the weather, Marcovaldo stuck his head out and said: "Tonight there'll be GNAC again."

Somebody knocked at the garret. They opened the door. It was a gentleman wearing eyeglasses. "I beg your pardon, could I take a look at your window? Thanks." And he introduced himself: "Godifredo, neon advertising agent."

"We're ruined! They want us to pay the damages!" Marcovaldo thought, and he was already devouring his children with his eyes, forgetting his astronomical transports. "Now he'll look at the window and realize the stones could have come only from here." He tried to ward this off. "You know how it is, the kids shoot at the sparrows. Pebbles. I don't know how that Spaak sign went out. But I punished them, all right. Oh yes indeed, I punished them! And you can be sure it won't happen again."

Signor Godifredo's face became alert. "Actually, I'm employed by 'Tomahawk Cognac,' not by Spaak. I have come to examine the possibility of a sign on this roof. But do go on: I'm interested in what you're saying."

And so it was that Marcovaldo, half an hour later, concluded a deal with Tomahawk Cognac, Spaak's chief rival. The children should empty their slingshots at the GNAC every time the sign was turned on again.

"That should be the straw that will break the camel's back," Signor Godifredo said. He was not mistaken: already on the verge of bankruptcy because of its large advertising outlay, Spaak and Co. took the constant damaging of its most beautiful neon signs as a bad omen. The sign that now sometimes said COGAC and sometimes CONAC or CONC spread among the firm's creditors the impression of financial difficulties; at a certain point, the advertising agency refused to make further repairs if arrears were not paid; the turned-off sign increased the alarm among the creditors; and Spaak went out of business.

In the sky of Marcovaldo the full moon shone, round, in all its splendor.

It was in the last quarter when the electricians came back to clamber over the roof opposite. And that night, in letters of fire, letters twice as high and broad as before, they could read TOMAHAWK COGNAC, and there was no longer moon or firmament or sky or night, only TOMAHAWK COGNAC, TOMAHAWK COGNAC, TOMAHAWK COGNAC, which blinked on and off every two seconds.

The worst hit was Fiordaligi; the garret of the lunar girl had vanished behind an enormous, impenetrable W. ▽

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HAIR NOW

the latest

New styles, cuts, evening looks...what's happening in Europe now

Definitely the trend at the fall fashion shows in Paris, Rome: toward a tighter, smaller head, hair that's shorter, more precise, always off the neck. At Ungaro, stylist Sergio Valente pulled longer hair back into a neat little knot, to show off the jewels, the multiples of necklaces and chains every model wore.
The small hats that showed up at just about every show for daytime meant that chin-length hair was tucked behind one ear, smoothed back off the forehead. Even hair that had some fullness had it only at one side, with the other side, at times, tucked under a tiny hat—often one worn at a rakishly precise angle. Longer, curlier hair was brushed almost straight and flat against the head, left fuller, freer just about the shoulders. (More European couture, pages 484-505.)

Hair that has fullness to one side, right. The trick, the tool that's being used by more stylists; here, Garren (of Garren, NY): conditioning gels that "work" hair into shape. (For more on model Wanakee, turn to page 194.)

To watch for *in perms: a concentration of wave at the ends of hair, so that hair's "focus"—like makeup's—is at eye level, "grow-out" is minimal . . . And, conditioners especially formulated to keep wave in hair, help to maintain a perm longer, such as Sebastian's new Cellofix Texturizer, to be left in after shampooing.*

Color News **A point of difference in haircolor now: the trend toward using darker—rather than lighter—shades as accents, or taking your natural color one step deeper to add new richness, depth, a look of thicker hair. Tones of copper, mahogany, auburn are being placed in hair to point up its natural wave—or, even, to give straight hair the illusion of curve. Even blond hair is taking deeper golden highlights, as in the look at *left* by Bruno Demetrio of NYC's Le Salon, where the color, like the cut, is slightly asymmetric, with more highlights, more length, at one side . . . A new way to "preview" haircolor: with a comb-in formula that lasts from days to weeks depending on how it's applied—Clairol's Jazzing (salons only). Using it: Allen Edwards in California, a pioneer in the growing trend to combining a fitness studio with a hair salon.**

Every designer had an evening "statement" this fall. One of the most dazzling, seen on Paris runways at Chanel, Ungaro, YSL: boldly outsize hair accessories, especially stiff bows, anchored into hair with combs, sparked with glitter or feathers. *Above*, one example, from Saint Laurent Rive Gauche.

On almost every Paris runway: hair ornaments had "presence," size, and real nighttime allure

Photo top: ARTHUR ELGORT. Fashion details last pages: Sketch: DAVID CROLAND

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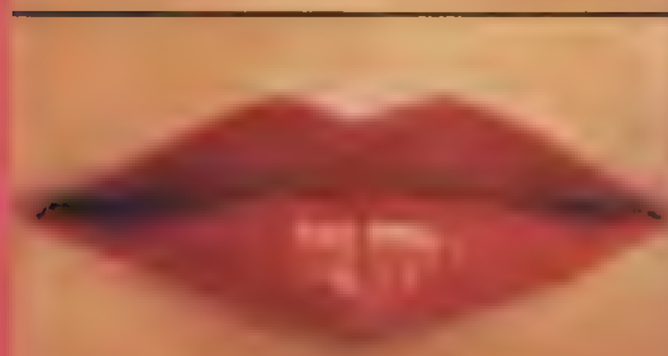
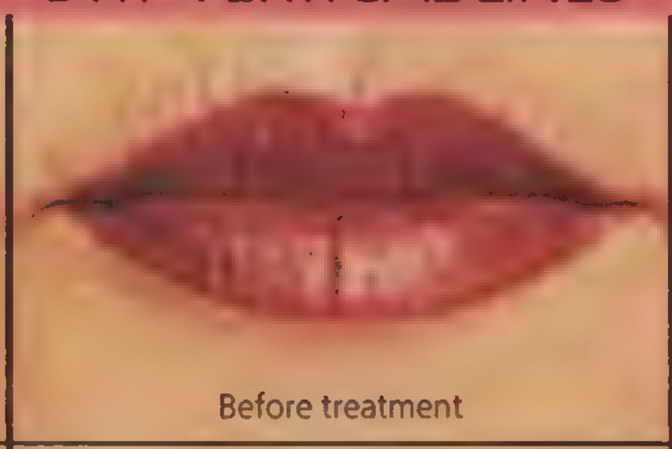


After 2 hours with Lip-Fix

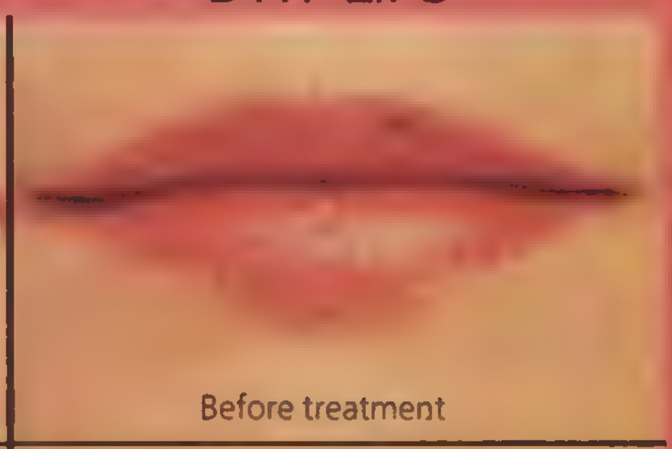
DRY VERTICAL LINES



Before treatment

After treatment with Lip-Fix for 21 days

DRY LIPS



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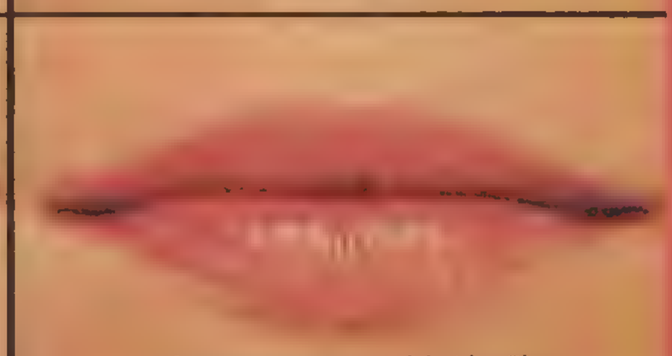

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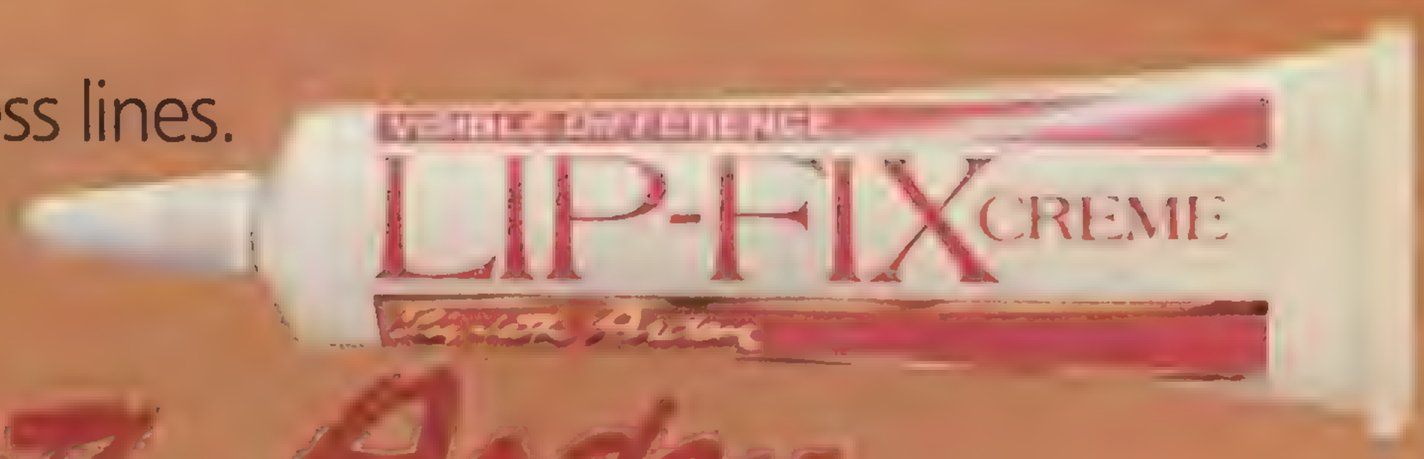

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Today, there is a master renowned for his ability to capture and portray the elusive beauty, grace and serenity of the traditional Maiko. His name is Tokutaro Tamai and he is recognized as one of Japan's greatest portrait artists.

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The sculpture that Mr. Tamai has created portrays a young lady performing a traditional dance—one of the most important disciplines in the training of a perfect Maiko. And so graceful, so alive is this enchanting figure that you need only look at her to feel part of her lyrical dance.

To ensure that every small detail of Tokutaro Tamai's art is faithfully captured, each sculpture will be individually crafted by master porcelain artisans in Japan. Using traditional methods and techniques, each sculpture will be hand-cast . . . hand-assembled . . . and hand-painted with uncompromising care.

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BY MARY CANTWELL

Seventeen, perhaps because Booth Tarkington wrote a book with that for its title, has always struck me as an enchanting age. I like the *idea* of seventeen, even though its reality may be acne, awkwardness, and the last pats of puppy fat. The minutiae of the year I was seventeen are elusive now, but they must have been wonderful, if only because I refuse to believe otherwise. Seventeen . . . seventeen—the word has a lovely slide to it.

Eighteen, however, is hard, abrupt; it lacks resonance. But it has status. Eighteen is the age at which one can legally order a drink in many states and, more important, vote, although the latter privilege does not appear to be as highly valued as the first. Eighteen is also the age at which, by my calendar anyway, one attains the majesty of Miss. To be a Miss, or a Mister, is to be an adult. (Becoming a Mrs. before one becomes a Miss signifies precocity, not maturity.)

I looked forward to Miss, and for the few years before I turned it in for Mrs., enjoyed hearing it. In truth, I didn't really turn it in: I was Miss C. at the office and Mrs. L. at home, less because I wanted two surnames than because I delighted in two prefixes. But since 1973, or whatever year it was that prefixes and surnames were declared elitest, I have seldom heard either. Everyone—friends, strangers, and telephone salespeople selling light bulbs made by the handicapped—calls me Mary. The clock is stopped: together with my fellow Americans I have entered the country of permanent childhood.

Consider, for instance, the usual physician/patient relationship. Most people call their doctors by their titles. But people have titles too—those prefixes that custom and courtesy used to accord surnames, and for the doctor to employ them would be to blur the useful distinction between parents and their charges. So the patient, already disadvantaged by illness or its prospect, is next unmanned, or unwomaned, by an uninvited reversion to the baby name. "Breathe in, Roger. . . . Extend your arm, Bill. . . . Let me look down your throat, Jane": treatment is so much simpler when it's children who are being ordered about.

Simpler, too, for a child to order an adult about if everyone, whatever the age, is addressed the same way. Being introduced to twelve-year-olds as "Mary" (this happens to me often, and the go-betweens are always their mothers) is a lot like being presented as a possible playmate. Certainly, I respond like one. "Hi," I say, and hate myself. Germaine Greer, however, has given me yet another reason to admire her: she takes care that those who are not yet her peers remember it. She insists, David Plante reports in *Difficult Women,* that her graduate students call her Dr. Greer. "They've got to fucking well bear in mind," she told Plante, "that, for the time being, I know more than they do."

And all of us should bear this rule in mind: on hearing one's first name employed by the unentitled (the entitled being friends, relatives and, if one is very young, one's elders), it is wise to suspect sneakiness. There is always a motive behind the bonhomie.

Why does the stranger ask whoever answers the phone if he can speak to "Roger," "Bill" or "Jane"? The answer's easy. Because familiarity implies friendship, he's trying to con the answerer into putting the call through. In this case, though, all it implies is that the caller wants something.

> ***It takes guts to say, "It's Miss Jones to you"***

And if it is Roger, Bill, or Jane who answers the phone? First, they wonder if they've met the caller before, quickly assume they have, and just as quickly kick themselves for having bad memories. By the time they realize they're talking to a stranger, it's too late to stand on protocol. Who of us (except Germaine Greer) has the guts to say "It's Miss Jones to you"?

Conversely, why does the person they've called, the one from whom *they* want something, immediately call them Roger, Bill, or Jane? That answer's easy too. They're being converted into chums, and chums find it harder to complain about wrong information, lost reservations, and broken appointments than do the chilly—those shrewd enough, or old-fashioned enough, to conceal themselves behind prefixes.

Granting a prefix to others, though, is sometimes construed as fear. Once, when someone heard me calling an associate Mr. ——— ("Mr." because he was my senior and because we were only slightly acquainted), she asked if I were afraid of him. I wasn't, but I might have been if he'd pressured me into addressing him more casually—a fine way, incidentally, to keep the young and insecure off-balance. There is a man, a somewhat captious captain of industry, who insists that those he's interviewing for a job call him Sam. They, who'd prefer to have "Mister" acting as buffer between them and his obviously unpredictable self, can barely hiss the S.

My grandmother would have been amazed to hear a comparative stranger say "Call me Sam." But then, she'd have been amazed if anyone but her relatives, and friends acquired in childhood called her Margaret. Friends she had made as an adult were forever addressed as they had first been introduced. That's why I never knew the first name of a frequent visitor, Mrs. Horton. I'd never heard it. Her other frequent visitor, our next door neighbor, was Miss Munro. And she, to them, was Mrs. Lonergan. Listening to them talk was like having an eagle's view of three ladies walking along parallel, but hedged paths. It was a walk that lasted all their lives, perhaps because of the pattern provided by those hedges.

Patterns establish a mode, but so does their seeming absence. An auto worker interviewed on a news show recently was exultant not only because she was, at last, employed, but because the Japanese who ran the factory had erased the old patterns. "You can park wherever you want," she said, "because none of the spaces are reserved for executives, and we all call each other by our first names." They are also, she forgot to mention, dressed identically. Everyone in the plant wears the same cotton jacket, buttoned to the throat, the better to hide a blue collar from a white.

This, of course, is the working-stiff school of personnel management, in which hierarchy is obscured so as to foster homogeneity. Still, hierarchy obtains. How useful is the privilege of calling your employer Ed when Ed comes to fire you—which he can do rather easily because the factory is non-union? And, yes, it is wonderful that your '74 subcompact is cheek by jowl (or maybe hood by wheel) with his '83 four-door. But how much more wonderful if you too could aspire to the '83 four-door, which you can't because your wages are below the industry norm. No, egalitarianism is not at work here; only pragmatism. But if the latter serves to advance the illusion of the former? Ah well, we live by dreams, as good a fodder as any, some believe, and sporting a new name besides: psychic reward.

In the world that I think genuinely egalitarian, however, all adults would resume their titles. Ms. not being in my lexicon, they are Mr., Mrs., and Miss (the order chosen, with its pleasant progression from hard r to drawn-out s, is for the ear's sake, nothing more). Each title is a hedge, a leafy barrier penetrable only by invitation. The hedge affords the walker a little privacy, a little extra space in which to conduct life's promenade. To be endowed with psychic turf—never mind those dubious psychic rewards—is akin to being handed the glove.

Whoever calls an adult by her first name without being asked to do so is doing more than invading that turf. He, or she, is negating it. The territory is as vanished as if it had never been, and trying to recapture it by using the aggressor's first name in return is futile. The advantage is with whoever made the first strike: he, after all, has set the terms. As to how one should reverse them, I'm not sure, and if I worked in that auto plant, I wouldn't contemplate trying. When the odds are that high in favor of informality, it's useless trying to tip them. But in the course of the ordinary phone call, the ordinary confrontation . . . maybe one should do what I, at least, haven't yet dared. In the age of *déshabillé,* one might risk being thought stuffy. Come to think of it, I suspect I already have taken the risk. And, truly, it didn't hurt at all. ▽

VANDERBILT

by Gloria Vanderbilt

Let it release the splendor of you.

The real reasons you pay so much for food

BY SUSAN LEE

Ah, autumn and harvest time. You know, waving fields of amber and gold. Well, true enough in years past, but this year things are different. Thanks to a new government farm program there is considerably less to wave and harvest. This program, called Payment In Kind (PIK), was designed to reduce supplies of grain; accordingly, one-third of the nation's farms planted less grain; and now we are about to reap the results in higher food prices.

Although curious, this is the intended consequence of government policy. The express goal of the federal farm program is to keep income high for farmers, even at the expense of consumers—the rest of us.

Consider the heart of the farm program—the price-support system. Here, the government guarantees a certain price for farm output. If the market price falls below the so-called target price, the government will simply buy the stuff at the target price. By removing the risk of low prices, the government actually encourages farmers to plant as much as they can. And the result has been ever-burgeoning farm output that puts downward pressure on prices and thus leads to ever-growing government purchases and ever-bulging storage costs for government-owned food.

Now, the government does attempt to keep a lid on costs by mandating restrictions and quotas on farmers who participate in aid programs, the government tries to reduce acreage planted. This carrot-and-stick approach is supposed to shrink supplies and increase market prices, reducing the taxpayers' tab. However, this hasn't worked very well: the farm program will cost taxpayers perhaps $22 billion this year.

So, back last winter, the Department of Agriculture announced the following deal: If grain farmers would let more of their land lie fallow, the government would return to them—free—those crops now held in government storage. The appeal of the new PIK program was its double-hit of reducing potential government purchases and current storage costs. This was, apparently, an irresistible deal for farmers, too: acres and acres were taken out of production. It will not be such an appealing deal for consumers of bread and cornflakes, who'll be faced with higher prices. Nor will it hold much appeal for meat-eaters—cattle will be eating higher priced corn which will make beef, too, more expensive.

How—it might be reasonably asked at this point—did the government get into this quagmire of supporting farmers at such great cost?

Well, the impetus was simple. From the beginning of commercial agriculture, farmers have been plagued with sudden, drastic price drops. Bad weather one year will reduce supplies and bid prices up. Those high prices will encourage farmers to cultivate in a big, big way the following year. But if that year is blessed with good weather, then—instead of high prices and profits—bumper crops will depress prices and farm income.

And so, farmers have always complained about unpredictable and exasperating changes in prices; but it wasn't until the 1930s that the government seriously tried heavy-duty remedies. Enter, centerstage, the federal farm program with a vast system of price supports to keep farmers' incomes from dropping too low. (When prices skyrocket, on the other hand, farmers are free to rake the money in.)

Perhaps the best known—and worst offender—of all the price-support programs is the dairy subsidy. The current cost of the dairy support program is about $3 billion on the government budget. The costs are reckoned twice: The average annual taxpayer subsidy comes to about $10,000 per farmer; plus, storage costs for unwanted excess have been running in the billions of dollars. And consumers—from ice cream addicts to cheese devotees—pay millions more in higher prices.

Consumers of dairy and grain products are not the only victims of government-guaranteed higher prices. In other ways, under other programs, buyers of sugar, celery, and oranges pay more. So do lovers of peanut butter and peaches; even eaters of more exotic fare like papayas, filberts, almonds, and raisins suffer.

For their part, farmers argue that other nations subsidize agriculture, too. They warn that if farming in this country is left to face the vagaries of the free market, the resulting price disruptions would force many out of the farming business entirely. The United States, then, might be increasingly less able to feed its own citizens. Eventually, say these farmers, we might become importers of foodstuffs and thus at the mercy of foreign food cartels much the way we were with the OPEC cartel.

True enough. At least, in part. Other nations do subsidize farming: Japan, for example, gives hefty direct government subsidies and erects prohibitively high tariff barriers to keep foreign food out and domestic prices high. France does both of the above, and then subsidizes foreign purchases of their food products. It is also true that if American farmers were freer to sell their products abroad—like beef to Japan and wine to France—the need for subsidies would lessen.

But the rest of the argument doesn't exactly follow. The United States is the world's premier food producer and exporter because of excellent natural resources and high farm productivity. Sure, it's possible that we might be tortured by a South American cartel in bananas; but it's inconceivable that we could be mugged by Canadian wheat growers. Anyway, the fact that other governments underwrite farm income is just another way of saying that consumers all over the world pay higher prices to eat than they would if governments let farmers face a free market.

Net-net, as economists are fond of saying, the impact of the American farm program delivers a double whammy to Americans. We pay as taxpayers to subsidize farmers and then pay again as consumers in the form of the higher prices. As Jon Previant, a Minnesota farmer who grows crops not heavily supported by the government, dryly observes: "Every time I eat a bowl of almond butter crunch ice cream, I come face to face with a system that makes me pay, really pay, for my pleasure." ▽

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Brief Encounters

A few words on the pleasures of power. . . and the revenge of Clare Booth Luce

From "The Anatomy of Power," *by John Kenneth Galbraith (Houghton Mifflin)*
In all societies, from the most primitive to the ostensibly most civilized, the exercise of power is profoundly enjoyed. Elaborate rituals of obeisance—admiring multitudes, applauded speeches, precedence at dinners and banquets, a place in the motorcade, access to the corporate jet, the military salute—celebrate the possession of power. These rituals are greatly rewarding; so are the pleas and intercessions of those who seek to influence others in the exercise of power; and so, of course, are the acts of exercise—the instructions to subordinates, the military commands, the conveying of court decisions, the statement at the end of the meeting when the person in charge says, "Well, this is what we'll do." A sense of self-actuated worth derives from both the context and the exercise of power. On no other aspect of human existence is vanity so much at risk; in William Hazlitt's words, "The love of power is the love of ourselves." It follows that power is pursued not only for the service it renders to personal interests, values, or social perceptions but also for its own sake, for the emotional and material rewards inherent in its possession and exercise.

However, that power is thus wanted for its own sake cannot, as a matter of basic decency, be too flagrantly conceded. It is accepted that an individual can seek power to impose his moral values on others, or to further a vision of social virtue, or to make money. And, as noted, it is permissible to disguise one purpose with another—self-enrichment can be hidden behind great community service, sordid political intent behind a passionate avowal of devotion to the public good. But it is not permissible to seek power merely for the very great enjoyment that it accords.

From "Laura Z. A Life," *by Laura Z. Hobson (Arbor House)*
It was something Clare [Booth Luce] said when we were alone after dinner. I had gone to her bathroom, and as she opened the door to it for me, I took one look and blurted out, "Ye gods," or possibly "Gee whiz."

It was twice the size of an ordinary bathroom and the bathmat covering its large rectangle of floor was not your ordinary bathmat either. It was not of terry cloth or shag or carpeting; it was white fur, white ermine, with the little blackish brown paws attached at intervals, in the way ermine was often done at the time. But the bathmat was not the whole story. The same white ermine with the dangling dark paws had been made into a cover for the toilet seat.

Clare laughed at my astonishment, delighted at my disbelief.

"It used to be a coat," she said. "My mother-in-law, Mrs. Brokaw, gave it to me and I hated it. While I was married I had to wear it and wear it, but I always knew that once I was divorced, I'd find a perfect use for it." ▽

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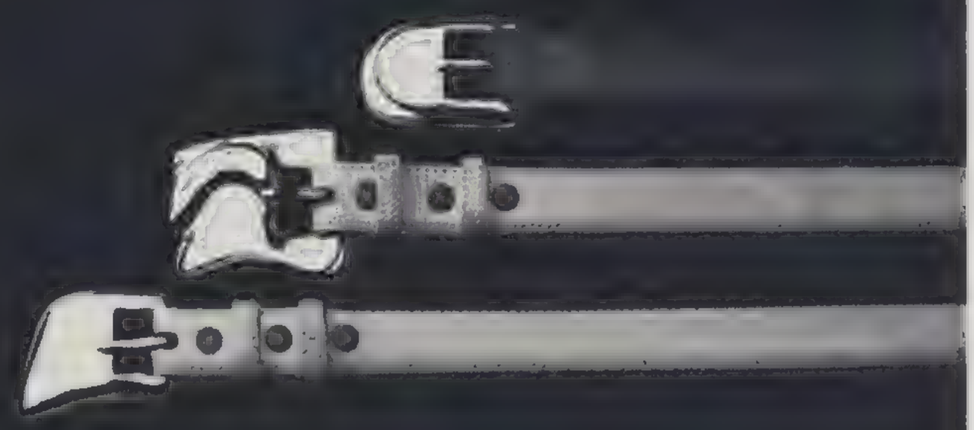

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Between Us

Woman who trains women... play way to Wall Street ...a child-care solution

By Lorraine Davis

IN HER OWN WORDS . . .

"My grandmother said, 'All of the arts are merely to remind us of the values of life itself and of our relationship to each other'; utter independence happens onstage, with everyone working for the good of the show. I think a country works better the same way, when we all work together." *—Celeste Holm, actress, speaking at National Council of Women meeting on voluntarism*

"To be great in anything, you have to really fall in love with your job and dedicate yourself. . . . In golf, there's a constant challenge between yourself and the game. It's an inner game, very much a mental game, a game of self-control, hard work, and—more importantly—patience." *—Amy Alcott, professional golfer, the sixth woman to earn $1 million in her sport*

"Women need more science education. I would like to see 51 percent of the United States population being as willing to tackle scientific, technological, and political issues as the other 49 percent are. . . . My nonprofessional goal is to make a big contribution to turning around the arms race." *—Vera Kistiakowsky, Ph.D., first woman tenured professor of physics at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and president of the Association for Women in Science*

A WOMAN "FULFILLED"

As a child, Jill Conway worried about whether interesting things would happen to her; that worry "is really laid to rest" at Smith College, in Northampton, Massachusetts, where she presides over a school that's responding agilely to social change.

The Smith answer to "structural unemployment" (jobs eliminated by technology) is to provide, with the help of the Charles Stewart Mott foundation and the federal government, full tuition and living expenses at the school for ten welfare recipients each year so these women can qualify for jobs that will make them self-supporting.

Another Smith benefit for the atypical student: eight years ago, admissions were opened to women over twenty-five; about one hundred seventy are in the twenty-five hundred student body now, and the school has plans for two hundred. Some in their late twenties want training to advance in jobs they love; some in their early thirties are heads of families, need education in order to support them; and many over forty are women who while raising families short-changed their own intellectual life. Smith helps these women with student loans from the school's endowment: "we run a small bank."

The point of a Smith education: "A good computer scientist must be trained in liberal arts, in *control* of the technology not just applying it."

President Conway "loved the discipline of history and couldn't not be a historian," and she's writing a two-volume work on women in America; but this Australian woman (she came to the U.S. from the vice presidency of the University of Toronto) also wants to "build a really great garden, a beautiful and sustaining environment for my husband and me in our future."

PLAYING FOR PROFIT

To enlighten those of us who associate "specialist" with the medical profession instead of the stock market, a smart young woman named Marcia J. Kramer (she holds a Harvard Ph.D. in economics, is director of marketing research and planning for the American Stock Exchange) came up with a new board game—Stock Market Specialist—that turns two to four players into market specialists vying with each other to maintain an orderly market in their assigned stocks and to make "money" for themselves in the two-way auction.

You may need a couple of hours' study, but playing this game is such good training in the techniques of stock trading that at least one of the ten American Stock Exchange companies who co-sponsored the game with the Exchange, Shearson/American Express, is using Ms. Kramer's brainchild to instruct new MBA recruits in their employ.

"Specialist" is definitely for grown women and men; but "I can't adequately express," said Dr. Kramer, "the motherly pride I felt when my eleven- and thirteen-year-old daughters had learned how to make the opening trade." Sounds like not only fun but a good way to find out whether you have a talent that someday could take you to a Wall Street exchange floor as a stock specialist yourself.

OCTOBER ON DECK

If you're a walker, *the second annual "Walking for Women$hare" (raising money for programs for women and girls), October 1 in NYC's Central Park; 12:00 noon at 72nd Street and Central Park West. . . .* **If you're a runner,** *October 10 means the Bonne Bell/Chevrolet 10K National Championship race in Boston, limited to eight thousand women (write Conventures, 45 Newbury St., Boston MA 02116 or call 212/883-0001). . . .* **If you're a businesswoman,** *the New Haven Chamber of Commerce again does a day-long seminar on October 18; "Women, Business, and the Future IV" (inquiries: Dottie Murphy, 203/787-6735). . . .* **If you're a wordsmith,** *October 12–16 brings this year's Women in Communications National Professional Conference in Philadelphia and the Vanguard Award (call Women in Communications 512/345-8922). . . .* **If you're movie-minded,** *women's achievements in the 'eighties will be celebrated in a six-week film festival at the new Catalyst Audiovisual Center (14 East 60th St. NYC 10022; 212/759-9700) beginning October 12. . . .* **If you need courage,** *the 1983 Roundtable Conference for Professional Women, October 21–23, at Chatham Bars Inn on Cape Cod centers on "The Courage To Be All That We Are" (details: Elizabeth Dodson Gray, 617/235-5320; Roundtable Conferences, Four Linden Square, Wellesley MA 02181). . . .* **If you want to get away,** *a ten-day women-only trip to Italy leaves U.S.A. October 21 (Cal-Farm Travel Service Inc., P.O. Box 5429, Berkeley CA 94705; 800/227-0464).*

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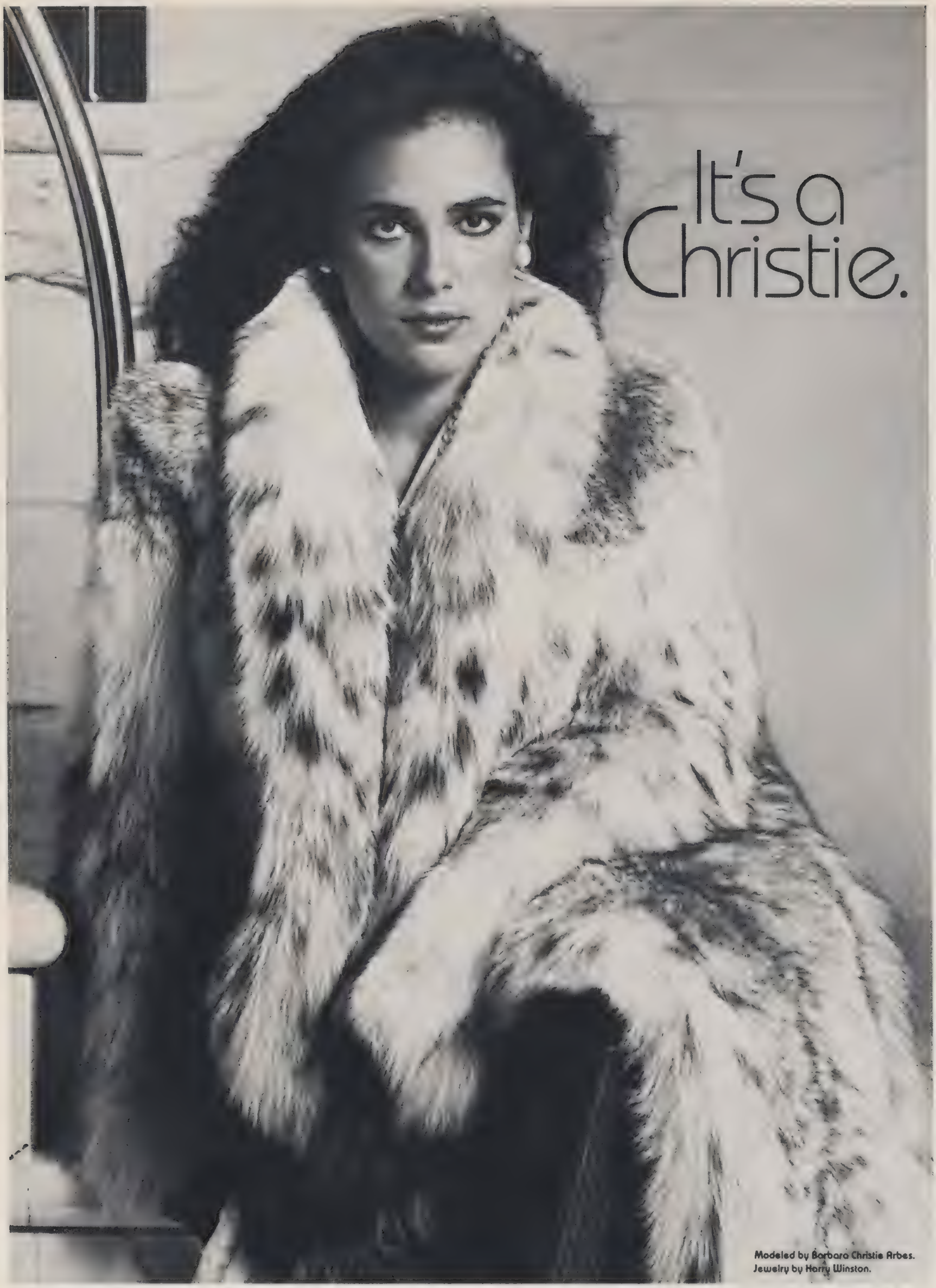

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BEAUTY NOW

image

Elements of attractiveness — a black woman's point of view

An illusion of perfection is part of a model's job, and model Wanakee (*left* and *below*, and up close on page 571) manages it beautifully. But "perfection" comes only with effort and a few special techniques, as Wanakee is the first to admit. Here, a conversation that covers some of the territory. . .

"Like those of many black women, my lips are somewhat discolored," she says. "Using a tinted gloss changes the shade but doesn't hide the discoloration. So I always use opaque or matte lipstick—just like opaque hose, it covers completely. For shine, you can use a clear gloss over that.

"Also, I have a faint moustache. Many black women have this problem; and blonds do, too. But, because our moustaches are dark, we have to get rid of that hair. And, makeup goes on more smoothly, looks better. Some women have their upper-lip hair waxed, but I cream hair away with a lotion depilatory about once every five days if I'm doing close-ups. If I'm doing full-length fashion shootings for a week, I don't really worry about it.

"If you have other heavier than normal facial hair—like 'sideburns'—I'd suggest bleaching it because that hair tends to make your face look dirty when it's not. Tweezing is another option at the temple or widow's peak to clean up growth at the hairline."

Now what about that body? "I walk a lot. I use a stationary bicycle and weights. And I run up the stairs, too, go from one to twenty-one a couple of times." You live on the twenty-first floor? "No, I live on the thirteenth, but I just run the stairs. That's good exercise."

What are some of the "bad" things you do? "I've gotten into a habit: it started when I would go to the airport, get bored, and buy a magazine and a candy bar. Now every time I hit the airport, I think candy bar, automatically. I go to the airport a lot, so now I'm trying to break the habit."

Do you have anything you'd like to tell a young black woman about her looks? "Not to be afraid of change. You see yourself one way, and it's really kind of hard for outside people to tell you that this or that way is the best way you could look. It's up to the individual to see how she really is, and not get in a slot of you-like-how-you-look-and-that's-it.

"Try shorter nails or trim your hair—don't be afraid it's not going to grow back. Look around you on the street, and you'll see that a woman who looks very good to you is clean-cut, her clothes are put together. Look at her nails, and chances are they won't be long with dark polish. Check out her hair. Is it just simple and clean or is it complicated and old-fashioned? And really look at yourself, and don't rely on somebody else to tell you how you look. Friends will tell you you look fine, no matter how you look; they want to stay your friends. Changes can be subtle. They don't have to be dramatic. Change your lipstick color. Or if you always wear a button earring, try a hoop. Change always makes you feel better."

SUGGESTIONS...

- *"One of the biggest black hair myths is that grey hair is fragile," says Olive Benson, Soft Sheen's director of education. "The truth is that grey hair is often more resilient to change—to color/perm—than is pigmented hair. What leads to the myth of fragility is that at the same time hair turns grey, it also becomes a bit thinner and sparser—so we think it is becoming more fragile when in fact we may have slightly fewer but stronger hairs. A perm can often make grey hair look fuller, thicker, more alive without the need for a color change."*
- *Most women don't know where their faces begin and end when it comes to applying moisturizer: it goes from hairline to cleavage. . .*
- *We all know to use a body lotion while we're still slightly damp from the bath. Try this when you want to refresh moisturizer at another time: spritz a fine spray of water on arms and legs, then apply moisturizer. Eases application for a look of smoothness and shine.*

—Contributed by AUDREY SMALTZ

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Women & Cars

By Lillian Borgeson

The big car makes a comeback: four reasons why you may want one

Right now the 1984 models are rolling in to the new car showrooms, and among them there is a sizable surprise. Just when you thought that everyone would be building, selling, and buying nothing but small, fuel-efficient cars, the big car is making something of a comeback.

Why? Because buyers want them. Last year, when the price of gas took a temporary dip, car manufacturers noted an instant rise in the demand for bigger cars and made plans to satisfy it. Ford and GM have boosted production of their large models; and even Chrysler Corporation, which has made a powerful commitment to small, energy-efficient, front-wheel-drive, four-cylinder cars, has now decided to offer its big V-8 rear-wheel-drive New Yorker Fifth Avenue model through 1985 instead of dropping it forthwith. So for this year's shoppers the choice is still wide open: shall it be big car or small car?

Over the last few years big cars have had a very bad press . . . sometimes unfairly. Here, to set the record straight, are the facts.

Safety. In this area, big cars have a big edge. It's true that small cars are more maneuverable than big cars and, if you have quick reflexes and quick hands, their responsiveness can help you to avoid accidents. But if avoidance strategies fail and the accident happens, there's no doubt that the big car will give you better protection. The difference between small-car and big-car safety in case of a collision can be minimized but not overcome. Statistics show that when you wear a safety belt in a small car, you run about the same risk of injury or death as the large car occupant who *doesn't* wear a belt. But the belted big-car occupant has the best chance of walking away from a collision, by far.

Road behavior. There are assets and liabilities at both ends of the size spectrum. Typically, the small car is more fun to drive than the big car, and more responsive. It steers quickly, handles crisply, stops faster, is easier to park.

But the small car is more subject to wind buffeting—the kind you feel in gusty weather or when you pass or are passed by a big truck—and you have to train yourself to keep both hands firmly on the steering wheel, preferably in the "nine o'clock" and "three o'clock" positions. It's harder to see and be seen, and color choice can be a significant safety factor: a bright red or yellow exterior makes more sense than a dark color or some earthy, blend-with-the-background tan or grey. Because the seat in a small car is usually lower, you can't see as far ahead as you approach a curve or the crest of a hill. You should make a conscious effort to avoid riding in the rear-view mirror "blind spot" of the cars ahead of you, to drive toward the left side of the lane on a two-lane highway so you're more visible to oncoming traffic. In short, in a small car you need to be more alert, more attentive.

Also, never forget that big cars tend to be designed for big people. If, like many women, you can't see out over the hood and reach all the pedals without straining, the "easy-to-drive" characteristics that are supposed to be built into a big car won't be there for you.

Big/small economics. Time was when car size and sticker price were glued together: when one went up so did the other, but no more. Though you won't find them in the lowest price brackets, big cars aren't necessarily all-out luxury cars; today they often cost much less than small high-performance or high-prestige makes.

In most cases fuel efficiency of large cars has improved

As for operating economy, you'll certainly come out ahead with a small car. But it's no longer fair to assume that all big cars are shameless gas guzzlers; in most cases, their fuel efficiency has improved markedly. As an example, the big Olds 98 V-8 has doubled its mileage in the last few years: it got 11 miles per gallon in 1975, is rated at 22 mpg for 1983.

Trade-in value. Probably you remember two or three times in the 'seventies when any effort to trade a big car in on a small car would get you nothing but nickels, dimes, and nasty smiles. Such times will no doubt come again . . . especially in a week or a month that has produced screaming headlines about some new oil shortage or energy crisis. Clearly, crisis time isn't trading time. But if you stay off the lots during peak panic periods, you should be able to get a reasonably good trade-in on a big car because the dealers know somebody will see it as an attractive used car. "The large car is not going to die," says L.R. Windecker, manager of research and analysis for Ford. "The market will always be there."

That market may not be huge. Out of every hundred buyers, perhaps only ten or fifteen will insist on the safety, comfort, and convenience of a big car. Maybe one of those buyers will be you. ▽

VOGUE, October, 1983

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Your Well-Being

By Barbara Lang Stern

Words and actions that can help others, make you feel better too

By very simple words and actions you can give compassionate support to people you care about at times when they may need it most. But in starting to speak or write to someone who is bereaved, you yourself may experience feelings of uncertainty and apprehension. Why?

One reason may be that you're setting out to do the impossible: to console someone who is temporarily inconsolable, rather than to *condole,* which means express sympathy or grieve *with* one in affliction. "I suspect that too often, people want to say too much," observed Avery D. Weisman, M.D., professor of psychiatry at Harvard Medical School and Massachusetts General Hospital. "We're very word-conscious and apt to think we've got to say or write something magical and pithy that will have some sort of transcendent significance. But, there's nothing you're going to say or write that will inspire or comfort someone in real grief. Certainly you're not going to explain death, or justify suffering or tragedy. I think it's an insult to make philosophical comments about 'we've all got to go on living,' or worse, 'I know just how you feel.' I call that negative support, because no one knows exactly how anyone else feels."

But warnings and stories about the inept comments well-meaning people have made—"You still have one parent," "You'll marry again"—inhibit and make us all the more anxious about saying the wrong thing.

In some ways, our distress is a peculiarly modern legacy. We aren't exposed to mourning and grief as we would have been a hundred years ago, when infant mortality was high, and influenza and pneumonia were the leading causes of death among adults of all ages. Robert Fulton, Ph.D., a pioneer in the sociology of death, and director of the Center for Death Education and Research at the University of Minnesota, points out that at the turn of the century any child of eight probably had lived through the death of at least one sibling or close adult relative. Chances were the death took place at home; the body was laid out at home; and the casket rested at home. The family received condolence calls and letters while younger members observed and learned what is expected and what happens when someone dies. In short, ". . . death was very much a part of everyday life, a fact with which even the youngest child was familiar and for which everyone had to be prepared," write Fulton, Markusen, Owen, and Scheiber, editors of an excellent collection of writings about *Death and Dying* (Addison-Wesley).

Today we are in almost every way removed from death. We segregate those most likely to die before they actually do so, in hospitals, nursing homes, retirement villages. We scatter geographically, losing intimate connections and participating less frequently in funerals and condolence visits. So when we *are* involved, we must expect at least the anxiety that's part of facing any important and difficult situation for which we're basically unprepared. Why *should* we know what to say? Furthermore, we may know little about the religious beliefs of the mourners. The ambiguities of modern death tend to make all comment hazardous: the bereaved may be experiencing shock and acute grief; relief that prolonged suffering is over; anger at having had to nurse someone through a dreadful ordeal; guilt over having these feelings of relief, anger, or at not having been more available.

Besides ambiguities, we may have to deal not only with the pain of witnessing the anguish of another but with the fear of confronting, through another's loss, our *own* vulnerability and mortality. Many of the unfortunate consolations offered in these circumstances reflect desperate attempts to comfort oneself as well as another.

But what, then, *are* we to say? "I'm sorry" seems inadequate. And it *is* inadequate as an answer to death, but not as a response to someone who is grieving. "Simply to let someone know you're sorry and you're thinking about him or her is ample, especially when you haven't been intimately involved," states Dr. Weisman, whose latest book is *Coping with Cancer* (McGraw-Hill). "It's important not to say too much. If you're making a condolence call to someone close, giving a hug may be better than any words." Later, just listening is a needed act of sharing with the bereaved.

In a letter of condolence, if you can share an experience you had with the dead person, or repeat a loving thing he or she said about the survivor, such recollections and insights can be of special value and indirect consolation. "Each time you get a letter, you relive your sadness, but that's good," said one mourner, "because it helps you experience what has happened so you can go through it. Otherwise your life is filled with booby traps."

Above all, it is vital to make some acknowledgment of the death. People don't write or visit because they don't know what to say, and then they're embarrassed because they didn't write or visit. But the words are less important than the act of recognition. A room filled with people after a death has occurred bears witness to the fact of a life having been lost. The number of letters—even simply, "Paul joins me in sending our deepest sympathy"—can help make the life seem significant. If you doubt this, imagine no visitors, no letters. The value lies in the fact of the testimony, more than in the brilliance of the words; in the support and caring offered by one's personal or written presence. These condoling actions also reaffirm our own bonds to humanity; they strengthen and enlarge each of us. ▽

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Horoscope

By Maria Elise Crummere **October**

GUY BILLOUT

Your Libra profile: "Make love, not war," preach live-wire Librans, ever under the spell of Venus. Those born under the sign of the scales promote justice, amiability among friends, family—often by sharing news, progressive ideas, amusing tales. The "Libra look"—beckoning eyes and graceful manner—reflects their gregarious and expressive instinct.

Libra SEPTEMBER 23–OCTOBER 23

These are pioneer days for lucky Libra as your socially attractive ruler, Venus, is in Aries, sign of new beginnings. You set out on an expedition for new people, lands of opportunity—and soon learn that your intuition is your best guide. If you don't play dictator and offend friends and colleagues, you can make great progress in love and work, particularly the first three weeks. A friend frees you from your stifling stubbornness on the 28th.

Scorpio
OCTOBER 24–NOVEMBER 22

Scorpions are go-getters when it comes to professional and romantic success—and with your ruler, Mars the motivated, now in ingenious Virgo, you've got the green light. So go for the goal! There may be self-induced snags in your success drive, especially if you try to force your view on others. Still, October is not all sober: the 22nd finds you following a romantic whim that may lead to a delightful discovery on the 26th.

Aquarius
JANUARY 20–FEBRUARY 18

This should be your month of living dangerously—and very, very well. Your benefactors: supportive Saturn and good fortune Jupiter—both at your side. There's more: your ruler, Uranus, is now in self-confident Sagittarius. Prompted by these "high rollers," you'll gamble with both love and work; and it'll pay off. But intuitive Aquarians will think before placing bets between the 22nd and 31st.

Sagittarius
NOVEMBER 23–DECEMBER 21

Your jubilant ruler, Jupiter, is home in your sign; and you benefit from the pleasure of its company: good fortune, abundance, extravagance. It's a month-long Oktoberfest, still the sage Sagittarian will exercise a little Apollonian control when a business opportunity arises. The last week, your ruler merges with Uranus, planet of revelations: recognize a chance to expand professional spheres. The payoff: prosperity for the next two months.

Pisces
FEBRUARY 19–MARCH 20

Ruled by the heart—a fool for love—Pisces has been especially susceptible since ruler Neptune has been passing through romantic Sagittarius. But this sentimental journey is about to end as you're entering cautious Capricorn and it's wise to get a grip on the reality of your love situation; prime time for this is the first week. The 12th through the 31st are splendid for romance, with Mercury prompting promises, amorous admissions on the 26th.

Capricorn
DECEMBER 22–JANUARY 19

There's getting of wisdom for career-careful Capricorn this month as your ruler, Saturn, is in the savant sign of Scorpio. Words to the wise: insure your professional future now; with Saturn's security and Jupiter's fortune backing your business ventures, this should be no problem at all. The 22nd to the 31st is the prime period to aim for new prosperity; the last three days may win it all for you.

Aries
MARCH 21–APRIL 19

Spurred by your free-wheeling ruler, Mars, now in enterprising Virgo, you channel your energy and business smarts toward a community cause this month. You have two key days to give that professional project another shot: the 13th and 15th. There's personal progress in the making this month as well: circle the 30th and 31st as days to win over someone special. *(Continued on page 210)*

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HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 206)

Taurus

APRIL 20–MAY 20

"Good old reliable Taurus," colleagues will say the first week, as they seek out your efficiency and enthusiasm to get a special project off the ground. But don't commit yourself until at least the 10th, remembering that those under the sign of the bull should always survey the ground before charging in. In the personal ring, crucial clues are unearthed the 14th and 15th—leading to a delightful discovery.

Gemini

MAY 21–JUNE 21

October casts you as the quick-change artist—your best role. During the first eight days, your versatile ruler, Mercury, leaves systematic Virgo and you finally wrap up an important assignment. Then, when Mercury moves to social Libra the 9th, you have a new project—pleasure. On the 24th you enter a stimulating collaboration with former coworkers, and on the 26th you speak out on a subject dear to you and—bravo!—you win the audience over.

Cancer

JUNE 22–JULY 22

October finds Cancer contemplative—rethinking, readjusting what you've recently said or done. The results: great rewards in both professional and personal terms. Those of the Crab find themselves face to face with a new relationship the 9th. There's an urge to declare personal independence from a close one between the 21st and 26th: make certain your emotional fortress is strong enough to withstand it.

Leo

JULY 23–AUGUST 22

October's chill may diminish Leo's natural sunniness until the 10th: even romantic alliances seem, at best, cool. A brief period of radiance from the 10th to the 13th, and then after that, more conflict and you're back in the emotional fog. Don't give in: use every bit of leonine pride and power to protect your professional life from this personal slowdown. And forge on, there's clearing ahead—the 26th ushers in a peaceful, happy period.

Virgo

AUGUST 23–SEPTEMBER 22

Virgo's critical genius is at the core of a controversy on the 6th, causing an impasse you might not even be aware of. But once inquisitive ruler Mercury enters peacemaker Libra, clear-headed choices can be made. Peace reigns from the 11th, and personal and professional security are on the agenda. Say yes to an alliance you can trust on the 26th.

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By Barbara Rose

Rediscovery of a pioneer American modernist: Arthur B. Carles

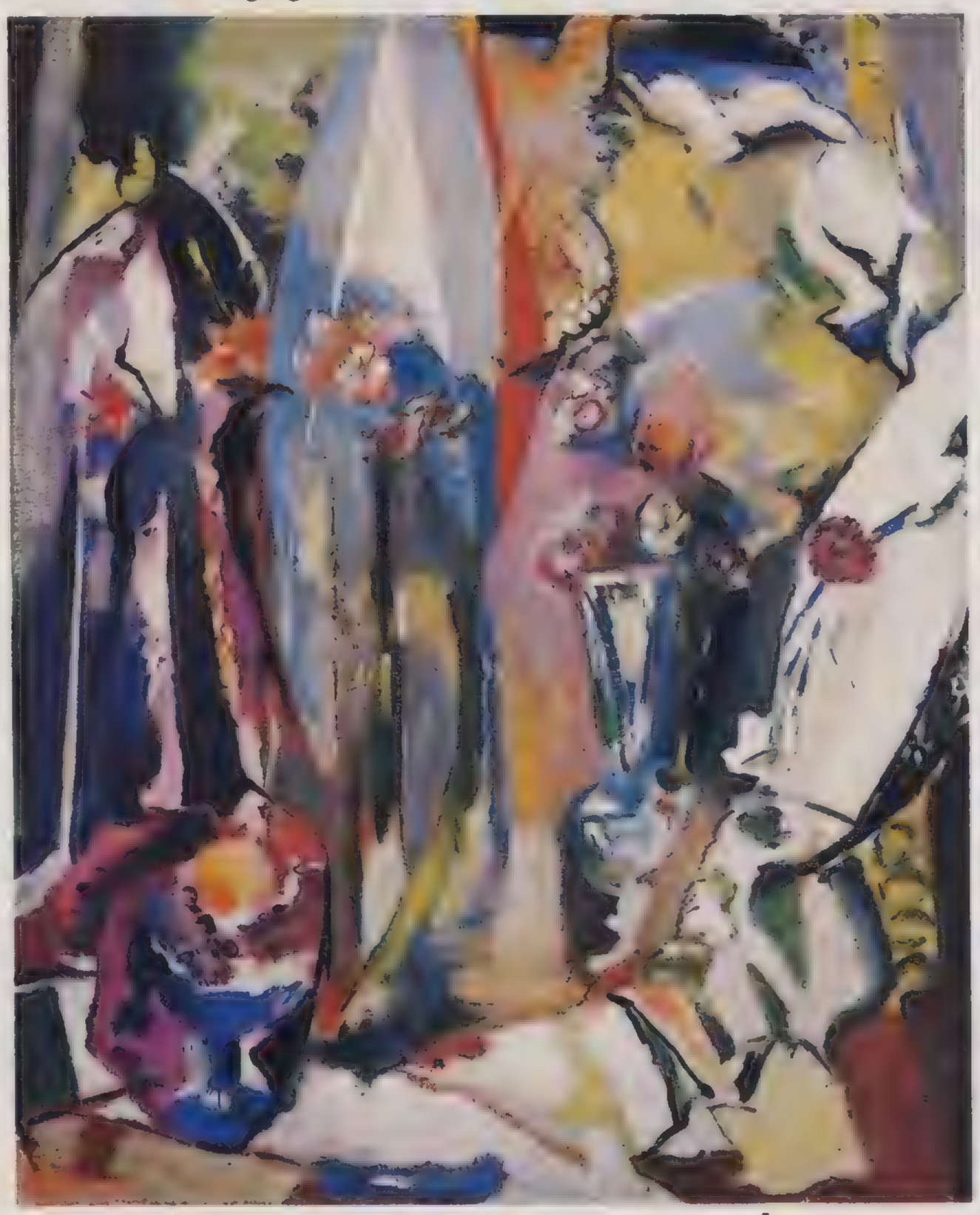
Rediscovery of important artists unrecognized in their time gives me a sense of satisfaction. Perhaps it is because of my conviction that quality is intrinsic, not relative to a context, and that it is innate in the work of art rather than the result of any words attached (or not attached) to the work at any given moment. Words fade with time if the work itself lacks staying power. This should remind one that the serious artist of today, who may be forgotten in the contemporary context of artificial "hype," still has a chance to be rediscovered tomorrow. Unfortunately, that "tomorrow" often, in the past, was and may be once again a time after the artist himself or herself was no longer with us to experience the triumph of quality over fashion.

Such, in any event, is the case of pioneer American modernist Arthur B. Carles, whose synthesis of Fauve color and Cubist construction prefigured in many respects the art of the New York School. When Carles died in 1952, an impoverished, paralyzed, alcoholic recluse, his works were known only to a small circle of emerging Abstract Expressionists like Lee Krasner, Arshile Gorky, and Willem de Kooning. The paintings were known because Carles's daughter, Mercedes Matter, was a student of Hans Hofmann.

Carles's richly colored, vibrant nudes and still lifes were known to Hofmann's pupils, as well as to the group of American Cubists who showed together as the American Abstract Artists; however, when the group asked Carles to join them in 1936 and thus have a larger showcase for his art, typically, this loner refused. He may have declined because his art was more open, painterly, and closer to the style of expressionist "action painting" that would soon evolve; but it is more likely that the same maverick spirit that kept Carles in his native city of Philadelphia, when he could easily have moved to New York and attracted a wider public, precluded his joining any of the avant-garde groups trying to make a place for modern art in America in the 'thirties.

Earlier, Carles had undertaken the Herculean, if not impossible, task of bringing modernism to conservative Philadelphia. Born in 1882, he was of the generation of Matisse, Picasso, and Duchamp, rather than that of the New York School. His vigorous, painterly style was more in tune with the future of American art than with its past. Indeed, one of the reasons Carles is a fascinating figure is that he bridges the generation gap between the Stieglitz circle of artists who, like himself, exhibited at the Armory Show and/or at Stieglitz' gallery *291* and artists of his daughter's age, who studied with Hofmann and founded the American Abstract Artists and later the Artists' Club. Like his contemporaries Patrick Henry Bruce and Alfred Maurer, Carles was immediately attracted to the most advanced art of the School of Paris, especially to the brilliant use of pure hue advocated by Matisse. Maturing in the same ambience as Bruce and Maurer, he produced early works related to their still-life paintings.

All three early American modernists, whose works are so prized today, suffered virtual oblivion while they were alive: their tragic lives reflect the price of going against the grain. The atmosphere in America between the two World Wars was not conducive to abstraction. Bruce and Maurer, finding no audience for their art, both killed themselves. Carles took a more circuitous but equally lethal route to self-destruction by drinking. He was paralyzed for the last eleven years of his life (he died in 1952) apparently as a result of drinking contaminated alcohol during Prohibition. His last prophetic painting took him five years—from 1936 to 1941—to finish. He was, however, truly an artist for whom the search, the quest, and the process were the essence of art.



"Blue Abstraction," oil on canvas, 40¼" x 33"; Philadelphia Museum of Art

Carles's thoroughly unconventional attitudes resulted in an art that still looks fresh and exciting at the current retrospective of his works at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia. Carles's eccentricity was legendary. His advice to a would-be painter: "Tell him to play billiards. On that green surface, he will find the equilibrium, symmetry, triangulation, direction, motion, and restraint of all art." These are qualities of Carles's own spontaneous but structured compositions.

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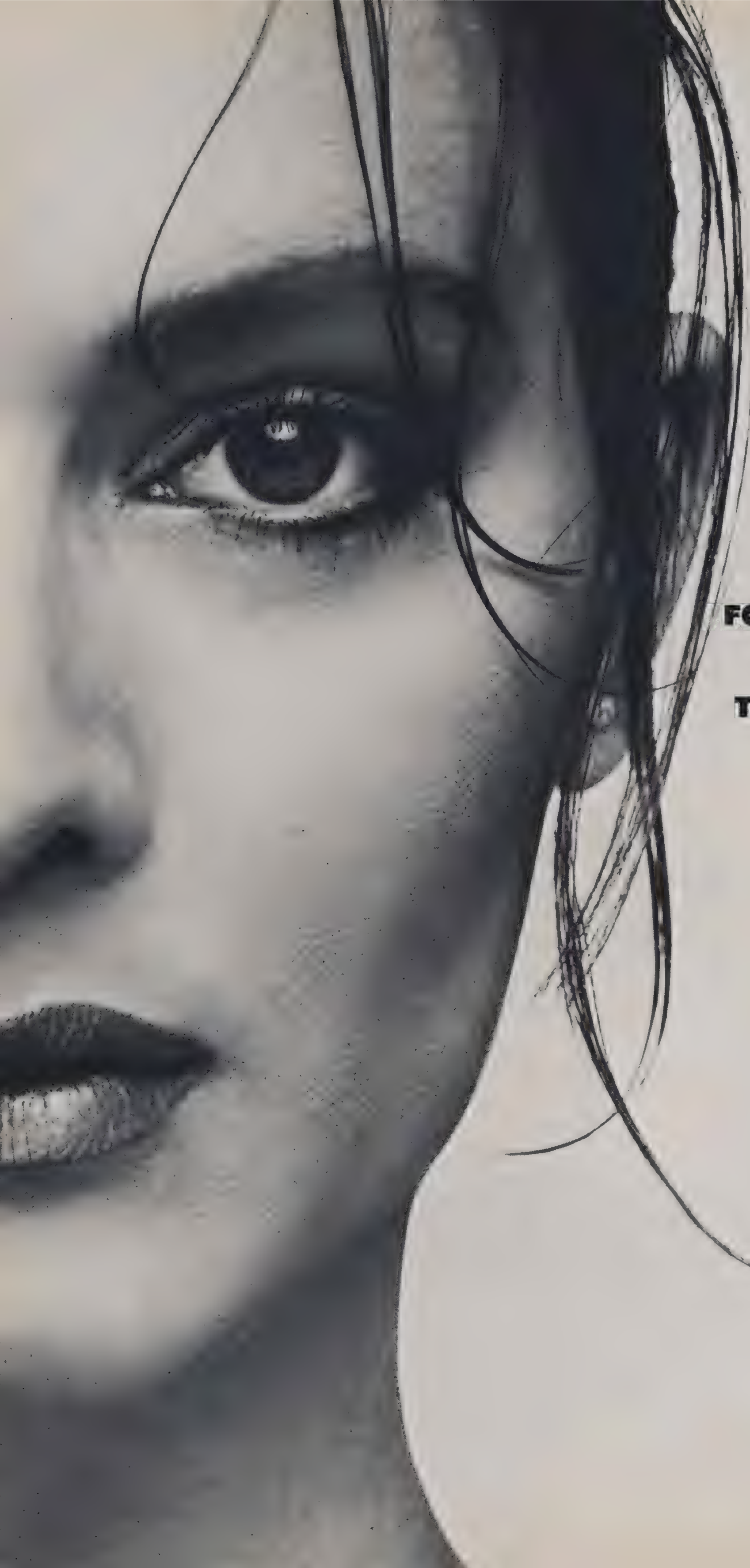

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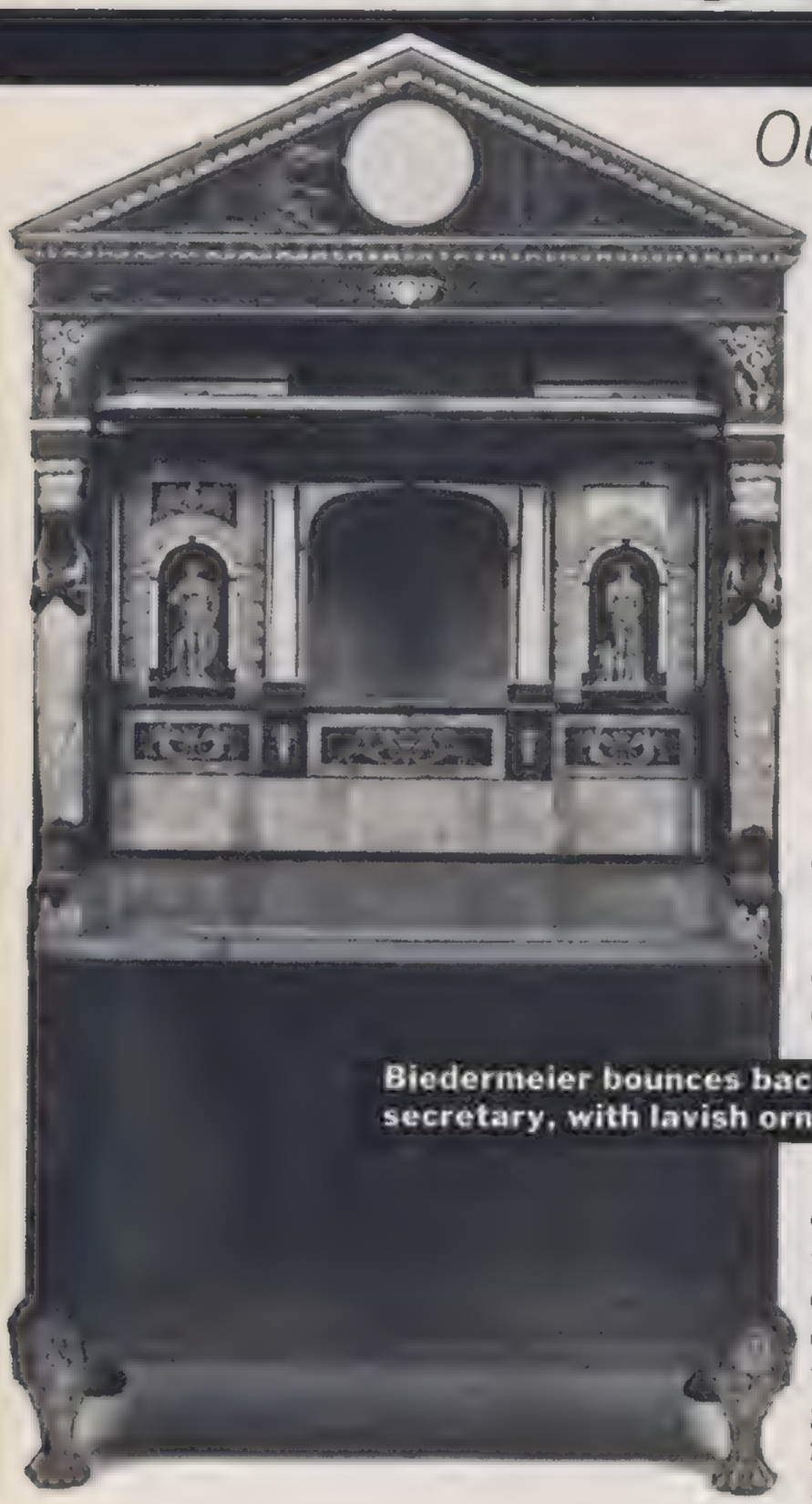
Talking about... Treasures

Our expert answers your questions about collectibles

By Jeffrey Hogrefe



Biedermeier bounces back: mahogany fall-front secretary, with lavish ormolu mountings

Q. *Could you tell me if my chairs are from the Biedermeier period in Germany? I believe they are because they were brought to this country by my German forebears.*

N.R.H., Cincinnati, OH

A. Stolid and homely—with great *gemütlich* provincial charm—the Biedermeier style has suffered a bad reputation, taking its name, as it does, from the fictional character created in the 1850s to satirize stodgy German middle-class tastes; and until very recently, the style was ridiculed by arbiters of good taste as sort of German grandmothers' parlor furnishings. But now, Biedermeier has gained new prominence in decorating and collecting circles—perhaps because there seems to be a return to dour middle-class values, or perhaps because the style—with light-colored native woods often with contrasting dark-colored classical inlays—fits into today's small and often rusticated interiors.

Indeed, Biedermeier is plainer and heavier than its counterparts, French Empire or English Regency, notes Peter Thornton, keeper of furniture and Woodwork at London's Victoria and Albert Museum. A further clue: a piece clearly traced to Germany or Central Europe from the 1820s to 1840s is likely Biedermeier.

Look for good examples of Biedermeier in New York City at Didier Aaron on East 67th Street and in Greater London at Portmeirion Antiques, specialists with a new shop in Barnes.

Q. *Can you tell me the value of my tantalus, a sort of locked portable liquor cabinet, that I inherited from my father. I've been told it is rare because it holds three rather than two bottles, but I am not really sure.*

R.B., New York, NY

A. Named after Tantalus, the son of Zeus who was doomed in the underworld to stand in water that always receded when he tried to drink, a tantalus is an openwork liquor cabinet, with bottles for port, whisky, or brandy that was securely locked against women, children, and servants in Victorian England. For years bachelor gear at Oxford and Cambridge, the tantalus has recently enjoyed widespread revival, though primarily restricted to Britain.

Antiques dealer David Nickerson, of Mallett and Son in London, said that a tantalus holding more than two bottles (like yours) is indeed rare, and possibly worth up to $1000. Those with fine sterling-silver fittings are worth more than those with silver-plated fittings; and those containing large pint-and-a-half or quart-size bottles are also worth more money.

Victorian teaser with charm for today: the "tantalus" keeps port, brandy, under lock and key

Tantaluses are featured nearly every week in the general works of art sales at Christie's South Kensington sale room in London; and from time to time at Stair's Incurable Collector on East 57th Street in NYC.

Q. *I bought a "womb" chair in the early 1960s. I've always enjoyed it because it's so comfortable; and now, much to my surprise, I understand that these chairs are collectors items. True?* *A.B.S., Holland, MI*

A. Cool, suave, and ultra-modern—a semicircular fiberglass shell, often upholstered in bright orange and green fabric—the so-called "womb" chair was designed in 1957 by Danish architect Arne Jacobsen. It quickly became the quintessential 'sixties design—to furniture as the miniskirt was to fashion. And yes, these chairs are now sought after by broad-minded collectors of modern design classics.

Like the famous designs of other decades—the Barcelona chair in the 'thirties or the Alvar Aalto molded plywood chairs in the 'fifties—the "womb" chair (which is correctly called the "egg" chair) has, until recently, been overlooked by all but a few serious design students. But now prices for the "womb" are climbing—up to $1000, although there is still some uncertainty about the price ranges because the market is still new.

Look for the "womb" or "egg" chair in the small shops in NYC that specialize in postwar furnishings, as well as the following museums: Musée des Arts Décoratifs in Paris; The Victoria & Albert in London.

'Sixties classic: Arne Jacobsen's "egg" or "womb" chair . . . sculptural—a curving fiberglass shell

MORE TREASURES

In June, at London's Grosvenor House Antiques Fair, two dealers were overheard at the end of the first day discussing their sales. "Americans," one commented pithily. His colleague nodded knowingly.

Now that the dollar buys more than it has in the U.K. for years, American antiques hunters can be found all over Britain, bagging everything from early photographs of the Norfolk lakes to Wedgwood cachepots.

The "finds" are in the "middle market," among Victorian objects that the British generally take for granted. A simple Wedgwood tureen or a set of sterling-silver fish knives will undoubtedly go for less in Britain than in America—savings of anywhere from $10 to $500, depending on what you buy, and where. An early Saturday morning trip to the busy Portobello Road antiques fair uncovered a small Edwardian sterling-silver box for £10 (about $16); and a 1930s Patek Philippe wristwatch for £75 ($120).

At the top of the market, however, where competition from international buyers may be keen, there are few—if any—"deals." At a Christie's sale of the contents of Godmersham Park in June, two American bidders drove the price of a pair of needlework cushions to £15,000 (about $24,000).

Photos, *from top:* CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON, SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, OLE WOLDBYE

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TOUGH WOMEN

Beyond gun molls and femmes fatales—there is a way to find true grit

BY KAY LARSON

Four couples are at dinner. The conversation turns to female bodybuilders, whose outrageous musculature fascinates every woman at our table—we all confess a secret desire to be so gleefully, gratifyingly musclebound. Half of our men are happy to agree; the others appear to think such a wish is the first step in a sex-change operation. "Muscular women are grotesque!" announces the louder of the dissenters. I watch him, fascinated. What of his wife, I wonder. What will she do now? Will she laugh away her interest? Will she "forget" she ever ventured such a wish? What happens to a woman who wants to be tough, after the man she lives with shrinks from her in horror?

Those of us emerging from the first hard decades of the sexual revolution are increasingly willing to see ourselves as strong—not just physically strong, but emotionally fit and mentally well muscled. These decisions are easy to make in principle, but confusing in practice: There are no prototypes to suggest how to be feminine and tough all at once.

The closest to a prototype is really a postscript: the sexy, crafty "tough cookie" who has made such a sudden appearance in popular culture, as a strange and unexpected public consequence of our private resolutions. Her arrival is, at best, a mixed blessing. The pretty secretary in the Express Mail ads, who runs the office but manages to keep her boss looking good; the abhorrent heroine of the off-Broadway play *Extremities*, who eludes a rapist, then ties up and torments her tormenter; the thorny literary dowagers in the new book *Difficult Women* by David Plante (Atheneum). And her image has edged into the movies: Susan Sarandon playing a lovely, ambitious grafter in *Atlantic City*; Goldie Hawn outswearing Burt Reynolds in *Best Friends;* and Dustin Hoffman in *Tootsie*, the toughest woman in film and not a woman at all.

One's delight that women in popular culture are finally standing up for themselves is tempered by the discovery that nearly all of those characters were written by men. Some men, clearly, see both unexplored psychological terrain and profitable new possibilities in the sexual revolution. But where is a woman's voice? What do women feel about this onslaught of aggressive, abrasive heroines? I, for one, am not sure I trust what I'm seeing. Any woman who seriously confronts such abrasiveness knows there are psychic realities that undermine its appeal. The tough cookie usually crumbles fast. That pretty secretary does everything but sit on the boss's lap; she is the irritating equivalent of the femme fatale who slinks about in perfume ads purring, "If you want romance to come on strong, you've got to come on soft." In other words, tough gal, remember your place. If *you* come on strong, *he'll* come up soft.

Any woman who wants to think of herself as strong must first make a realistic estimate of the depth of the wounds she will inflict on herself in order to avoid severing the fragile male ego. How far is too far? A male advertising executive explained where he draws the line. Tough women frighten him, he said. What is a tough woman? "Someone too aggressive or pushy, someone who insists on getting her way." But strong women are fine. "Strong women know how to be feminine. They get their way without being pushy."

This man's analysis is dumbfounding. To be "strong," in his definition, is to stand up for yourself without offending anybody—any man. But if you strike fear into his heart, you're "tough." To escape being called tough, stand up for yourself but back down at the last minute, when the issues turn crucial.

Women are often stunned to find themselves still fighting this battle. A friend of mine described her dilemma. She had been seeing a man who turned out to be terrified of her shaky new strength. Now she was alone, and wondering what she did wrong. "It's so hard," she said, "to build yourself up and tear yourself down at the same time."

Traditionally, "tough cookies" crumbled fast

But the experience had taught her something. She realized that the sexual power struggle, for her, had reached a new level, at which the terms were infinitely more intimate and confusing and the psychic costs infinitely more severe. She called it her "last frontier." And like other women I know, she had begun to find a solution to the thousand compromises women are heir to. She had begun to see that she had a right to be tough. Not just strong, but strong *on her terms alone*—and if that's somebody else's idea of tough, so be it. She is cutting through that mummifying skein of values that wrapped her up in strand after strand of obligations to be sweet, gentle, feminine, inoffensive. And ineffective. She wants the same rights as men—to be tough when necessary, and to feel whole afterwards.

How is she going about it? She has decided to care less. About what? About everything that doesn't really matter. One of the things that mattered less and less was men's fear. "Men are seeing their own panic and are convinced it's our fault," she explained. And she determined to stop taking their panic to heart. To avoid men's panic, women cut themselves to pieces, and the benefits weren't worth the costs. Besides, evading men's fear is not equivalent to gaining men's respect. And men's respect sometimes seems a tricky thing to aim for—a gift given in exchange for obedience.

The solution, she announced, is to be ruthless about the truth. If men have been seeing their own panic and are convinced it's our fault, then women have been seeing their own subservience and have been blaming men. My friend is finding herself increasingly indifferent to these games.

Her discovery, though provoked by men, doesn't end with men. My friend had rediscovered "character"—an antiquated word that seems initially rather ill-suited to the scaly creatures that inhabit the reptilian landscapes of popular culture. Too many movie women seem more inclined to shoot than think. And "cool" types like Edie Sedgwick, Andy Warhol's star, shoot up and kill themselves. "Character" is a word that applies instead to women who aren't just superficially tough. The women whom one thinks of as having character—Katharine Hepburn, Rebecca West, George Sand, Lena Horne—are not the sort of fanged vipers that hang out under a rock. To be truly tough is to find an emotional place where you feel unshakable. Then, said my friend, "a lot of things that used to be very scary or threatening become like gnats."

"When I discovered myself caring less," she added, "I also discovered tact, as in tactics. If you know what you really do care about, it's possible to be yourself, and to talk straight, but in a language people can understand and accept. You can't do that, though, until you have ferreted out your fears."

Few tough-as-nails heroines of popular culture are deep enough to know fear. Perhaps that's why they are such attractive if ambiguous fictions: ghosts who flaunt their lack of feelings as though that were equivalent to mastery of the self. Believing in these female mirages can be counterproductive: If you feel that fear is passé, your own fears seem monumental, and the struggle to face them is doomed from the start. The way to conquer fear is not to suppress it but to resurrect it—to dig down to it, and stare in its fleshless face.

Of the women on that list of pop-culture "tough cookies," only three are real: the embattled heroines of *Difficult Women*, David Plante's memoirs of his friendships with Sonia Orwell, Jean Rhys, and Germaine Greer. Plante, who can barely conceal the confusion in his attraction to strong women, nevertheless limns them carefully: George Orwell's widow Sonia, who hoped to write but never had the courage, and who died embittered and almost choked with silence; Jean Rhys, whose self-disgust is heroic only because it couldn't stop the voice in her that wanted to be heard, wanted to be strong, wanted to be whole.

Greer, a generation younger, is the only one of the three with a will that has not been savaged by her feminine self. Her portrait is memorable. Lusty and large-boned, complicated, nurturing, smart, and passionate about the plight of women all over the world, Greer is the most genuinely tough woman heroine in recent memory. Plante can't figure her out—she isn't sufficiently mutilated to allow him an opening for empathy. He calls her a "castrating female," perhaps because she gives less of herself for free. He spends nights at her house but can't bring himself to approach her. His confusion is touching, and a trifle funny. Greer exploits it, by turning his own game back on him: she thinks he's gay, and leaves the door between their motel rooms ajar. He stands in the door, overcome with panic. By showing her desire, Greer has trapped Plante into admitting his fear and disgust about women. As he squirms, we glimpse the sources and depth of male rage. But Greer never apologizes. Why should she? She has her own rage, after all. ▽

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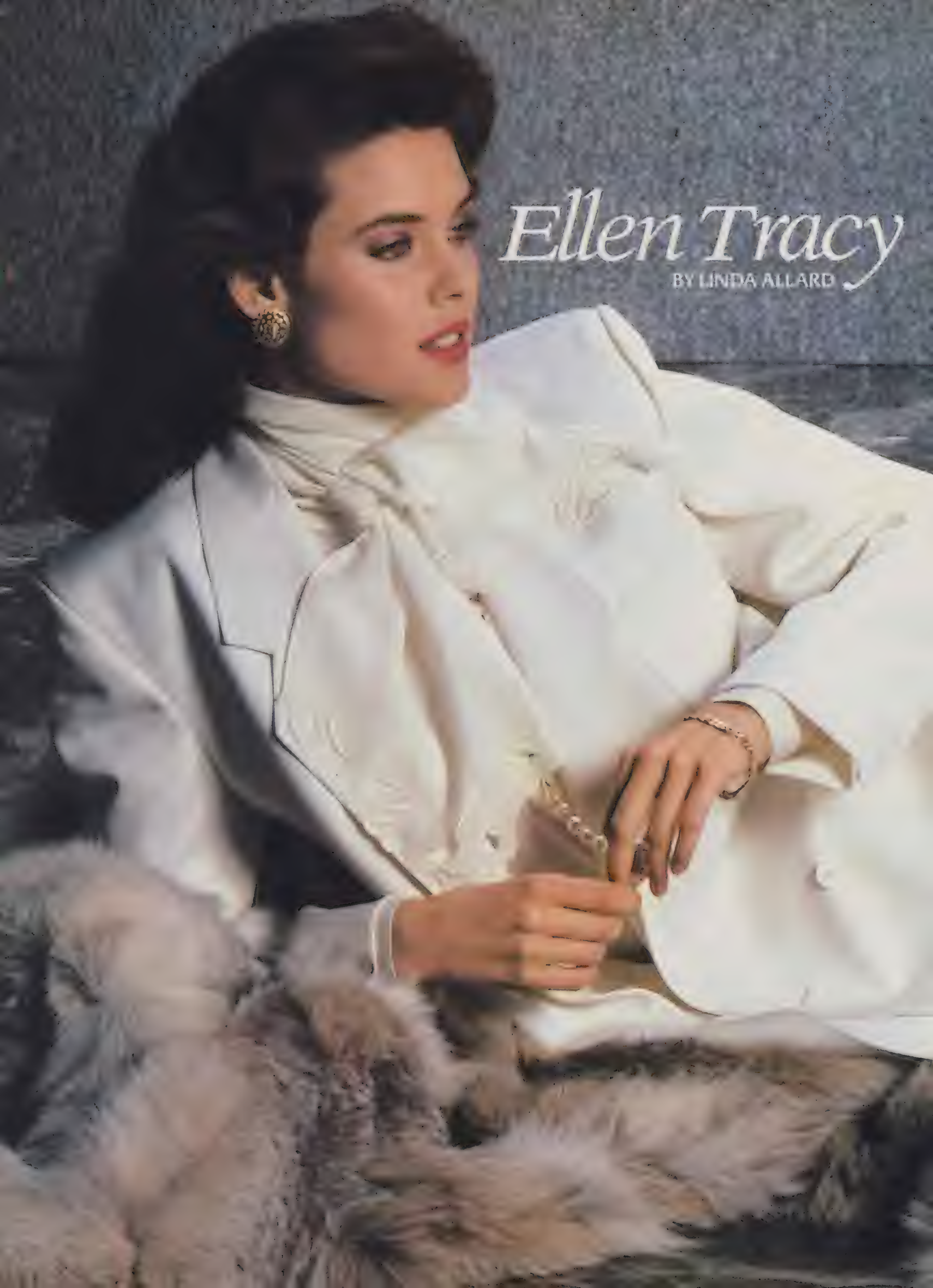
Ellen Tracy

BY LINDA ALLARD



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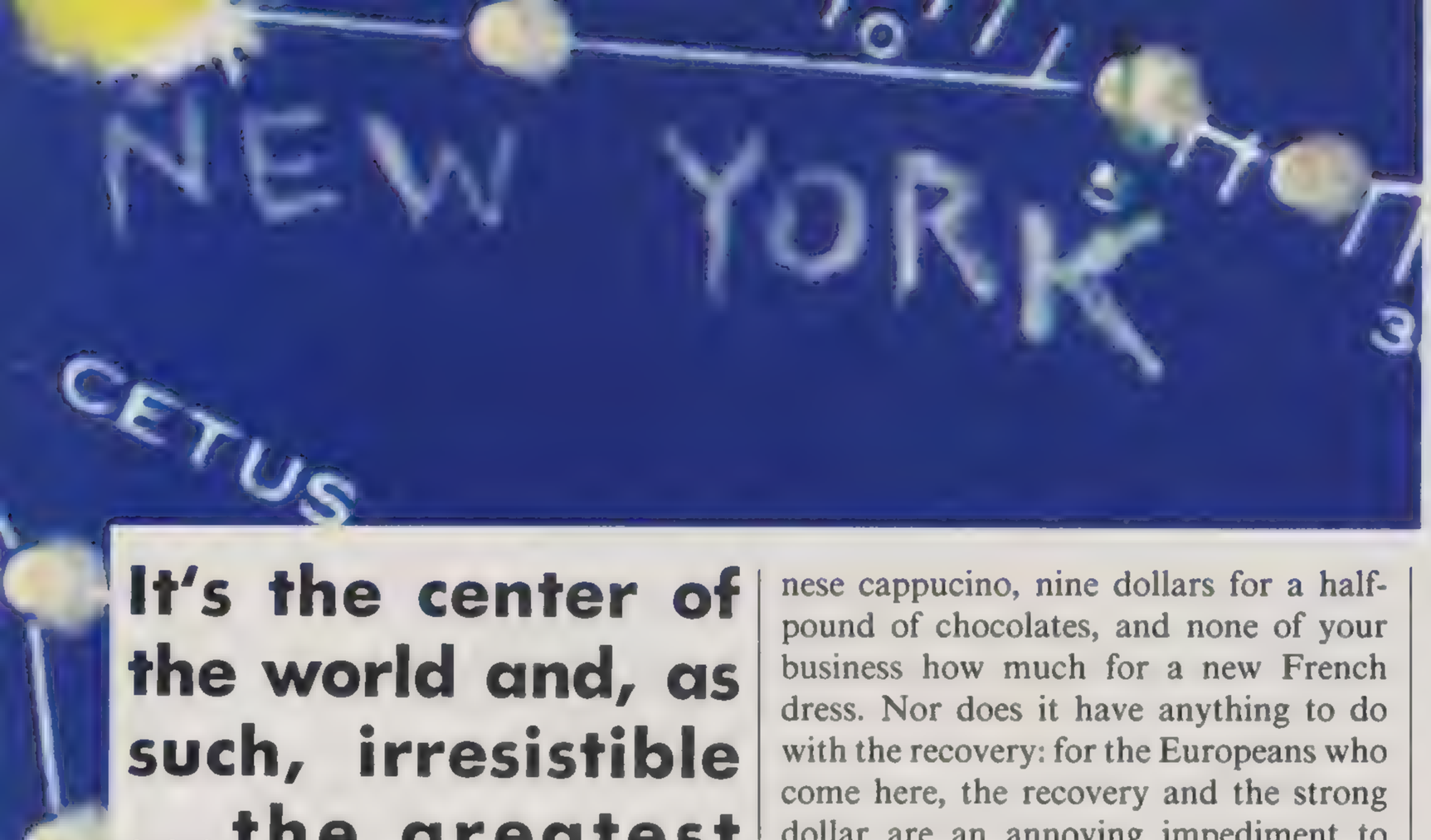

It's the center of the world and, as such, irresistible ...the greatest concentration of talent, ambition, chutzpah, and media devices... the best of the world is here, vying for your attention: chocolates and playboys, shoes and art movements...

BY JOAN JULIET BUCK

New York is not America, nor is it just another town. It is the World City which by its position in time and space embodies today. To live in New York City is to be surrounded by the finest Europe has to offer in every field—architects, designers, and artists just off the airplanes, chocolates, cheese, and bread, Twiggy, shoes, conductors, and painters, sheets, clothes, silver, the best of British theater, the good new French movies, and art movements, cute French kids making documentaries and blue-blooded English ones killing time, Italian ones looking for jobs, palsied aristocrats in the process of transferring their money to a safe place, Greeks looking for plates to break, young entrepreneurs looking for places to make.

Everything, of course, is for sale. And, as befits imports, expensive. One grows to think nothing of spending three dollars on a cappucino because it's a fine Milanese cappucino, nine dollars for a half-pound of chocolates, and none of your business how much for a new French dress. Nor does it have anything to do with the recovery: for the Europeans who come here, the recovery and the strong dollar are an annoying impediment to their prevailing way with our money, which in the time-honored tradition of the expatriate they considered funny little pieces of green paper. A good deal of the apparent prosperity in New York City is based—firmly rooted—in the prosperity of its foreign residents.

They come here because it is the center of the world, and as such appears irresistible to the untrained eye.

The prevailing conceit—more tenuous than a myth—is that in a city that has the greatest concentration of talent, ambition, chutzpah, and media devices in the world, one has only to arrive to be noticed. The leading philosophical problem for the upwardly mobile New Yorker is expressed in the hit show *My One and Only*: can one get one's face on the cover of *Time* and also find true love? The fact that this is a musical set in the 'twenties does not make the problem any less pertinent. The answer in the show is no, and love is better.

The answer in real life is found in the striking recurrence of two phrases: the first is "I have to keep my options open," and the second is "God, I'm so tired." The first, unromantic as it is, still suggests a little of the hungry optimistic spirit that is kept alive by the permanent mirage of opportunity. The second testifies to the manifold frustrations of the flesh as it tries to keep up with the ambitions of the spirit.

(The presence on the streets of New York of tramps, bag ladies, and crazy people serves to remind New Yorkers that if you can't decide what you'll settle for, you may end up with nothing.)

This is the city of rapid combustion, instantaneous consumption. Almost all of those who live here have imported themselves, to consume and be consumed. People who bring their goods here are astonished at the excitement they seem to cause, and the rapidity with which a film or book or play is taken up and becomes

WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

popular; and they are shattered when the buzzing success moves on, like a swarm of bees, to light on something new. The rule here is that it's not the thing itself that counts but its consumption, its moment of glory that is its annihilation. On first nights at the theater, you run into all the names; and thereafter, only into coach parties from the suburbs: to New Yorkers, it's the occasion, more than the play, that's the thing.

In this Darwinian jungle of consumption, you have more than just one chance. All you have to do is come up with something new.

Everything comes here to be consumed, starting with food which has become the most ephemeral and gaudy component of interior decoration. New York dinners have an element of the reckless potlach about them now that every arcane refinement of the European table can be found here. The DDL Foodshow on Columbus Avenue attracts as many gawkers as the Japanese clothes across the street at Charivari; dwarf artichokes and torn black cotton both having the status of novelties.

You can buy tarts bristling with kiwi, pineapple, and fresh raspberries from Sant' Ambroeus, the most elite of Milanese tearooms, transported to Madison Avenue with all its recipes intact. You can eat a humble student starch and fat dinner from Pasta & Cheese, or have your pasta with the previously banned white truffles at Elio's or Le Cirque—the latter resembling, for its preponderance of middle-aged blond ladies and swarthy businessmen, Paris' Relais Plaza.

You can hang out at Mr. Chow's, go dancing at Régine's, or lurk in the lobby of the Parker Meridien (managed by Air France), having come in by the entrance that says 57eme rue. You can be third on your block to have a Francesco Clemente or a Sandro Chia painting, have a crush on Riccardo Muti the Italian, Peter Martins the Dane, Baryshnikov the Russian, all of whom have imported themselves for your pleasure. As long as you carefully avoid Sixth Avenue, the subway, Harlem, and the outer boroughs, the *New York Post* and all fast-food places (the elegant thing is *slow* food), you can feel yourself possessed by internationalism, if not quite the gift of ubiquity.

The most arduous time of the year is right now: that period from September to just before Christmas, when a play seems to open every night, as does a film, as do several art shows, as do new ballets and operas shaken into new life. It is the season of superlatives, when the new products are declared masterpieces or bombs;

Eugene Mihaesco

and the difficult lesson is that no matter how hard you try, you're going to miss about half of what's going on.

Perpetual movement blurs the focus a little, and shortens the attention span. Plugged into New York, one gets giddy on possibility. If so much is going on, surely there's even more?

A man and a woman, crossing from opposite sides, embrace in the middle of the street. They were perhaps once lovers, or still are, or long-lost friends. The embrace is strong and sincere, but when the lights change, they both pursue their original path, he east, she west . . . no time, call you, see you later . . . .

Living in the center of the world confers a grave responsibility upon the inhabitants of New York. It is a duty to greet every occurrence as something important, seminal, central. This leads to two distinct forms of conversation: flattery, both of objects and people, "This is the greatest, you're the greatest, this veal chop is the greatest." Or confession. Confession is somewhat more comfortable and has been made acceptable by the long-standing popularity of Freudian analysis. The confessional mode allows one to venture that perhaps everything isn't the greatest. It also opens a breach for many unnecessary revelations as to the childhood, toilet training, and sexual fiascoes of the speaker. Because the naming of a problem is thought to have a cleansing effect that will raise the patient above his neurosis, the confession of inadequacy is considered a great compliment to the listener, the equivalent of a bouquet of very large flowers, or the gift Pierre gives Natasha of his Masonic gloves.

Confession also forms the base of all serious American drama: the moment when Papa, or*(Continued on page 238)*

DESTINATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK

From the moment you see its magnetic skyline, you are drawn into a world of perpetual amazement and discovery: the people, the art, the food, the non-stop entertainment and, above all, the attraction of universal shopping. As any New Yorker will proudly tell you, "If you can't find it here, chances are it doesn't exist."

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- F BONWIT TELLER, 4 East 57th Street
- G BOTTICELLI, 612 Fifth Avenue
- H BOTTICELLINO, Trump Tower
- I BROOKS BROTHERS, 346 Madison Avenue
- J BUCCELLATI, Trump Tower
- K BURBERRYS, 9 East 57th Street
- L CHARIVARI, 2307 Broadway
- M CHARLES JOURDAN, Trump Tower
- N CHURCH'S ENGLISH SHOES, 428 Madison Avenue
- O FERRAGAMO, 717 Fifth Avenue
- P FORTUNOFF, 681 Fifth Avenue
- Q GALO SHOES, 692 Madison Avenue
- R GIMBELS, Broadway & 33rd Street
- S GUCCI, 685 Fifth Avenue
- T H. STERN, 645 Fifth Avenue
- U HARRY WINSTON PETIT SALON, Trump Tower
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- e ROSSETTI, 601 Madison Avenue
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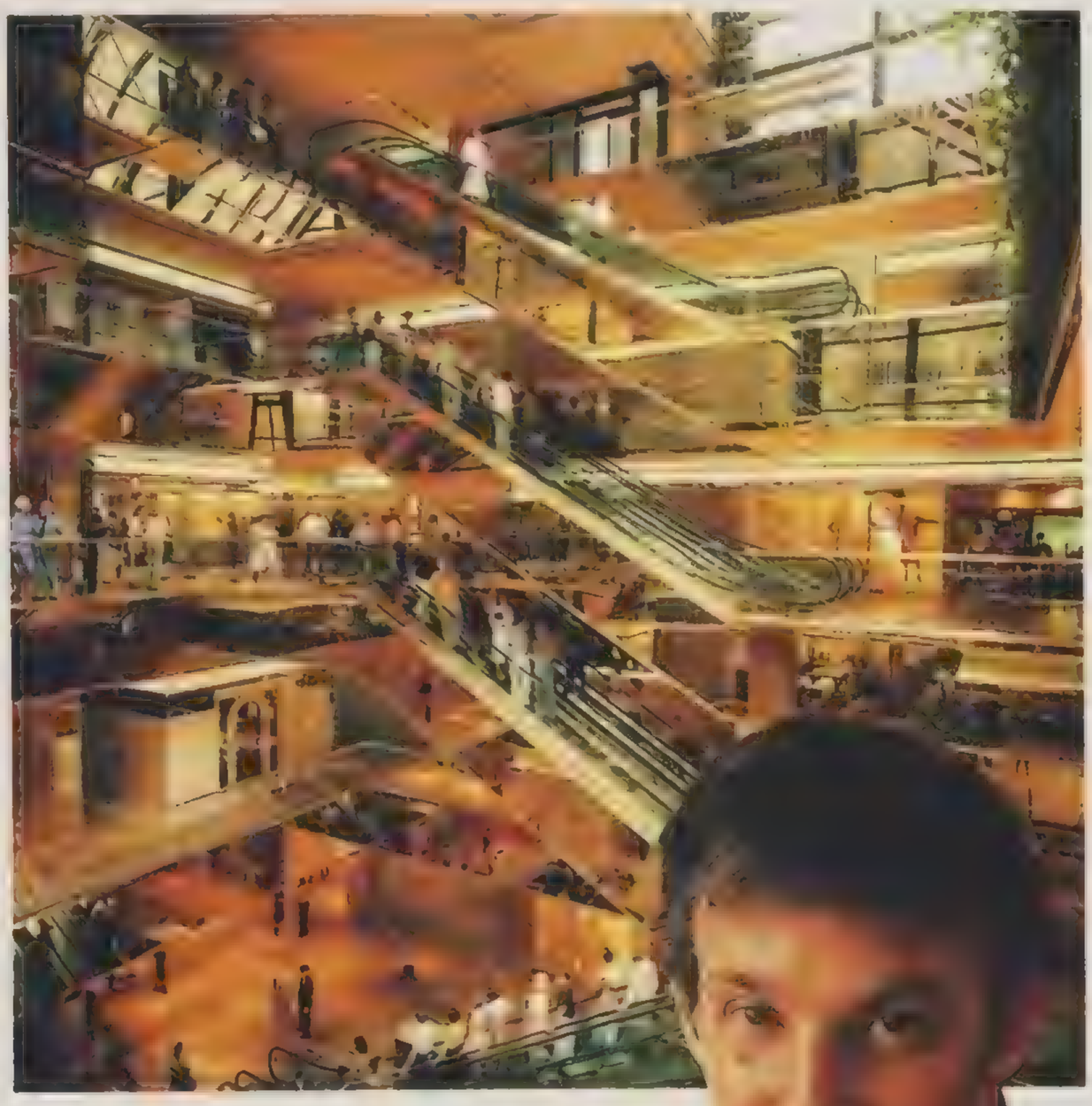

Donald J. Trump, the man behind Trump Tower—a joint venture with The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States. At age 37, he is at the forefront of New York real estate development.

Glove on preceding page by Sachiko for La Crasia

TT=

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WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

(Continued from page 233)

Mama, or Sis, or Joey, staggering toward the front of the stage, runs a hand through his/her hair, looks at the balcony and says:

"I never won that game/married your father/had that baby/brought the money home."

This is the stuff of hits and best sellers. One of the best examples of this institutionalized catharsis was brilliantly punctured by the playwright Julie Bovasso, in a ten-minute play that was part of an enchanting benefit at Circle Repertory. Man and woman are alone in her apartment late at night. He feels he can talk to her, and, head between his hands, lets forth with a winding confession about his life and all the people in it, a relentless list of names who done him wrong joined by analytical jargon full of penny insights. The woman stares at the man in mounting irritation, and finally barks: "Lester, who *are* these people? Why are you pouring out this shit?"

Because, in the shining center of the world, whatever isn't shining has come to stand for authenticity. Hence, I suspect, the popularity of running at dawn and dusk: not because it's good for you and keeps pot bellies in check, but because it's unattractive, and therefore real.

The feeling that one has in New York of being, if not on show, then at least representative of one's time, one's age, one's country, one's sex, one's point of view is just a step away from the feeling that one's life is one's art. Since all the material aspirations could be rewarded here, many take the higher view that their artistic ones should be rewarded as well. One of the funniest and most trenchant films of the fall is Tom Schiller's *Nothing Lasts Forever*. In it, a young man returns to New York to become an *artiste*, any kind of artist. New York, due to congestion, has been taken over by the Port Authority. There's a line at the toll booth that guards the entrance to the city. "Why're ya here?" asks the female official in the booth. "Business," say the businessmen, and she stamps their papers.

"I want to be an artist," says the young man. "Oh no, not another one!" grumbles the official, as she heaves herself out of the booth. "Well, c'mon, show me your portfolio." The young man does not have one, and, having failed the Art Test administered by the Port Authority, is put to work for them, watching cars in the Lincoln Tunnel.

Life in New York is almost as simple as that. ▽

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Carolina Herrera

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Bill Blass: To the world of fashion, Martha has meant courage—her spirit, instincts, sound fashion sense, have all been constantly an inspiration. She is certainly responsible for many conspicuous firsts in the world of fashion."

Galanos: "Martha Phillips stands out as a very special light in the fashion scene. Her intuition, instinct and taste have never failed her or us! Her ability to evaluate and appraise is of the highest order. Her fashion courage is well known. She is a spirit—true to herself and to those she serves. Martha gives us the light, the fuel designers need to excel and aspire. She is there to give and to take—to praise and criticize. Indeed, without people like Martha we cannot exist. My admiration is ceaseless."

Pauline Trigére: "I bow to Martha who has dedicated her entire life to fashion. She is the greatest editor of fashion this side of the Atlantic and has the rare combination of guts, knowledge and courage."

Geoffrey Beene: "I am constantly amazed at the astute perception of Martha to grasp the taste level of her customers and to present it to them so personally. It is a unique relationship that places her in a fashion niche all of her own."

Carolina Herrera: "To me, Martha's strikes the perfect balance between American and European couture. With the opening of her fourth boutique in Trump Towers, Mrs. Martha Phillips stands as a leading authority in today's fashion world. The boutiques, as well as the woman behind them, are as impeccable in taste as they are in the quality of selections".

Oscar de la Renta: "Martha's innate good taste has made us terrific friends and excellent business associates. There is no one quite like her in the fashion world."

Andrè Laug: "Martha belongs to the elite of retail people and she is the strongest fashion personality in that area. I have learned a lot by working with her and I am proud of it."

Mary McFadden: "Martha, more than anyone else, has continually looked for the most unique workmanship in fashion today. She has scoured the four corners of the earth to find it. She has given Palm Beach a kaleidoscopic experience of world fashion that very few people in New York and Paris are privileged to see."

Mila Schön: "Martha Phillips plays a leading role in the fashion world. She has experience, taste and talent."

Stavropoulos: "Martha's dynamic impact on the fashion world always creates news, and everybody else follows her."

Valentino: "I consider Martha Phillips one of the most important persons in the whole fashion world for her keen courage and energy shown in bringing the original styles of the Italian designers to the American market."

Jerry Silverman: "In every generation, a vital fashion authority stands out like a beacon light above and beyond competitors. Martha's incredible taste, expertise and courage make her the most impressive retailer it is my privilege to know."

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NEW YORK

WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

SHOPPING: MAP OF THE PLEASURES

East Side, West Side . . . international high style on Madison . . . a new world to discover on Columbus . . . Left Bank charm in SoHo . . . Sunday brunch at Macy's . . . Fifth Avenue with a new high . . . and all around the town, these days the show never closes

New York City still serves up glitter, glamour, razzle-dazzle in ways that are wonderfully—and wholly—New York: the skyline seen at night from Central Park, the Chrysler Building spire, Le Cirque limos, Trump Tower. Shiny-new—and still opening—Trump Tower is a dizzying city atrium of pink marble and brass, water wall and greenery, piano music and people, escalators that rise to unseen wonders above, hundreds of feet in the air. In developer Donald Trump's vision of NYC, six open stories of shops layered one upon another, there's always a shop around the corner from another shop, up the escalator to still a different shop: the most luxurious goods from Italy butt up against those from England, France, Spain, Belgium and, of course, the best of the U.S.

Cartier, Buccellati, Asprey, and Harry Winston supply one's needs in jewels; Charles Jourdan and Loewe, leathers; Pineider, precious papers. Should a woman require clothes, there's Laura Biagiotti, Californian Lina Lee, society-wise Martha—plus next-door Bonwit Teller, opening onto all Trump Tower levels. DDL dispenses easily-eatables from a ground-floor café; Chocolaterie Corné Toison d'Or, indescribable calories. Outside, on Fifth Avenue, traffic tires may screech and horns blare. Trump Tower has a violinist.

Pausing at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street is a grave mistake; deciding which direction to head can cause acute indecision. Within a block: there's Henri Bendel, Bergdorf Goodman, Trump Tower and Tiffany, Ann Taylor, Andre Oliver, Burberry, a soon-to-open Hermès; to go further afield on Fifth Avenue—south to the bookstores, to Scribner's or Barnes & Noble, to Cartier, Fortunoff, and Saks—is a good half-day investment. Saks' second-floor boutiques of the best of American sportswear keep you moving in a broad circle; South American women, in New York for shopping, have been known to stack shoe boxes before them here to unprecedented heights.

On Fifty-Seventh Street, Bendel's—medium-size, as New York store sizes go—is easily manageable: you can sightsee among the chic, happily lose yourself amid clothes from Jean Muir, Sonia Rykiel, and Zandra Rhodes, find almost any color stockings, sleek Kieselstein-Cord belt, or E.A.T. fashionable care-package on Bendel's first-floor street of shops.

At The Plaza Hotel's Edwardian Room, business breakfasts are currently the thing—but Plaza Palm Court drinks, on a shopping day, much more desirable. From there, the transition to the world of Bergdorf Goodman is an easy thing: beau château to beau fashion.

This fall's big news at Bergdorf Goodman, oddly enough, are some newly installed escalator banks. That may sound a bit mundane for this fashion store of exclusives, but it's making a multitude of changes: new areas opened up, a general spiffing up, a store plan turned inside out—while making Bergdorf's look even more, traditionally, like Bergdorf's.

Now, a new Prada boutique has some of Milan's most beautiful leathers—bags and belts—for the

(Continued on page 248)

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U.S. SKI TEAM

WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

(New York Shopping continued from page 246)

first time in New York City. In the new fourth floor lingerie shop, there are crisp women's Turnbull & Asser cotton nightshirts and pj's, the most delicate silks from Italy and England. Bergdorf's men's boutiques are flexing their muscles in an expanded space.

The grand French and Italian fashion names have always been a Bergdorf's forté—as much as great Americans such as Geoffrey Beene. Now, Bergdorf's is stocking young American designers in depth: Michael Kors, Catherine Hipp, Steven Manniello, Stephen Sprouse.

Even New York institutions keep moving.

As Andy Warhol, observer of such things, put it: "Bloomingdale's is the museum of the 'eighties." Bloomingdale's is also provider of some of the best entertainment, anywhere. Like a circus midway, Bloomingdale's attractions pull you in: young women spray you with the latest Estée Lauder scent as you

switch escalators; there are bright lights, fashion-show video tapes going to lure you into Calvin Klein or Perry Ellis' boutique, a kaleidoscope of sensations and smells.

Bloomingdale's—supremely New York—believes in doing things on a big scale. There are five different restaurants on the store's ten levels; five separate shopping services to take you in hand. Examples: Beatrice Dale's shopping service is for taking care of, taking over, house-and-decorating needs; "At His Service" is personalized shopping help for men. Judy Kroll masterminds "At Your Service"; she takes care of the big names, the most famous, the royalty in for a day. "You name it," she says. "They come to me because they can be helped in privacy. We never tell."

Somewhere around Sixtieth Street, as you head uptown, Madison Avenue changes. Sunlight suddenly is no longer shunted by tall buildings. Trees are taller, fuller, more visible. This is shoppers' heaven . . . and retail real estate prices per square foot come at celestial-size prices. Each week, seemingly each day, another—an even newer-to-New York—emigré or import arrives, a shop opens up. The newest: Missoni from Milan, Kenzo from Japan-via-Paris, Sonia Rykiel, London's Margaret Howell and Joseph Tricot.

At Fifty-ninth Street, the shoe boutiques begin: you can find unusual shoes, chic shoes, the new heavy lug-soled "industrial" boots at Vittorio Ricci. Nancy Reagan has custom-made shoes from Helene Arpels; if you can afford them, you, too, can have "famous" feet. At Santini e Dominici, there are bright-colored—trendy—flats from Italy; Paris's famous Walter Steiger shop—with a front that's sleek maroon—has some of the most-fashionable shoes (some designed for Karl Lagerfeld's Chloé collection) in the world.

Le Relais' sidewalk restaurant tables, in good weather, offer some of the best of Madison Avenue chances for people-watching, though you may be unable to get a table—outside or in, behind the stenciled glass even if you ask nicely in French. Woods, an equally fashionable restaurant, is almost immediately next door.

You could easily shop Madison Avenue not by strict need but by nationality: France is grandly represented by Saint Laurent's Rive Gauche, Angelo Tarlazzi's knits and leathers, Ungaro's nearly weightless gabardines and bright silks. Givenchy, at Seventy-fifth Street, is a fairly new Madison Avenue arrival: in this brightly lit boutique are carefully edited clothing, accessories, some haute couture originals.

From Italy, Carimati can bejewel you in *(Continued on page 259)*

Shoe: *Ronald, $165.*

New York City: *Trump Tower, 5th Avenue at 56th Street, Madison Avenue at 66th Street, Macy's Herald Square* ***Atlanta:*** *Lenox Square* ***Bal Harbour:*** *Bal Harbour Shops* ***Beverly Hills:*** *Wilshire Boulevard at Roxbury* ***Century City:*** *Joseph Magnin* ***Chicago:*** *Water Tower Place* ***Costa Mesa:*** *South Coast Plaza* ***Dallas:*** *Galleria* ***Houston:*** *Galleria* ***Manhasset:*** *Americana Shopping Center* ***Miami:*** *Mayfair in the Grove* ***Palm Beach:*** *Esplanade, Worth Avenue* ***San Francisco:*** *Joseph Magnin, Macy's* ***Short Hills:*** *The Mall at Short Hills* ***Tulsa:*** *Utica Square* ***Washington, D.C.:*** *Chevy Chase Opening Soon;* ***New Orleans:*** *Canal Place*

Foto Cesare Manti VENTE

andrea carrano

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COVER PAGE
- Judy Hornby's satin brocade dress, $660. Place Elegante.
- Our faux gem floral collar, $220. Baubles.

THIS PAGE:
- Mary McFadden's pleated evening dress, $1600. Place Elegante.
- Sculptured drop earrings, $30

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LEFT PAGE:

- Our Private Label angora sweater set. Crew neck, $38. Cardigan, $44. Sutton Sportswear.
- Frank Olive hat, $130
  La Crasia gloves, $30
  Carol Lee faux pearl necklace, $40; and earrings, $30.
  Bracelets, $55 to $60
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THIS PAGE:

- Ellen Sun cascading necklace, $115.
  Earrings, $30.
  La Crasia gloves, $27.
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WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

(New York Shopping continued from page 248)

fine style, Pratesi or Frette fulfill any fantasy of the best-dressed bed. Matsuda—the first of the Japanese "new school" to open a Madison Avenue boutique—has men's/women's coats, jackets, pants, shirts in greys, blacks, masses of no-color. The Mediterranean Shop—a Madison Avenue tradition—crosses cultures with Venetian handmade-paper covered books, boxes, frames, sturdily painted porcelains from Italy or France. Sointu—immediately off Madison Avenue on Sixty-ninth Street—has a somewhat different outlook on the world. Here, sleek, clean modern design is the thing: black Porsche pens, undulating glass vases.

Dutch designer Ronaldus Shamask and his partner Murray Moss show and sell Shamask's spare architectural clothes—in an equally minimal interior—above Matsuda, at Seventieth Street; Koos Van den Akker—the king of fabric-collage clothes, also Dutch—has long reigned near Sixty-seventh Street. Jewel-size Manon supplies chocolates from Belgium, for some of the richest gifts in the world.

Where are the all-Americans on Madison?

When Norma Kamali was looking for a new space to move her West Fifty-sixth Street OMO boutique, she decided Madison Avenue, now, was not the place for her. Her reason: "I'm not European."

But the Americans *are* there: at North Beach Leather, in a goodly supply of upbeat or classic "California"-style leathers, suedes and chamois, jeans, jackets, shirts and bikinis—sexy, sensuous shapes for better-than-perfect bodies. Tom Krön still hand-dips his fat strawberries in chocolate upstairs at 764 Madison Avenue. (With a shortage of Madison Avenue space, these days, shops are stacking; when walking Madison, it's wise to look up.) Stone Free Stewart Ross has very American-looking corduroys, plaid flannels, and easy sweaters; what could be more American than cowboy boots and hats or tooled Western belts? Billy Martin's Western Wear shop—at Sixty-ninth Street—is as "cowboy" as anything comes. Billy Martin, all-American. Manager—three times over—of the New York Yankees.

New Yorkers, it seems, can stand still: if it's Sunday, just before noon, and Macy's doors are about to open. Bloomingdale's now, too, has Sunday store hours; a serious shopper pretty much need never see sunlight. Macy's is like a Central Park Sunday—moved indoors: people out and about, looking good.

You can wake up slowly with a burger and Bloody Mary at P. J. Clarke's—the Third Avenue saloon outpost in Macy's Cellar—or, optimistically, try to beat the crowds to the main gathering spots upstairs. TVs, stereos, videos, electric typewriters all blare, with neighborly goodwill, on the fifth floor; the new computer shop is a clear hit, antiques—on nine—a civilized other-century oasis. Macy's, proudly still "the world's largest store," stocks all styles, all styles of life.

Depending on your mood, that can mean a gold Dunhill lighter or a still-warm David's chocolate-chip cookie; imported Italian linens, a big Hunting World bag, or Les Must de Cartier. Macy's boasts some of the roomiest designer boutiques in New York: you can whirl from Anne *(Continued on page 262)*

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WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

(New York Shopping continued from page 259)

Klein to Calvin Klein, Perry Ellis to Gloria Sachs.

The balcony surrounding the wide-aisled ground floor has Laura Ashley and Metropolitan Museum boutiques, the ground floor's passageway plenty of Norma Kamali. The cellar, though, is clearly New Yorkers' favorite Macy's place-to-be: a street of small shops celebrating food, cooking, consuming, living—well, *well*. If not for revenge, then for entertainment's sake.

In The Cellar, bright banners herald "Cookery," "Cutlery," "Table Top"—Cuisinarts, copper pots and pans. At the South Flower Market—a new and enormously clever supermarket setup for selling flowers, with larger branches elsewhere in the city—freesia, lilies, corn flowers, giant Gerber daisies are priced by the stem for you to choose, mix, amass. In The Marketplace, there's fresh pasta, a gleaming case devoted strictly to caviar and smoked salmon, Godiva ice cream, pyramids of fresh fruits, pastries, and breads. Should that not fully fill you, Macy's has its own meat market.

"Watch out New York, here comes the newest, most modern women's store ever!" says Barney's Gene Pressman, promising no mean feat. The store isn't slated to open until 1984, but this Barney's executive VP clearly knows what's up: The Pressmans have owned and operated Barney's since Gene's grandfather—Barney himself—opened it in the 1920s.

Barney's women's branch when finished, will stand next door to the main store, on Seventh Avenue and Seventeenth Street in Chelsea: an unquaint avenue cut by brick-townhouse streets, in a burgeoning—constantly refurbishing—New York neighborhood. Barney's pulls New Yorkers from every block to Chelsea: Barney's is the men's store that offers up, with great style, clothes of every shape, style, size, national origin, or variety. A man can suit himself here in Giorgio Armani leather, the trendiest Japanese cottons.

In Barney's, the atmosphere is young, energetic; sales clerks and shoppers, universally tan. Women shop with their men, pull clothes for themselves directly from the men's racks . . . or find the latest in women's clothes (two floors full, until the new store opens) upstairs. The women's boutiques surround a skylit curved penthouse staircase, the clothes standouts are from Italy, France, or Japan. After exhaustive shopping, Barney's third-floor café makes a good cappuccino stop: the scenery, some of New York's best-looking men.

New Yorkers are xenophobic about the good—best—only neighborhoods to live in; but they shop any neighborhood, intrepidly. A Saturday at the midtown Citicorp Center is an outing for an uptowner: in this great public space, café tables are filled; there's inevitably a glee club singing, a jazz quartet playing. Citicorp is Conran's apartment-style living, endless eateries, boutiques.

The "hottest" shopping neighborhood, of the moment, is the Upper West Side: Streets are filled at night with good-looking young New Yorkers; many shops stay open late. When Lincoln Center *(Continued on page 266)*

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ROMA - VIA BORGOGNONA, 4M
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WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

(New York Travel continued from page 262)

empties out—post-opera, post-concert—the crowds surge up Columbus Avenue.

The best sort of West Side afternoon starts with lunch at Café des Artistes, amid Howard Chandler Christy's 1917 murals of ethereal females. It ends, almost inevitably, at Columbus Avenue and Eighty-first Street, at the DDL Foodshow—Dino de Laurentiis' ode to eating well. Here, brick arches open onto delicious crannies, caviar comes in its own DDL padded insulated bag, coffees are ground to order, the cheese counter looks like something straight out of Paris's Rue de Seine.

In between these two food experiences comes the fashion: On Columbus Avenue, there's plenty of it, with a novel twist.

Forza stocks the cute sort of sportswear Italian girls take with them to Sardinia; Design Observations, an amusing hodge-podge of young styles—for men and women—from unknown Japanese designers; Alice Underground, vintage clothes, laces, antimacassars. Vermont Classics is a nest of sobriety among the eclectic offerings of Columbus Avenue: Liberty print lawn dresses, cable-knit sweaters.

Charivari 72 and Charivari Workshop are the pillar boutiques of Columbus; both carry the best—from Japanese designers—for women and men, adventurous Muglers, Montanas, Italian fashion chosen with clear sense. At the Charivari Workshop, Yohji Yamamoto's big no-color shapes hang from pipes, miraculous modern sculpture in a big open space.

On Saturday, New Yorkers descend on SoHo (not much to locals' pleasure), hit the 420 Broadway galleries, Turpan Sanders for high-tech, high-gloss housewares, Ad Hoc Softwares (relative of uptown Ad Hoc Housewares) for modern-patterned sheets. In SoHo, Dianne B. has avant-garde separates from names such as Issey Miyake, Dorothée Bis.

There's a clear air of St.-Germain des Prés in SoHo these days. A shop called "If" has some of the newest offbeat fashion coming out of France: Robert Clergerie shoes, Comptoir du Kit jewelry, Jean Paul Gaultier of every sort. Charles Chevignon of Paris has big bomber jackets, parachute nylon clothes, men's or women's roughwear. It's another outlet of Left Bank on SoHo's Spring Street.

Dean & Deluca supply the croissants. ▽

(Shopping details, page 274)

TRAVEL NEW YORK: WHAT'S NEW IN TOWN

BY DESPINA MESSINESI

Rivers curl through most of the world's great cities: London has the Thames; Paris, the Seine; Washington DC, the Potomac. New York City—always a place of big gestures—surpasses them all by having not one but two great waterways—the Hudson and the East River. As city

(Continued on page 268)

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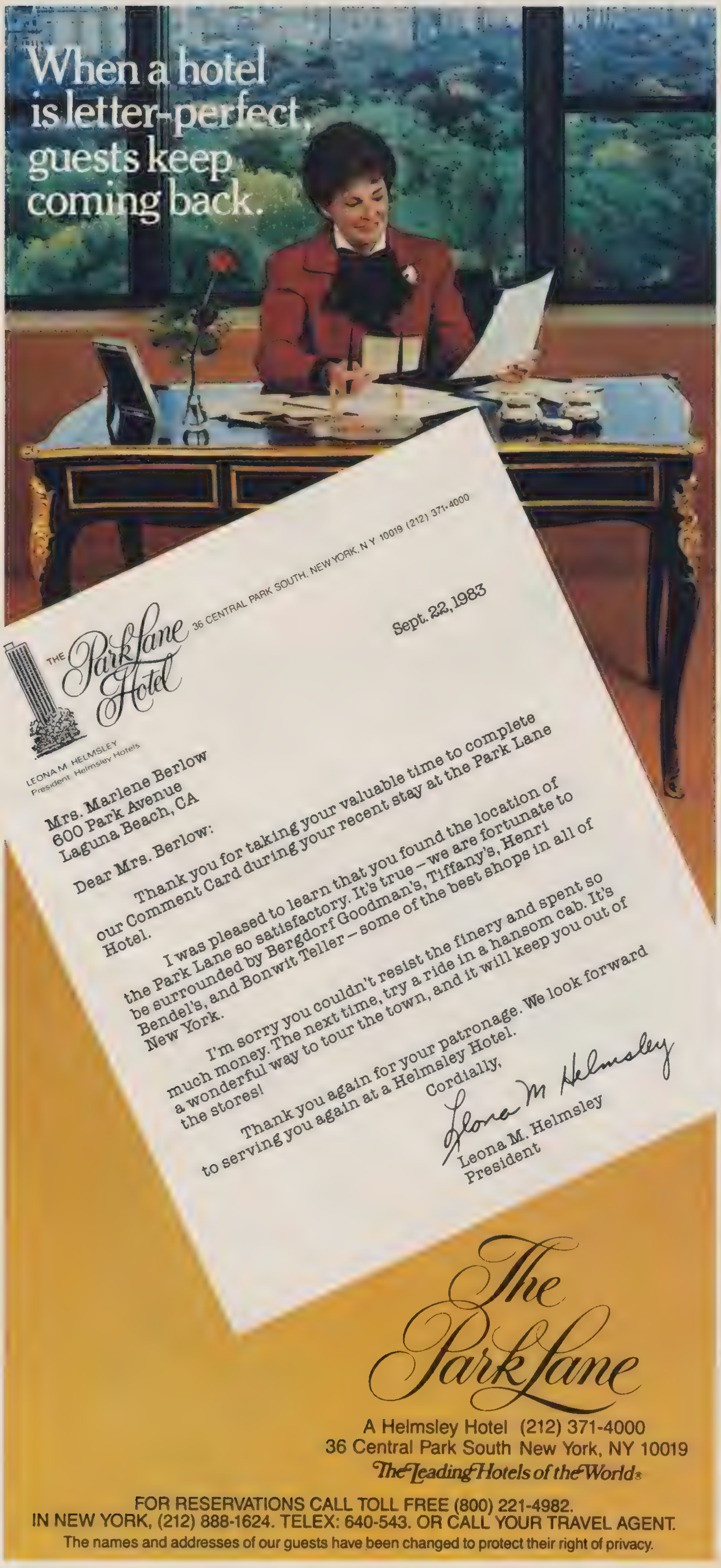
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Sept. 22, 1983
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I was pleased to learn that you found the location of the Park Lane so satisfactory. It's true – we are fortunate to be surrounded by Bergdorf Goodman's, Tiffany's, Henri Bendel's, and Bonwit Teller – some of the best shops in all of New York.
I'm sorry you couldn't resist the finery and spent so much money. The next time, try a ride in a hansom cab. It's a wonderful way to tour the town, and it will keep you out of the stores!
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The names and addresses of our guests have been changed to protect their right of privacy.

WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

(New York Travel continued from page 266)

treasures, they've often been ignored. Now, they're New York's newest "discoveries."

Down by the riverside

In Lower Manhattan, where the island narrows and the East River is a short walk from the Hudson, a renaissance is underway . . . with the opening of the first phase of the expanded South Street Seaport. With skyscrapers rising like protective walls around it, this restored nineteenth-century harbor area of shops, cafés, old sailing ships, and restaurants pulls in Wall Streeters, tourists, New Yorkers of all sorts to eat, shop, stroll and sightsee. In the three-block complex, streets are paved with Belgian stone blocks painstakingly laid by hand: it's a new world of old curbstones, old-fashioned shop signs and street lamps. Shops have familiar names—Ann Taylor, Paxton and Whitfield, Caswell-Massey. On neighboring streets, rows of vacant red-brick buildings with crusty black iron shutters will soon be restored, too.

Up river, at Thirtieth Street, two barges lashed to sturdy pilings house the sensational new Water Club restaurant. From its vast window-walled dining room, there are shimmering East River views of boats and barges, helicopters and high-rises. Specialties are seafood dishes. Best time to dine: after nine in the evening—when people seem more relaxed. Best place to be in fair weather: outside, on The Water Club's romantic "deck."

Hotel happenings

Hotels in Manhattan have gone on a building binge. One of the most exciting developments is taking place at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street—where the new Nova-Park Gotham is rising behind the landmark Beaux-Arts façade of the old Gotham Hotel. Set to open next year, the new Nova-Park Gotham has been designed to take full advantage of its prime Fifth Avenue view. A glassed-in café will be New York's newest people-watching place; a second-floor restaurant with recessed window seats will also overlook Fifth Avenue.

On the Nova-Park Gotham's twenty-second story, a restaurant is plotted out with floor-to-ceiling windows; on its twenty-third floor, a garden terrace. Something novel for New York: a fitness center and swimming pool will also occupy these same upper stories.

NYC's biggest hotel surprise, coming next year: the city's own Plaza Athénée hotel! On a quiet tree-lined block of East Sixty-fourth Street, the former Alrae Hotel—gutted and boarded up for the past two years—is, with little fanfare, being turned into an American version of one of Paris's most famous luxury-hotel landmarks. NYC's Plaza Athénée will have 158 "keys"—to double bedrooms, one-bedroom suites, full-sized apartments with dining rooms. Guests who have stayed at the Paris Plaza Athénée will recognize some familiar faces: European staff members are slated to come help keep the New York premises Paris-perfect.

Another makeover surprise: the "new" Hotel Westbury. At this small discreet hotel at Sixty-ninth Street and Madison Avenue, guest rooms have been totally redecorated in cheerful colors, bathrooms gutted and done over in travertine. The hotel's popular Polo restaurant has also been gussied *(Continued on page 271)*

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WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

(New York Travel continued from page 268)

up, its cuisine newly *nouvelle*-ized by two former chefs from the famed three-star Moulin de Mougins in the South of France.

Fifth Avenue's Pierre hotel also has a new look—starting with the main lobby, now an opulent enclave of mottled henna- and pink-marble floors and columns, enormous red-brown and apricot rugs from China. Completely restored, the hotel's pretty Rotunda—a trompe l'oeil fantasy of lovers on balconies under a summer blue sky—is, once again, one of Manhattan's most romantic getaways for afternoon tea or quiet cocktails. The Pierre's rooms and suites have also been refurbished—not just with new coats of paint but with new carpets, furniture, bathrooms.

On Central Park South, New York's Ritz-Carlton, not quite a year in operation, has the freshness of an English country house. Suites and rooms cheer with long green views of Central Park, deep chintz-covered sofas, spacious desks, walls hung with handsomely framed nineteenth-century prints.

Housekeeping is impeccable: each evening, bathrooms are tidied, beds are turned down, and following a European tradition, a linen mat is placed next to the bed along with slippers. Morning papers accompany breakfast trays set with gold- and cobalt-blue-rimmed Spode china.

The news at the Jockey Club—the Ritz-Carlton's British-y restaurant—is that Daniel Dunas, legendary chef of London's Connaught hotel for some eleven years, is now in command. Among his menu innovations: Sole Ritz-Carlton—poached sole on a bed of lobster with a light Mornay sauce.

Meanwhile, the good life goes on at another new NYC hotel—The Helmsley Palace on Madison Avenue at Fiftieth Street. A remarkable combination of nineteenth-century charms and 1980s comforts, The Helmsley Palace caters to its guests with twenty-four-hour room service, totally sound-proofed rooms and suites, white marble bathrooms, electric blankets. Guest rooms are housed in a tall modern tower. At the tower's base, The Helmsley Palace's cluster of landmark nineteenth-century brownstone mansions provides grand settings in public rooms. Breakfast, tea, and cocktails are served in the Gold Room—a former music room with a balcony where musicians once played and still do. The Madison Room, a drawing room with gilded Corinthian columns and fine French furniture, is a bright space for light lunches, drinks, after-theater suppers. *(Continued on page 273)*

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Photo: Gideon Lewin Earrings: Jay Feinberg Pin: Michele Leight Gloves: La Crasia Shoes: Charles Jourdan

WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

(New York Travel continued from page 271)

Manet in Manhattan

In New York, this fall, the hottest ticket in town is not for a Broadway hit but for the major retrospective of the work of Édouard Manet—at The Metropolitan Museum of Art, through November 27. The rage of Paris last spring/summer, the Manet show brings to New York almost two hundred paintings, prints, drawings, and watercolors by this much-loved modern master.

And after Manet comes Saint Laurent! Opening at The Metropolitan Museum of Art's Costume Institute on December 14: *Yves Saint-Laurent: 25 Years of Design.* Assembled under the eagle eye of the Met's mistress of costume—Diana Vreeland—this glamorous look at YSL's career will show off 150 of his couture and theatrical creations.

More coming attractions in NYC: *Kandinsky: Russian and Bauhaus Years, 1915–1933* opens at The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum on December 9 . . . while, at the Whitney Museum of American Art, two major De Kooning exhibitions will run simultaneously: *The Drawings of Willem de Kooning,* on view December 7–February 19; *Willem de Kooning Retrospective Exhibition 1938–1983,* December 15–February 26. Also at the Whitney, through November 27: Morris Graves.

To catch at the charming small Pierpont Morgan Library on Madison Avenue: *Letters from Children*—forty letters written by famous folk at tender ages: Mozart at fourteen, Elizabeth I at fifteen, Brahms at age nine; through November 13.

And on the private-gallery circuit, Picasso's late expressionist works star at the Grey Art Gallery off Washington Square in Greenwich Village through December 10 . . . and the first major U.S. showing of five important new German expressionists takes over the innovative—highly fashionable—P.S. 1 gallery in Long Island City (Queens) to November 20.

The night brigade

No city in the world stays up as late, keeps going as strong/as long as New York. Among Manhattan's hottest new late-night spots: L'Express—a noisy all-hours eatery on lower Eighth Avenue; Paris Métro décor, bistro-basic food, marvelously mixed crowd . . . Café Seiyoken—Franco/Japanese sushi parlor with Afro-déco (zebra-striped chairs) interior; always busy, crowded . . . Be Bop Café—a brand-new Village hangout with 1950s drive-in-style burgers, shakes, fries; loud New Wave-y music; lots of neon . . . Chiaki—the music blares, the tables are black Lucite, and the drinks glow in the dark at this Punky Japanese place at Third Avenue and Twenty-eighth . . . Cafe Luxembourg—an Upper West Side version of downtown TriBeCa's ultra-chic Odéon café/restaurant . . . Roxy—a roller rink way-way-west on Eighteenth Street that, on Friday nights, turns disco, mixes post-Punkers from the Village, SoHo, and TriBeCa with young black "rappers" from the South Bronx and Harlem; things really start happening, here, around 2:00 A.M.

Broadway tables

For after the theater, these are the places—all in the theater district—where "Broadway" goes: Orso—a new Italian restaurant with open kitchen, pizza *(Continued on page 274)*

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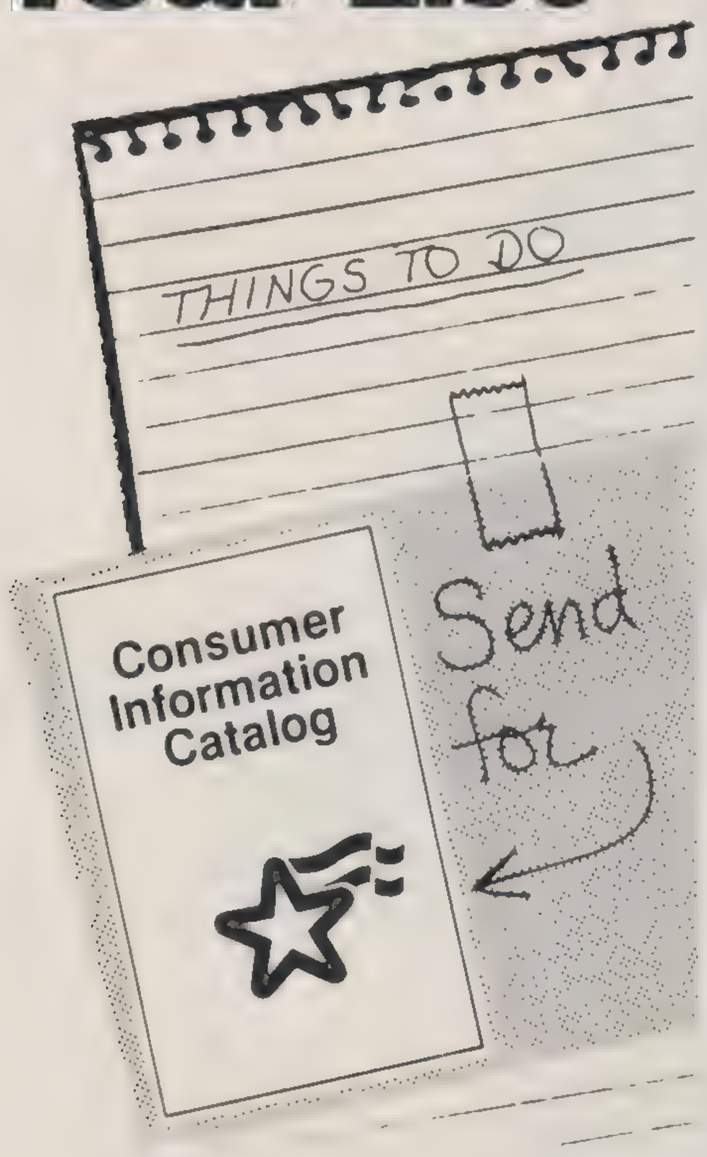

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WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

(New York Travel continued from page 273)

appetizers, and the most beautiful Italian ceramic plates in town; the cast of *Nine* is often here, chef is show-biz restaurant entrepreneur Joe Allen's daughter . . . Joe Allen—the archetypal after-theater haunt, immortalized in *Applause,* is still going strong; Liz Taylor's post-*Private Lives* preference . . . J.R.'s—Tommy Tune, Twiggy are among the many *My One and Only*-ites who frequent this unpretentious tin-ceilinged bistro . . . Dish of Salt—a show place—three stories tall with plants to match—of a Chinese restaurant . . . Caramba—where "felines" from *Cats* are often spotted, late at night, sipping slushy Margaritas and munching Mexican main dishes . . . Carolina—high-tech style, down-home cooking; Hal Prince, Candice Bergen, Meryl Streep, Warren Beatty have all been . . . Don't Tell Mama—here, after the shows, Broadway chorus kids cluster around a piano bar, sing them all, stay all night.

River Café, under the Brooklyn side of the Brooklyn Bridge, provides the ultimate spectacle of Manhattan's skyline. Other good vantage points for taking in the glittering NYC night: Water's Edge—a new barge restaurant in Long Island City (Queens) . . . Windows on the World—the restaurant/bar complex on the 107th floor of the World Trade Center . . . The Rainbow Room—Rockefeller Center's Art Déco-decorated sixty-fifth-story dance-and-dine spot . . . Top of the Tower—a cozy bar with breezy terraces atop the Beekman Tower hotel . . . and, back on the ground in Central Park, Tavern on the Green. ▽

View from the top

For the most exciting people show in Manhattan, one heads to a gathering place like Le Cirque, The Four Seasons, La Grenouille, or "21." For the best views of the city, one looks for a tall building—or river bank. People forget how romantic New York can be—especially at night, when great bridges festooned in lights, glorious bouquets of skyscrapers come together in eye-dazzling combinations. For the best-looking/most romantic nights, The

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BARNEY'S, *106 Seventh Avenue, 10011*
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BOTTICELLINO, *Trump Tower, 725 Fifth Avenue, 10022*
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(Continued on page 276)

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WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

(New York Travel continued from page 274)

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MCM, *Trump Tower, 725 Fifth Avenue, 10022*
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ROSSETTI, *601 Madison Avenue, 10021*
SAINT LAURENT RIVE GAUCHE, *855 Madison Avenue, 10021*
SANTINI E DOMINICI, *697 Madison Avenue, 10021*
WALTER STEIGER, *739 Madison Avenue, 10021*
STONE FREE STEWART ROSS, *754 Madison Avenue, 10021*
ANGELO TARLAZZI, *758 Madison Avenue, 10021*
TRUMP TOWER, *725 Fifth Avenue, 10022*
TURPAN SANDERS, *386 West Broadway, 10002*
UNGARO, *803 Madison Avenue, 10021*
VERMONT CLASSICS, INC., *284 Columbus Avenue, 10023*
HARRY WINSTON, *Petit Salon, Trump Tower, 725 Fifth Avenue, 10022*

Hotels

THE HELMSLEY PALACE, *455 Madison Avenue*
THE PARK LANE, *36 Central Park South*
THE PIERRE, *2 East 61 Street*
RITZ-CARLTON, *112 Central Park South*
ST. MORITZ ON THE PARK, *50 Central Park South*
HOTEL WESTBURY, *15 East 69 Street*

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CAFÉ SEIYOKEN, *18 West 18 Street; tel: 620-9010*
CAROLINA, *355 West 46 Street; tel: 245-0058*
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LE CIRQUE, *58 East 65 Street; tel: 794-9292*
L'EXPRESS, *169 Eighth Avenue; tel: 255-3887*
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ORSO, *322 West 46 Street; tel: 489-7212*
POLO BAR AND RESTAURANT, *15 East 69 Street; tel: 535-2000*
THE RIVER CAFE, *1 Water Street, Brooklyn; tel: 522-5200*
21 CLUB, *21 West 52 Street; tel: 582-7200*
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The strength of style — giddily international, aggressively local...from royal flower shows to reckless theater ...from art-world high finance to Princess Di idolatry...

BY JOAN JULIET BUCK

Leonardo's ideal city is here, in Covent Garden. The glass roof of the former vegetable market dips and rises according to common nineteenth-century design, but the newly created subterranean recesses resemble the sunken streets of the plaster model in the Milan science museum. Botanical touches abound in the form of pineapples on top of lanterns and beneath lamps. There are, alas, candle shops and shops full of printed cotton dresses but also, thank God, tea rooms and coffee houses. Facing the airy central greenhouse is a strange little Egyptian temple, in the Milanese-anarchic style, which houses the faithful Clifton Nurseries. Next to it, the side of a building is painted with trompe l'oeil diversions: a floating Magritte bowler-hatted man, things going on inside painted windows; one of them, in homage to *Le Sang d'un poète,* is a pool of water into which are disappearing a pair of legs. Across the walk—no cars here—is a large restaurant, where unfortunately you cannot sit inside on a Sunday afternoon unless you eat a full meal. This is England, after all.

I sat with Allegra and Guy, two young friends from Oxford, who were relieved to be here after a few hours spent in Camden Lock. Camden Lock is to the 'eighties what the King's Road was to the 'sixties, a place to parade aggressive style while buying more bits and pieces to enhance one's look.

What the English cannot say they will express by their clothes; and in the England of Margaret Thatcher, it's no longer mere amateur punkery, it's full tribal anguish, totemic overstatement. Some of these kids look like extras from *Star Wars,* with hair matted into five or six thick white horns and features blotted out by white makeup. Others attain a strange dignity, like the young boy whose head is shaven save for a Greek-helmet ridge of white hair, tipped with blue, that stands out a good eighteen inches from his head, a home-grown war bonnet the very tips of which move slightly with the breeze.

And it's not only the hair. On the same youngster, a leather jacket so studded with nailheads that it shimmers, with just a space left in the back for the carefully painted word: "Discharge." And below that, a skirt of torn black rags, knotted together, and below that fishnet stockings that crumple just a little as they disappear into thick boots that seem to have been made of paper by inmates of an asylum for the thumbless.

His friend—they tend to travel in pairs, for to walk out alone dressed like this is to invite, at the very least, self-consciousness—has a slightly less vibratile hairdo, this time red, and jeans instead of the skirt, the jeans slashed horizontally all the way down, and worn, for this is still a decent country, over long johns.

This pair stood with majestic calm, surveying the loading of a tourist boat on Regent's Canal and then turned to pursue their ceremonial ambling. I was all for following them, but Allegra and Guy seemed glad that we lost them in the crowd.

In New York, one forgets about the strength of style. It becomes blurred with talk of practicality, washability, status, cost, real life. In America, one has the il-

Eugene Mihaesco

lusion of effectiveness, and any urge to social protest can be rapidly channelled into a group, a committee, a caucus and rewarded with an appearance on cable TV and half a radio hour on WBAI. Esthetics as protest are unknown to us: if the first result looks any good at all it becomes fashion, and if it's ugly it can always be art. Either way, it's no sooner expressed than marketed.

In England, there are no illusions of this kind. Mrs. Thatcher acts upon the psyche as queen nanny who knows what's good for you even if it hurts. "Another four years of Matron," wrote Julian Barnes in *The Observer* after the election. "The cold showers, the compulsory cod-liver oil, fingernail inspection, and the doling-out of those vicious little pills which make you go when you don't want to." The school analogy is heightened by Mrs. Thatcher's calling the party moderates "the wets," a school term for wimp. The Totem kids never had a nanny or went to boarding school, but the whole country is her nursery now. That's why the protest, glorious in its overstatement, remains on the nursery level: Struwwelpeter defying every law of hygiene and gender with solemn precision.

"Diapers," says the card hanging next to a rail full of floppy shorts spattered with paint and cut, indeed, like diapers. "Very Wow," says Allegra. The Wows, she explains, all have quiffs. They're better bred than the Totems and constitute that stratum that can best be described as all the girls looking like boys. (In the 'sixties, you'll recall, it was said that all the boys looked like girls. Gender fugit.) They do their best to look like figures in Duggie Fields paintings and show a fondness for lemon yellow, pink and black, coffee bar symbols from the 'fifties, and spiky shoes. The dominant mode of being for the young of the upper classes is "Sloane Ranger." Only here could a magazine article originally published seven years ago have become the bible for a generation. The Princess of Wales is the idol of the Sloane Rangers; three versions of Di waited on me at the General Trading Company, the Sloane Ranger heaven of china and glass.

Camden Lock has another meaning to Londoners: it is the site of the post-modern temple that houses TV-AM. Both the BBC and ITV began morning broadcasts this year, the BBC pulling in 1.7 million viewers, while TV-AM could not rouse more than a few hundred thousand. Explanations include the fact that most TV sets are in the living room while breakfast is taken in the kitchen; the low TV-AM ratings are due to the commercial interruptions, which make people switch before the ratings can clock up fifteen minutes. What's more, all remote-control sets automatically switch on to BBC 1. It seems that once they've switched on, people can't be bothered to change channels.

The enormous success of British films and television productions (morning efforts aside) has set many British film expatriates to worrying whether they did the right thing. The most successful of all is David Puttman, who produced *Chariots of Fire* and the joke about him goes: "Is David Puttman in danger of becoming Mrs. Thatcher's Leni Riefenstahl?" As for the stage, the National Theatre is delighting audiences with a superb production of *The Rivals,* in which Mrs. Malaprop, played by Geraldine McEwan, has a new joke: "All men are Bavarians!"—picked up with diligence by every critic. There's a recklessness about the London stage that comes only with full control of the craft. After the careful treading of Broadway, it's a shock to see the Duke in Musset's *Lorenzaccio* (National Theatre) play two scenes in the nude. In *Crystal Clear*, a desperate and affecting play about blindness, the blind heroine undresses the half-blind hero and feels him all over, as the audience, suspended on an intake of breath, watches her hands go for his penis. "That'll do quite nicely, thank you" says the heroine, the lights go out, and the audience can relax.

I ask the minicab driver to take me to the main part of Portobello Road; and, being Indian, he delivers me to the vegetable market at the bottom. Melina Mercouri, as Greek Minister of Culture, visits the British Museum and lobbies to get the Elgin frieze back on to the Parthenon. The headlines are predictable: "Melina weeps for her lost marbles," etc. No one is trying to get back the Cubists from the Tate, which has the best selection of Cubist canvases ever assembled. The effect of so much fragmentation and such deliberately cerebral experiments is dizzying. As a French acquaintance says on the way out, "like too much caviar." At the Camden Palace, dance place for Wows and Totem children alike, I overhear two gay boys talking: "Now that sex and drugs are out, there's no reason to go to New York anymore, is there?"

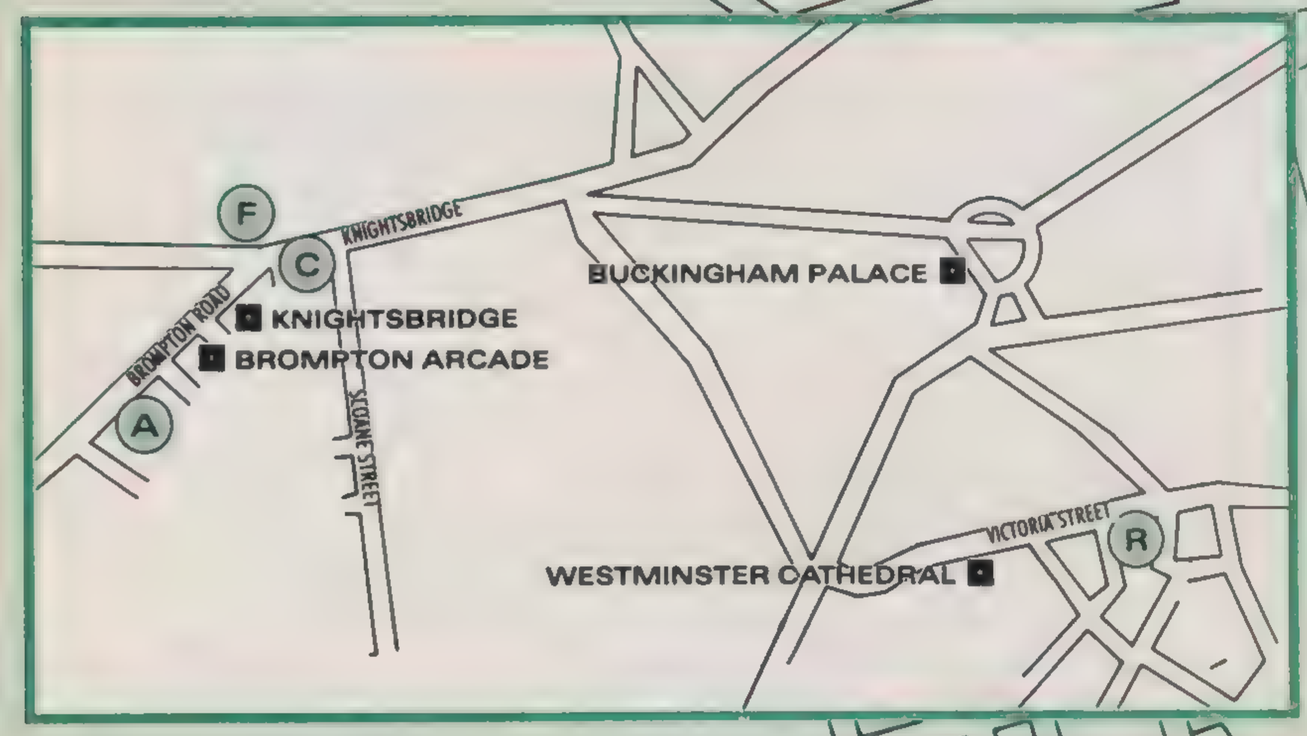
And indeed London seems giddily international. At Christie's, a well-heeled crowd gathers for "The Signature Collection": some seventy self-portraits by international artists, done "in the medium of makeup." The bidding on Hockney, Peter Blake, Clemente, and Chia is rapid. Young men are taking bids on the phone from New York. Versace has sent his delegate for cultural affairs, Sergio Barone, to bid on the Italians, but he gets only a Cucchi. The room is silenced as a high bid comes in from New York for a Jennifer Bartlett. The David Salle goes to London, New York wins the Schnable.

The evening continues at the Caprice, a reincarnation of the spirit of the old Caprice, without the gut-red ruched satin walls. Owned by Jeremy King and Chris Corbin, it's the *(Continued on page 281)*

DESTINATION: LONDON

For some people, London is Parliament, palaces and polite society. Others associate London with its poets, lush gardens and fog. But there is a side of London that one tends to overlook from a distance: London, treasure trove of collectibles to be found in wonderful shopping areas like Knightsbridge and the West End.

To help you experience all that British life has to offer—in the stores listed on this page and in an exceptional array of hotels, restaurants, pubs and theatres throughout London Town, there is the American Express® Card. It's your key to the niceties of this most historic and hospitable city.



A **HARRODS,** 2 Brompton Road, SW1
B **SELFRIDGES,** Oxford Street, W1
C **HARVEY NICHOLS,** Knightsbridge, SW1
D **JAEGER,** 204 Regent Street, W1
E **AUSTIN REED,** 103 Regent Street, W1
F **SCOTCH HOUSE,** 2 Brompton Road, SW1
G **LIBERTY,** Regent Street, W1
H **DUNHILL,** 30 Duke Street, St. James's, SW1
I **AQUASCUTUM,** 100 Regent Street, W1
J **BURBERRY,** 161 Lower Regent Street, W1
K **GARRARD,** 112 Regent Street, W1
L **LILLYWHITES,** Piccadilly Circus, W1
M **FORTNUM & MASON,** 181 Piccadilly, W1
N **SIMPSONS,** 203 Piccadilly, W1
O **DIXONS,** 88 Oxford Street, W1
P **HABITAT,** 156 Tottenham Court Road, W1
Q **DICKINS & JONES,** 224 Regent Street, W1
R **ARMY & NAVY,** 105 Victoria Street, SW1
S **COUNTRY CASUALS,** 146 Regent Street, W1
T **CECIL GEE,** 39 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1
U **DEBENHAMS,** Oxford Street, W1
V **LASKY's,** 42 Tottenham Court Road, W1
W **CELINE,** 28 New Bond Street, W1
X **ROSSETTI,** 177 New Bond Street, W1
Y **H.N. PEAL,** 37 Burlington Arcade, W1
Z **BROWNS,** 27 South Molton Street, W1
a **ASPREY,** 165 New Bond Street, W1
b **SAINT LAURENT RIVE GAUCHE,** 115 New Bond Street, W1
c **TURNBULL & ASSER,** 71 Jermyn Street, SW1
d **FIOR,** 22 New Bond Street, W1
e **LOEWE,** 25a Old Bond Street, W1
f **REGINE,** 43 New Bond Street, W1
g **FLORIS,** 89 Jermyn Street, SW1
h **GUCCI,** 27 Old Bond Street, W1
i **HERMES,** 155 New Bond Street, W1
j **THE WHITE HOUSE,** 51 New Bond Street, W1

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WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

(Continued from page 279)

irresistible new hangout for actors, painters, directors. Everyone seems to know each other. Tonight, Nigel Waymouth sits at the table of Martin Summers, whose wife Nona just bought his painting at Christie's. John Hoyland and Howard Hodgkin come in from a dinner at the Royal Academy, Hodgkin wearing his Commander of the British Empire cross around his neck—decorations are worn to the Royal Academy dinner—but a young Guinness girl at the Summers' table thinks he should have removed it before coming to Caprice. Peter Blake, who looks as if he's wearing medals even when he's not, is at another table. On the menu, Buster Keaton balances on a crossbeam of the Eiffel tower.

The next day is Royal Horticultural Society day at the Chelsea Flower Show. There's mud inside the tent, no mean feat when it's dry outside, and an effusion of flowers. Daffodils arranged in excited starbursts, giant irises with names like Prairie Sunset, African violets in varieties named Silver Prince, Mystic Moment, Pretty Boy, Edna Fischer, Fancy Pants, and—a tiny flower—Pip Squeak. Giant Delphiniums called Nimrod, Cassius, or more prosaically, Blue Tit, take up the back of the tent. Humongous begonias attract a crowd, but no one so much as glances at the orchids. Someone mistakes a bank of Peristeria Elata for foxgloves.

The South Africa display features King Protea affixed to the branches of trees—"very, very clever" concedes a lady in a headscarf—and Arum lilies, which prompts another to say "It's the funeral section." A selection of tulips prompts one man to say "A tulip's just a tulip, when you come right down to it."

Outside, we pass the headquarters of the Greater London Council just across the river. A banner put up by the council's leader, Socialist Ken Livingstone, announces the number of unemployed in London in April: 359, 945. "He's an obnoxious little weed," says the Englishman at the wheel of the car.

Over at Martin and Nona Summers' house, a collection of studios in Chelsea, Martin Summers surveys his roof garden with pride. It has just won first prize as best garden in Chelsea, even though each of the six hundred plants had to be carried up a twisting iron staircase. Next door, an evening class is beginning at Nona's Dance Studio. Pretty, healthy girls in Nona's own leotards begin the California stretch. And a one two three four! Home is everywhere. . . . ▽

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LONDON

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Women's shops: 113 NEW BOND STREET. W1. 37 BROMPTON ROAD. SW3.
Men's shops: 73 NEW BOND STREET. W1. 35 BROMPTON ROAD. SW3.

Sept 29th, London, England.

Spent my entire first day in Harvey Nichols converting travellers cheques into something a little more seemly. (P.S. Please send more money.)

Stash away that unflattering passport photograph in this handsome Trussardi handbag.

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They make a dash for Harvey Nichols, of course.

Seven floors of absolute temptation that will have you searching for excuses to dip deeply into your travel allowance.

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If you're thinking of the man you've left behind, imagine instead how ravishing he'll look when you return

'Theiry' kid shoes by Rayne. (Also available at Bergdorf Goodman, Bonwit Teller and Delman N.Y.C.)

with a Cerruti suit from Menswear.

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Fur lined Loden coat. (Also available at Saks, 5th Avenue). *Revillon*

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Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, London.

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PISCES LONDON

SHOPPING: MAP OF THE PLEASURES

The luxury of service—the most civilized purchase of all...special-order shirts and sweet fragrances... tea in gilded halls...browsing in Hatchards, booksellers to the Queen . . .

BY KATHLEEN MADDEN

Ah, London. As an American—and true student of English history—I come here to praise famous men: William Shakespeare and Tom Stoppard. Christopher Wren, Christopher Robin, Wellington's bootmaker. The Bond Street beaux, who clearly knew where to shop. Those bastions of the British Empire, regal Messrs. Fortnum and Mason.

For a few London days, Robert Adam and Restoration comedy be damned: a noble pursuit is a striped shirt from Turnbull & Asser. London, easily, gives back more than one's money's worth in linen sheets, Ritz waiters, and clotted cream. It is not the cradle of civilization but of the civilized purchase.

And the most civilized purchase of all, you soon find, is service.

London: Where else can you come in—red-eyed and transatlantically lagging—at 7:30 on a Sunday morning and find a hotel staff that's not only awake but honestly glad to greet you? In the few minutes it takes me to get from The Dorchester's marble lobby to my chintz garden upstairs, I acquire a parade of politely helpful hands: reception man, porter with bags, hall waiter bearing morning coffee. Bed covers are turned down, discreetly waiting for my collapse. Six pillows in crisp white-linen cases are there to cushion the fall or keep me chaste company.

Whoever said London is a man's town?

London is a man's town. But that makes up the best of its history—and the best of its shopping streets. In a grimy little shop on Charing Cross Road, G. Smith and Sons have—still—fifty-five blends of snuff. On St. James's Street, the firm of Berry Bros. & Rudd, wine merchants, has stood for two hundred and fifty years. The shop is wood-paneled, wonderfully dusty; antique brown bottles are on display, not the firm's own-brewed Cutty Sark.

St. James's is where men head to equally dusty John Lobb for handmade leather shoes, boots, or the most famous soft velvet dance slippers in the world. I like John Lobb best for its museum atmosphere. Old shoes line glass cases here; men work with wooden lasts at the side of the shop.

Should a gentleman require shirts, socks, braces, or other furnishings, he turns the corner to Jermyn Street, to Turnbull & Asser or Hilditch & Key. Made-to-measure shirts are the chief Jermyn Street objective. Hilditch & Key will also cut men's shirting fabrics to women's patterns that the shop has in stock. These women's shirts are special order, not fully made-to-measure, a nice distinction that would not please Kate Millett.

For seven generations, Floris has wafted sweet fragrances out into Jermyn Street; its mahogany cases now also hold ivory and badger shaving brushes, tortoise combs, sponges, lapis lazuli-handled safety razors—exquisite indulgences for men and women. A good nose knows Paxton & Whitfield, Jermyn St. cheesemongers for two hundred years. Paxton & Whitfield stocks the ultimate in Cheshire, Cheddar, or Stilton cheeses, York hams.

For further sustenance, one heads to the Ritz for tea. The Ritz waiter taking my order is as grand as his gilded halls.

In this part of London, one could shop simply by following the Queen: store upon store, it seems, displays her coat-of-arms over its doorway. It is the sign of a Royal Warrant—given to a supplier of goods to Queen or Royal Family. Hatchards is bookseller to the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, The Queen Mother, and the Prince of Wales: a grand slam, in Royal Warrants. Should that not fully keep Hatchards in business, the shop stocks the best of biographies, mysteries, art books, cook books, travelogues. Hatchards brims with books and looks properly Dickensian.

For more Piccadilly, one heads to Swaine Adeney Brigg & Son for the most elegant of English umbrellas: silk umbrellas, umbrellas with rosewood or ash handles, walking sticks with cleverly hidden flasks or Wilkinson Sword blades inside to fight off modern-day footpads. The original shop was established in 1750, today is whip and glove maker (there's a leathery saddle-scent here) to the Queen, umbrella maker to the Queen Mother. In Burlington Arcade, cashmere's the draw: At N. Peal, there are shawls, cable knits, dresses, spare tops, ribbed cashmere socks in three lengths; cashmere knee socks cost less than ten pounds. James Drew has, among the striped women's shirts and silk blouses, big fringed cashmere mufflers to cosset your neck. When asked how big the muffler is, the young woman clerk answers "long" with great reluctance.

Trumpers—that most British of British barbers on Mayfair's Curzon Street—has, for generations, tended to the hair of kings . . . and they're clearly appalled when I inquire about women's haircuts: one must have standards.

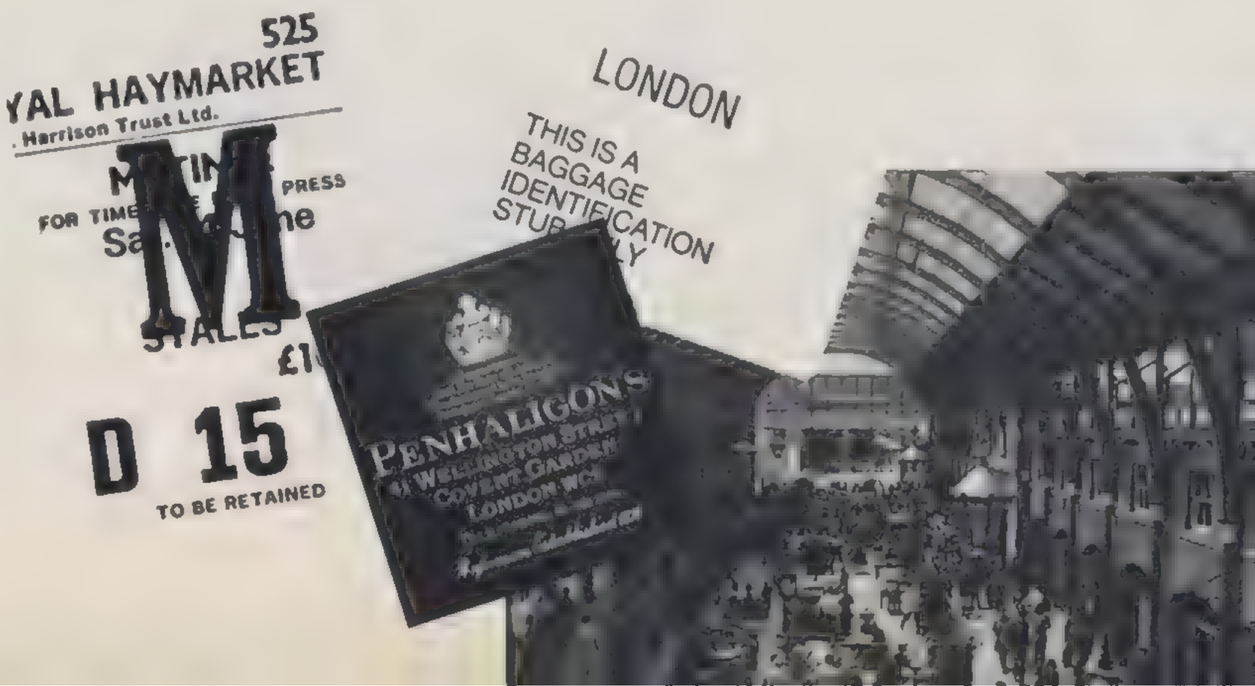
But how civilized this world would be if its boundaries were simply Mayfair. One could pop over to Savile Row for a man's made-to-measure grey suit, to Regent Street's Hamley's for Paddington Bear, to the sensibly shoed ladies at The White House for a child's delicately smocked dress. The glass, wood, and polished brass door of Thomas Goode opens by its own volition as one steps near. Behind this brown marble-column façade, there are Herend mocha sets, the best of Spode, Waterford, and flower-painted Minton. Hobbs & Co. has Lafite-Rothschild, fat raspberries, dark olives on hand, will fill a picnic hamper fit for the most lordly tryst in Hyde Park.

Mayfair stocks a civilized life—not necessarily a stuffy one. On South Molton Street's short closed-to-traffic block, you can find modern-art jewelry at the Electrum gallery, easy knits to layer at Joseph, Katherine Hamnett's crinkled silks at the Chinese Laundry, inventive sportswear at Kenzo Jungle Jap. Kenzo, Chinese Laundry, and Joseph shops on South Molton are all owned by Jcseph Etedgui, a London, Paris, and now New York very savvy retailer. Browns' shops on South Molton connect, interweave, hold a wonderfully sophisticated mix of the world's most creative clothes names. Comme des Garçons sits cheek-by-jowl in Browns with Norma Kamali, Azzedine Alaia, Sonia Rykiel.

If South Molton has international style chosen with an English eye, Bond Street is all-out world fashion: YSL, Gucci, Maud Frizon, and Chanel, Cartier, Ungaro, Louis Vuitton, Chloé, and Ralph Lauren. Pure acquisitiveness gets tempered, here, by tradition and taste. Smythson is stationer to the Queen, has wonderful blue sheets of writing paper. Here you can buy a leather polo book to note chukkers played, a game book for pheasants bagged, a cellar book to list bottles of wine laid down.

A New York hostess once sent her butler, via the Concorde, to Charbonnel et Walker—for last-minute party chocolates. Charbonnel et Walker, since Victorian days, has provided chocolates for the fine and famous. With over thirty chocolates to choose from, a list of personal preferences is often kept on file: Noel Coward, for one, had his favorites.

John Asprey, *(Continued on page 288)*



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WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

(London Shopping continued from page 286)

today, is the ninth generation Asprey at Asprey's since 1781—and his store, alone, could justify a visit to London. Asprey's has held a Royal Warrant from every British monarch since Queen Victoria. "In a nutshell," says Mr. Asprey, "it means we service the Palace"—whether that entails mending the Duke of Edinburgh's cufflinks or something more spectacular than that. Asprey's is jeweler, silversmith, luggagemaker, antiques dealer, has everything from playing cards and battery-powered wooden pepper grinders to a life-size £250,000 silver tiger gilded in 18k gold with amber eyes and a diamond snout.

Bond Street is some of London's most expensive real estate, yet master Asprey craftsmen still work, upstairs, on the premises. A wonderful anachronism in a ready-made world, Asprey today still has the skills to create an enamel gold and diamond Fabergé-style egg, has its own company to bind one's just-published first novel in leather, will make small enamel party-gift boxes (or engraved silver flatware) with one's coat of arms.

Covent Garden, a place somewhat closer to earth, wears its new glad rags—its renovation—a bit self-consciously; when planners decided on a studiously evenhanded mix of shops within the redone market building, Covent Garden was pretty much doomed to studied middle-of-the-roadness. But there's life and lunch crowds in Covent Garden, a juggler plying his trade outside Inigo Jones' church at the end of the marketplace. The wine bar tables are filled, a shop stocks newspapers from all over the world. The Dolls House will make a child's-size duplicate of your country estate.

The best Covent Garden shopping, though, exists beyond the domed building itself; Covent Garden, the neighborhood, is the thing . . . and, there, some of the most enchanting things are at Penhaligon's. Penhaligon's is filled with scents, soaps, silver-topped bottles, has the ready charm of an apothecary shop.

Any woman who requires additional pampering could head to The Sanctuary on Floral Street: it gives a whole new slant to the notion of "health club." The Sanctuary has a steamy swimming pool, sauna, Jacuzzi, tanning sun beds, beauty treatments of all sorts; in the pool room, you find bridgeways, jungly plants, fish pond, languid-looking women who seem to be recovering from their last grand debauch. They may be merely resting up from a class at the Dance Centre next door—where you can book aerobics, jazz, ballet.

Neal's Yard Wholefood Warehouse has grains and nuts to support the elegant body; at Neal's Yard, a bakery sends out warm smells of gingerbread. Nook-size shops opening off this small courtyard sell, variously, dairy products, "organic" fruits and veggies.

The Tea House has the essential ingredients for afternoon tea, loose herbal or fruit-flavored teas to buy by the kilo and tote home as presents. A first-edition D.H. Lawrence from nearby Bertram Rota, in truth, would be a bit sexier to receive. Marbled papers or calligrapher's pens from Falkiners Fine Papers are, price-wise, somewhat easier-going.

When you're feeling a bit pushed (polite British usage for "poor"), a detour to the London Silver Vaults is a dangerous decision. Housed deep in The City, these underground vaults—crammed with Georgian silver, modern flatware, grand Victorian plate—are a silver-lover's dream-come-true. Buying silver here is much like going into a bank safe and walking out with someone else's goodies.

And proper attire is a car and driver.

Fulham Road, Chelsea, by all appearances, is for settling down, setting up household, doing one's duty to caste and country. Good-looking persons, here, walk in man-woman pairs, prams are prominent on every street.

Fulham Road's Tatters is not, by any means, a purveyor of rags. It's where Mummie takes one to find an appropriate sort of dance dress or high-collared wedding gown—something *nice*, dear: big moiré evening skirts with dust-ruffle flounces, blouses with sleeves as large as all-outdoors, Queen Victoria-style taffeta gowns. Night Owls, next door, offers an appropriate trousseau: The shop has Sami's vaguely racy silk charmeuse teddies and tap pants from the United States, the sort of pristine white cotton-and-lace nightgowns that, seemingly, have been lovingly stitched by nuns but were ferreted from lingerie-makers in England, Belgium, and Germany.

For the fashion voyeur in us all, though, the real show comes at the far end of King's Road:

depending on one's point of view, style here is aggressive, inventive, or simply excreable.

The Liberated Lady's window shows off such truly necessaries as fingerless lace gloves, plastic totes, gold-mesh G-strings, a ridiculous mishmash of things. The overall style, in all deliberateness, is Early Tasteless. American Classics, next door, has clearly used clothes: Hawaiian-style shirts, a 'fifties greyed-lace deb dress. Vivienne Westwood's World's End boutique, though, is the grand adventure.

Westwood is the international queen of new tatters; she shows her clothes in Paris now and her London shops *(Continued on page 290)*

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All quite handsome in
The Men's Shop

HILDITCH & KEY

BONWIT
TELLER

WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

(London Shopping continued from page 288)

have become a point of pilgrimage. Compared to her Nostalgia of Mud shop, World's End has an almost-swishy decor. So what if the hands on the storefront's giant clock run rapidly backward? That the shop's wood-plank floor slants at something akin to a thirty-degree angle is hardly a problem at all. The surly-faced young man at the front desk is, by appearances, mute; he lets me rifle through her amusements at ease. There are dented helmet-hats in neon colors. Rag sweaters come with mashed tin buttons the size of tea cups. At World's End, playing dress-up has very real rewards. You may walk out as a hobo—but one with a broad grin.

This is dear old London?

No—but Knightsbridge, a short walk away, surely is: on Knightsbridge streets, young men carry rolled umbrellas in the sunshine; women wear Gucci shoes and Hermès scarves. The establishment heads to cookbook-writer Elizabeth David's shop for petits-fours cases, pie collars, paper frills to clothe the naked lamb chop. Curzon Lawrence Flowers has potted roses, sweet peas, branches of stephanotis to send to the best sort of dinner hostess; and, behind its solid red-brick front, General Trading Co. brings back the fine trading days of a sprawling Empire.

On Beauchamp Place (as any good Londoner knows, it's said "Beech'm"), Janet Reger sells some of the city's best frou-frou—lace or silk slips, French knickers, bras. Taylor & Hadow, across the street, has the best-edited collection of young British designer clothes: names such as Sheridan Barnett, Jasper Conran, Bruce Oldfield, Maxfield Parrish, Nigel Harris, Wendy Dagworthy.

There's even more—honestly wearable—fashion at Harvey Nichols: The store stocks good-looking clothes from British designers, from the Continent, and New York. Sixty-percent of Harvey Nichols' customers—career women, corporate wives, diplomats—live within a five-mile radius of the store, and to keep them ever-interested, there's always something new: whether that's a pastel-painted basket or a suit from Anne Klein.

At the hat bar (how very British!), young women are trying on the wares—often to much applause from male friends. The Trussardi boutique has wonderful Italian leathers—a tan ostrich duffel, black saddle bag. There are spots for Charles Jourdan shoes, Revillion furs. One could furnish a house or a wardrobe here. Harvey Nichols is a store with a point of view: a world of comfortable shopping, comfortably familiar names.

A wise woman would train ahead for Harrods: a day at this most massive of department stores requires a stout heart, slow pulse, and strong legs. But what a day it is! Harrods' motto is "Everyone, everything, everywhere." It delivers as promised.

Harrods began in 1849, fittingly enough, as a grocery shop; and tea merchant founder Henry Charles Harrod would look at his offspring, today, with great fondness. The news at Harrods now is a complete renovation of its famous tile-floored halls—only the second such reworking since World War II. The halls are expanding, spreading out to a second floor, taking on a self- *(Continued on page 292)*

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WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

(London Shopping continued from page 290)

service style where possible.

A new fresh pasta shop doles out noodles; there's made-to-order pizza; 160 different breads are piled in the bakery. A health juice bar will squeeze your favorite fruit combination if it's not one of the fifty recipes at hand.

Everything, every one: You can wear home Givenchy, Krizia, Dior, or Shamask from the International Room, the best British names such as Burberry, Aquascutum, Jaeger, or Jean Muir. The Calypso Room has hot-weather clothes—sportswear and bathing suits—year-round, whenever you head to Antigua.

Lily Langtry and Oscar Wilde were among Harrods' first charge account customers at the turn of the century; they came, undoubtedly, to be waited on. At Harrods, "service" means piano tuners, a lending library, bureaus for theater tickets or Thomas Cooke travel, a resident golf pro. The book department mail-orders anywhere; and, while its in-house funeral parlor no longer exists, Harrods will still discreetly handle those necessary final arrangements. Harrods is a purveyor of daily life.

British department stores, somehow, all bring back to me better days. Perhaps it's that my grandmother spent her working life in a department store; elevator rides and white gloves were glad parts of my childhood. Tissue-paper and dusty dry-goods smells were magic. . . . The old smells are still there in London. *(Shopping details, page 295)*

■

TRAVEL LONDON: WHAT'S NEW IN TOWN

BY RICHARD ALLEMAN

London, for Americans, is the easiest of the world's great cities—because it is familiar. There's the luxury, in a foreign land, of being understood, understanding the language. Potent images assimilated in the American consciousness through many centuries are everyday sights. Ultimately, there are no shocks in London . . . only wonderful surprises. For Americans, it's like coming home. But "coming home" to something new.

The new late-night show

London news—still—comes from Covent Garden. The area's renaissance began a few years ago when the vast glass and cast-iron pavilion of this former Victorian produce market—centered in the Royal Opera House/West End theater district—was restored and turned into a bustling shopping/café spot. Now, surrounding streets and alleyways have sprung to life, too—with new pubs, wine bars, restaurants. Welcome news for theatergoers: most of the new places stay open *late* . . . solving the after-theatre food problem.

Good bets of the moment in the Covent Garden area, all taking orders until at least 11:30 P.M.: Interlude de Tabaillau—a sleek place run by a former chef of London's well-known French restaurant, Le Gavroche . . . Le Café des Amis du Vin—with light late-night fare, superb wines . . . Bertorelli's—inexpensive Italian food served in white rooms with opera posters on the wall . . . Poons—loud and lively; Cantonese cuisine, high-tech decor . . . Last Days of the Raj—a buzzing Bangladeshi bistro . . . and The Savoy hotel—in the heart of the West End—with a new prix-fixe theater supper plan for its elegant Grill Room; starter and main course come before the curtain, coffee and pudding, after the show.

Hot tickets!

Best bets, now, in the West End: Tommy Steele in *Singin' in the Rain*—a high-energy re-creation of the 1952 MGM movie musical . . . Tom Stoppard's *The Real Thing*—bound for Broadway in 1984 . . . *Cats*—"now and forever" musical . . . Noël Coward's *Hay Fever*—revived this month with Penelope Keith.

Far from the theater-district hustle and bustle, London's Royal Shakespeare Company is now in its second season at the futuristic Barbican Theatre in the soaring/sprawling new Barbican housing/arts development that edges the City. Among the RSC productions in repertory at the Barbican now through December 10: a new production of *Cyrano de Bergerac* starring Derek (*I Claudius*) Jacobi . . . *The Tempest* . . . *Much Ado About Nothing* . . . *Maydays*—a new play by David Edgar, who adapted *Nicholas Nickleby* for the RSC.

Across the Thames from downtown London, the hottest ticket at the National Theatre complex is for the National's lavish revival of Sheridan's classic Restoration Comedy *The Rivals*. Also at the National now, in repertory: Kaufman and Hart's *You Can't Take It With You* . . . and the world premier of *Jean*—a musical based on the life of American actress Jean Seberg, with score by Marvin Hamlisch.

Note: It's now possible—and easy—to book London theater tickets before ever leaving home. The long-established British booking firm Edwards & Edwards has a new New York office, a toll-free line for charging tickets to your American Express Card: (800) 223-6108; in New York: (212) 944-0290.

New ways to stay

Remake of the year: 47 Park Street—a handsome Edwardian apartment building in posh Mayfair that's just been transformed into a luxurious executive hotel. A special Park Street lure is the fact that it shares premises with London's famed restaurant Le Gavroche. While Londoners face weeks-long delays for tables at Le Gavroche, guests at 47 Park Street can call up room-service food from the three-Michelin-starred establishment.

The St. James's Club—in a brick-paved cul-de-sac off St. James's Street—caters to celebrities and to business travelers who crave privacy. The Club's sixteen studios, twenty-eight suites are lavishly decorated in 1980s fantasies of Art Deco. A very private restaurant is also part of the picture. *Note*: St. James's Club is a *club*, has dues—but allows first-time overseas visitors one stay before membership's required.

Total privacy is also the appeal of 11 Cadogan Gardens, a cluster of four red-brick Victorian townhouses in Chelsea—joined to form a charming small hotel. Public rooms are furnished with Oriental carpets, fine antiques, good paintings; guest rooms—like those in a private country *(Continued on page 294)*

"Taxi!"

The distinctive black shape waives all rules of traffic and gravity just to be with you. "Austin Reed, if you please."

And threading nimbly past the carriages of lesser mortals, you've quickly run the elegant curve of Regent Street – and arrived outside London's internationally known Austin Reed.

Austin Reed was started at the turn of the Century by a keen young man with £1,000 of his father's money in his pocket. A second shop was opened and then another and then another, and in 1926 the amazing Regent Street store, more or less as we know it now, opened for the first time. It supplied members of the Royal family, many of the aristocracy, and just about everyone else of influence. More branches opened and Austin Reed quality clothes became available nationwide. Another world war came, an entirely new generation grew up and Austin Reed changed (if you will excuse the pun) to suit.

There's the Cue Shop, for example, which has the effect of making you discover you're a lot younger than you thought you were. So you'll find the most spiffing shirts, most tied-back of ties, trendiest trousers, zootiest suits and nattiest knitwear.

But are the old values dead? Certainly not, a cufflink's toss from Cue lies London's finest collection of traditional shirts and sweaters and ties and hosiery.

What's this, a whiff of fresh cut barley fields under a streaming Autumn moon? No, it's merely the Country and Riding Shop on the 1st Floor, bringing an authentic slice of the Home Counties into the cosmopolitan West End, as well as active sportswear and casual clothes of every description.

On the 2nd Floor must be the biggest and best collection of mens suits, everything from featherlight Summerweights to Chester Barrie hand mades – probably the finest suits in the world. Don't miss the Made-to-Measure Department – a haven of elegant quiet where a best London suit can be fitted to the ins and outs of the most sumptuous figure. It'll be made of the finest cloth – and will fit the owner like a glove.

But let us hurry to Floor 3 Options, entirely for women of today, a sophisticated, thoughtful collection of contemporary clothes, not for young girls, but not for elderly ladies either – there is nothing quite like Options anywhere else in town. If you are susceptible to our kind of mood we think you will enjoy it.

That's upstairs, what about downstairs?
Just on from the suitcases and umbrellas, a little past a splendid collection of shoes, you'll discover another London landmark. A genuine art deco barber's shop, resplendent in its chrome fittings and mirrors, elevating chairs of stupendous complexity and skilled barbers of dazzling tonsorial art.

Even if your Barnet doesn't need a top and tail (local slang, sorry), it's nevertheless worth a visit just to marvel.

In fact the entire store is worth a visit, for exactly the same reason.

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AUSTIN REED – STYLE

WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

(London Travel continued from page 292)

house—have their own bathrooms, garden views. For getting around town in style, the hotel has its own chauffeur and Rolls-Royce.

While 11 Cadogan Gardens celebrates London's Victorian past, London's Hotel Inter-Continental on Hyde Park Corner looks to the future. The Inter-Continental recently entered the twenty-first century with Britain's first "VideoConferencing" facility. This satellite link-up with the Inter-Continental in New York enables execs in the U.S. and England to meet face-to-face . . . via video. The hotel has also conducted surveys of the needs of women business travelers, made hairdryer and skirt-hanger additions to rooms, retrained staff.

Museum musts

On London's lively museum scene, a major coming attraction: the Tate Gallery's intense look at twentieth-century British artist John Piper, November 30 through January 24. . . . To see at the British Museum (besides those Elgin Marbles): Raphael drawings, October 13-January 15.

London's biggest museum news: the recent opening of the Henry Cole Wing at the Victoria & Albert Museum. This seven-story gallery complex showcases the extensive holdings of the V & A's Department of Prints, Drawings, Photographs & Paintings—includes a floor-full of Constables.

Also new at the V & A: The Boilerhouse Project—a dynamic show-space dedicated to the art of modern design—and a brand-new Costume Court.

Note: For lunch before or after a V & A visit: Brasserie St. Quentin, on Brompton Road, is flower-filled, very pretty, very French. Also nearby: The Bombay Brasserie—a glamorous new Indian restaurant.

More top tables

San Lorenzo—where fashion folk and established Sloane Rangers lunch Italian-style . . . Cecconi's—popular pasta place for decorators, publishing people, photographers, models . . . L'Escargot—attracts a similar lunch-bunch, especially its downstairs tables . . . The Dorchester hotel. The recently redone, Oriental-elegant Terrace Room is a beautiful place to enjoy top-chef Anton Mosimann's market-fresh menus . . . The Connaught. In this most British of London hotels, the best of British cuisine is served in the tiny (eleven-table) Grill or the grand oak-paneled Restaurant . . . Ma Cuisine—the most difficult reservation in town . . . Langan's Brasserie—Michael Caine/Peter Langan's ultra-"in" spot . . . Caprice—the "new Langan's," the most-visible place to be in London now.

Great days away

The day trip everyone wants to make from London now: Sutton Place—the circa 1525 English Renaissance mansion that was the home of the late American billionaire John Paul Getty, totally restored and redecorated by a new owner—and its work-of-art gardens can be seen, by appointment. Write: The Booking Secretary, Sutton Place Heritage Trust, near Guildford, Surrey, England GU4 7QV.

Another new day away: a fast fling aboard the recently revived Venice Simplon Orient-Express. From late April through early November, the restored carriages of the London/Folkestone section of this fabled train are being used for excursions into the British countryside. Tours include travel, lunch, traditional English tea, guides. Cost: $125-$165.

Note: For easy travels in and outside of London, American Express—with six London locations—has a batch of intriguing trips: from three-hour city-sees to full days in fabled British places such as Bath, Stratford, Stonehenge. Bon voyage! ▽

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THE WORLD'S END, *430 King's Road, SW6*

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THE CONNAUGHT, *16 Carlos Place, W1; tel: 499-7070*
THE DORCHESTER, *Park Lane, W1; tel: 629-8888*
ELEVEN CADOGAN GARDENS, *Sloane Square, SW3; tel: 730-3426*
FORTY-SEVEN PARK STREET, *47 Park Street, W1; tel: 491-7282*
HOTEL INTER-CONTINENTAL LONDON, *One Hamilton Place, W1; tel: 409-3131*
THE MAY FAIR HOTEL, *Berkeley St., WIA; tel: 629-7777*
THE PORTMAN INTER-CONTINENTAL, *22 Portman Square, W1; tel: 486-5844*
ST. JAMES'S CLUB, *7 Park Place, SW1; tel: 629-7688*
THE SAVOY, *Strand, WC2; tel: 836-4343*

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BERTORELLI'S, *44-A Floral Street, WC2; tel: 836-3969*
THE BOMBAY BRASSERIE, *Courtfield Close, SW7; tel: 370-4040*
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BY JOAN JULIET BUCK

The sky in Paris is part of the architecture, part of the city itself. Stirring cumuli and rearing thunderheads roil and arch above, symphonic and allusive, while between buildings the color of weather, the traffic storms at human life. The sky demands attention, not clamoring for it in tropic Technicolor, but drawing the eyes up with infinite variations of grey. The sunset through the roof of the Grand Palais is grey rose—a sight that has seduced large numbers of innocents into deciding to live in Paris. There's always a little milk in the sky, milk and ink.

From London, it all looked a little forbidding. The conservative British papers had made a meal of the Paris riots. These were convenient to the British just before their elections, as an example of the dreadful results of socialism. And yet phone calls to Paris friends elicited such answers as, "What riots?" and "Don't be silly."

The reality of life in Paris is that of tight-lipped bureaucracy, shops closed by government order at a certain hour, stunned shock at the meaning of economic difficulty. The much-awaited Paris World's Fair has just been cancelled for both political and economic reasons. The rigor of the new tax laws meant that the most women could allow themselves in terms of diverting fashion was a black T-shirt layered over a white one, with some silver metal earrings and miniskirts no longer than the height of an obi. Then Yannick Noah, a beautiful young man with dreadlocks, won the French Open at Roland-Garros Stadium, and I understood that the only local joy to be had in France would be through its new character as a melting pot. Noah is the son of a footballer from the Cameroons and a female French basketball champion. His victory gives great pride to the other Frenchmen from south of the Mediterranean, the Algerians and Africans.

African and Algerian music is wildly popular with the young, and instead of a Black Power movement, there's a drive towards a new jungle esthetic. Jean-Paul Goude, the former *Esquire* art director and creator of Grace Jones, has had such a success with his remarkable book *Jungle Fever*—a pictorial record of his obsession with black women—that the Minister of Women's Rights, Yvette Roudy, denounced the book's cover as offensive to women and racist as well. The cover of a popular comic book *cum* magazine, *L'Echo Des Savanes* (itself a title that implies safari, jungle) features a black body-building ballerina naked save for a grass tutu and point shoes with pompons. Another trendy magazine, *Actuel,* cites the wisdom of an African tribal elder. The current thing is for the white French to aspire to black pride. Without pushing the point too far, remember that Yves Saint Laurent, the first couturier to take fashion from the street and impose

Eugene Mihaesco

the caftan, was born in Algeria.

One can find the jivey new kind of third-world French in the cacophonous blue of shopping arcades, underground parking lots, suburban bars. One can see, almost too easily, films from Egypt and Iran and Algeria. A recent poll revealed that 90 percent of the French do not believe in sin; one does not know whether to take comfort from this information or opt for flight.

Having fled, I returned to concentrate only in luxury. Staying at the great hotels of Paris such as the Ritz, the Plaza Athénée, or the Crillon breeds a profound narcissism. When everything around you is perfect, you begin to think that you share in that perfection. You feel like a better person because your clothes are clean and pressed at all times, you take your bath in a marble room the size of a New York apartment, with Bach relayed on the stereo system (the Ritz), and you can never forget to wash your hair because every day two more small bottles of mild shampoo appear on your sink. The beds (peach sheets, mohair blankets at the Ritz) are an invitation to virginal serenity as well as to luxuriant coupling; and, whichever you choose, the prettiness and luxury around you confirms it as the right thing. There are charming surprises in these hotels. One February night, opening a window in the Plaza Athénée, it was the song of a nightingale and the startling softness of the courtyard air. In the Crillon, it's the papal lobby, as vast and solemn as an embassy, where you can drink as late as you want, surrounded by marble the color of Rocky Road ice cream. At the Ritz, it's the quality of the service: you don't have to sign for room service, they know who you are. If the newsstand is closed, it can be opened for you to browse. You can have hot chocolate and petits-fours in your room at three in the morning with three guests without the waiter's assuming that you are having an orgy. In the days of César Ritz, the staff were called Academicians. Still today, they demonstrate that manners and courtesy are delightful drugs that create a mood of self-assurance and euphoria in those who receive them.

Where one stays creates one's world. The Plaza Athénée hotel is in couture land, near Ungaro and Scherrer and Dior. At the Relais Plaza, one eats unserious little dishes that allow one to concentrate on gossip. At the Crillon, the world is the Place de la Concorde (where in June you could have watched nineteen hot-air balloons taking off on a stormy Sunday), and the American Embassy. At the Ritz, you own the Place Vendôme, which is as good as Saint Mark's Square (earlier, having been built in the time of Louis XIV, whereas Saint Mark's was finished off by Napoleon), and what it lacks in the way of basilicas it also blissfully lacks in gawkers. In the Place, one sees only the chauffeurs waiting for the charges, and the clients of the few banks and many jewelers: a game preserve for elegant life.

Thus pampered, made conscious of your own importance, you find yourself beset by a growing appetite for more luxury, more refinement . . . a selective hunger for the best. You care to dine only at Taillevent, because it is the best food; Le Grand Véfour, because its Empire panels under glass and its situation under the arcades of the Palais Royal make it the prettiest; or the restaurant of your hotel, because you are on a ship of luxury and to go ashore and mingle with the locals would be a little *(Continued on page 302)*

DESTINATION: PARIS

You go expecting the Eiffel Tower and romantic adventure, and what you find is never disappointing. From the Louvre to the Arc de Triomphe, along the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré and the Champs Élysées—Paris is a city richly supplied with pleasures to be seen, savored and, to the delight of every shopper, possessed.

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E **BONPOINT,** 65-67, rue de l'Université, 75007
F **MAUD FRIZON,** 83, rue des Saints Pères, 75006
G **SONIA RYKIEL,** 70, rue du Faubourg Saint Honoré, 75008
H **CHARVET,** 28, place Vendôme, 75001
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K **LEO MARCIANO,** 19, rue François Ier, 75008
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O **REVILLON,** 42, rue la Boétie, 75008
P **SABBIA ROSA,** 71-73, rue des Saints Pères, 75006
Q **MORABITO,** 1, place Vendôme, 75001
R **LOUIS VUITTON,** 78 bis, avenue Marceau, 75008
S **HERMES,** 24, rue du Faubourg Saint Honoré, 75008
T **CARTIER,** 7, place Vendôme, 75001
U **CHRISTIAN DIOR,** 30, avenue Montaigne, 75008
V **GIVENCHY,** 3, avenue George V, 75008
W **LANVIN,** 22, rue du Faubourg Saint Honoré, 75008
X **PIERRE CARDIN,** 29, rue du Faubourg Saint Honoré, 75008
Y **GUY LAROCHE,** 29, avenue Montaigne, 75008
Z **LANCEL,** 8, place de l'Opéra, 75009
a **NINA RICCI,** 39, avenue Montaigne, 75008
b **SIGNES DE ROCHAS,** 33, rue François Ier, 75008
c **GALERIES LAFAYETTE,** 40, boulevard Haussmann, 75009
d **COURREGES,** 40, rue François Ier, 75008
e **PRINTEMPS,** 64, boulevard Haussmann, 75009
f **JEAN-CHARLES BROSSEAU,** 2, rue du Bouloi, 75001
g **ENRICO COVERI,** place des Victoires (corner of rue d'Aboukir), 75002
h **AUX TROIS QUARTIERS,** 17, boulevard de la Madeleine, 75009
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WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

(Continued from page 299)

too much like real life. For the exquisite creature that you have become, real life is unnecessary. The neon and jukebox point of view no longer applies.

A dark green alligator belt beckons from Hermès; your florist, in the words of the *cocotte,* is now Cartier. The shopping hemisphere of the brain is stimulated: the exquisite creature needs to be exquisitely clothed and scented. Guerlain is nearby, bless it. Here you can be persuaded to try their new "Jardins de Bagatelle" or simply stock up on "Après L'Ondée"—which, as an exquisite creature, you always wear and use up in great quantities. You go to Charvet because they made George Sand's shirts, because Denis Colban has a great deal to teach you about the subtleties of *pochoirs* and shirting stripes, because the ties are the ones that Sebastian Flyte introduced Charles Ryder to in TV's *Brideshead Revisited,* the first of many addictions. In their new premises near the Rue de la Paix, Charvet mingles male and female dandyism on every floor. Soft thick silk sweaters, cuff links of knotted silk balls in every color, robes of striped shirting all belong to a world without Chinese laundries, where your valet will look after the three impeccable tucks at each shoulder of your shirts and make sure that only white is washed with white.

And then there is the renewed allure of Chanel, where Karl Lagerfeld now designs the couture. The exquisite creature should have at least one suit and one evening dress from Chanel, but the apprentice can inhale some joy from the boutique, where the earrings, necklaces, and pins will at least be able to suggest the style. Frances Stein, the American who designs this collection, explains the harmonic ratios of costume jewelry: Pearls are strung in rows separated from each other at the perfect distance to allow the "Dimitri" to hang in splendor. The Dimitri is the reproduction of Chanel's ruby and emerald necklace from Grand Duke Dimitri, an object of great beauty. Necklaces, says Ms. Stein, should be either "high and priest-ish, just on the collarbone, or layered." Most of the stones are red and green: paste looks richest, strongest, when it's bright.

Having succumbed to male and female frivolities, one proceeds to purify the spirit in the general direction of the Musée du Louvre. First, an amble under the arches of the Rue de Rivoli, where one can stop in at Angélina for tea and cold chicken, and then at Galignani to look at the latest

publications in French and English, and leaf through the heavy art books that come boxed in grey cardboard. There is no end to the amount of stuff an exquisite creature can require, and in Paris no end to the amount of things that can be found for exquisite needs. Cassegrain paper, for instance. A determination to be exquisite to the tips of my fingers impelled me to order reams of flesh-smooth paper there. With printing, of course. With cards, obviously. And envelopes. As I sat in a buttoned leather chair leafing through typeface patterns, the assistant pulled out a sheet with "Jane Stanton Hitchcock" printed on it. A college friend from New York. Dammit, someone's gotten to exquisite before me!

There is exquisite entertainment, of course. Rameau's *Les Indes Galantes,* directed by the Italian Pier Luigi Pizzi with his own designs for sets and costumes that were the best of the eighteenth century that Tirelli could offer. Exquisite pleasure, on the minor order of the petit-four, to be found in certain turns of mind, such as when Bernard Pivot, moderator on the bookish talk show *Apostrophes,* turns to one of his guests, a heart surgeon, and inquires: "Has it ever happened that you have used 'heart' as a metaphor in ordinary conversation?" Exquisite company, such as when Bettina Rheims, the photographer, takes me to lunch at her father's apartment. Maurice Rheims was the chief auctioneer in France, wrote the book that brought Art Nouveau back and a series of books on the love of objects. He's now a member of the Académie Française, the most exquisite institution of all, whose forty elected members have been amending the definitive dictionary of the French language since the seventeenth century. The lunch is a superior occasion: Maurice Rheims has fine paintings (one would expect nothing else) and strange objects—Viennese silver Turks, the box that Balzac had made to house the letters he received from Madame Hanska. The other *(Continued on page 305)*

When everything around you is perfect, you begin to think you share in that perfection

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WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

(Continued from page 303)

guests are all men, two of them fellow academicians—Jean d'Ormesson and Jean-Jacques Gautier—and the third the mysterious Louis Pauwels, who once wrote about flying saucers and telephones in the graves of Rosicrucians, and now edits the right-wing *Figaro* magazine. Academicians at lunch talk about the same thing that all writers talk about, to wit, other writers: not quite so exquisite, but familiar and reassuring.

After lunch, the three Academicians cross the river to join the Thursday session on the dictionary. They are on the letter H.

(One may not be able to reproduce the paintings, the setting, the food, but the chocolates with coffee are Fouquet, who by a miracle of self-control do not yet have a store in New York, and can be found on the Rue Laffitte.)

Maurice Rheims takes me to the Manet exhibition, which is drawing reverent crowds. The earlier canvases are chocolate, the later ones sapphire and gold. He points out the relationships between Manet and Goya, the canvases that are nudges at Delacroix, homages to Rubens, nods at Vermeer. For him, everything connects: to the practiced eye, everything must connect.

On the Left Bank is the Musée d'Orsay, scheduled to open in 1987. Its collection will connect the Louvre and Beaubourg by honoring the period from 1848 to 1914, the romantics to the Fauves. Born as a train station, it served as the set for Orson Welles's version of Kafka's *The Trial.* The Milanese architect Gae Aulenti is in charge of redesigning it. The vaulted ceiling is at present lined with black plastic, the space beneath the old tracks is being drained and waterproofed, and right now it looks like a good set for any Eastern European film one could think of making.

On the Right Bank, in the Louvre's Pavillon di Marsan, a museum of fashion is being inserted into upper floors. This will open in 1985. Here, the exquisite creature will be able to compare herself with her former incarnations. The Minister of Culture himself declared that fashion was part of culture: thus the exquisite creature, bent on shopping, is not wasting her time.

In Paris this year, one can be a concerned student of socialism at work, or the exquisite creature. This latter requires not only cash, but maturity. One must learn to take the smooth with the rough. ▽

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SHOPPING: MAP OF THE PLEASURES

Extravagant gestures of haute-couture jewels, tall tulips, or perfume from gilded Baccarat urns... dining by Richelieu's palace...beribboned packages as works of art... entire wardrobes ordered from a YSL notebook

BY KATHLEEN MADDEN

In Paris, matters of detail, of presentation are highly respected and perfected pursuits: for oneself, for food, a package ribbon. At Fouquet, the smallest package is wrapped with proud care; the pleating of a round tin's paper, an art. Fouquet is Paris's grand *confiseur*: for some sixty years, Fouquet has fed sweets and other confections to the best of Parisians. In their shop off Avenue Montaigne, handmade chocolate bars, chocolate logs and squares compete for your consumption with the best of jellies, candied fruits, pale pebbled hard candies.

Avenue Montaigne quickly makes one believe in the gilded life. This is home of much of the couture—of Dior, Emanuel Ungaro, Guy Laroche, Hanae Mori. Gold and glass antique Baccarat perfume urns dispense your chosen scent from gold spigots at Parfums Caron; pale face powders here are the sorts to be applied only with down puffs. And more and more young girls, says my Caron saleswoman, are choosing that powder.

A *vendeuse* at Christian Dior wears silk: a short dress in butternut yellow, mustard, or jade green. She plies you with the best of Dior: everything from the essential short flirty evening dress to a man's herringbone socks to the most perfect dress for the most perfect *bébé*. Should the child require a printed diaper cover, Porthault has exactly that: a print to match your Porthault bed linens, table linens, china, *peignoir*.

Avenue Montaigne is fashion: the fashionable Plaza-Athénée hotel with its rouge-red awnings, Ungaro boutique—all brass and gleaming glass. Valentino Piu stocks the fashionable household. Turn left from your Plaza-Athénée door and there's an appropriately jewel-size Bulgari shop. Isabel Canovas has silver-studded black jasper cuffs, broad hip-cinching belts, a blue-glass interior as chic as any in Paris. Les Signes de Rochas—nearby on Rue François-1er—has geometric earrings, black ribbed-rubber luggage—the rubber that's eminently fashionable now in Paris. The Rochas subtle point: suitcase edges and interiors are where black leather appears.

Detail.

At Cartier, on the Rue de la Paix, Louis Cartier's own notebooks from early in the century are lovingly preserved; when added to detailed sketches and photographs of every Cartier piece ever made, they form a precious archive for modern Cartier designers, for researchers. "They keep Cartier in touch with its past," says Cartier president, Alain Dominique Perrin. They are, in fact, a history of modern jewelry.

In Paris, Les Must de Cartier—the "boutique" watches, sunglasses, sleek lighters, and leather accessories—are housed in one side of 13 rue de la Paix; they are also sold at over a hundred shops across the world. The "important" jewels—haute-couture-level jewels—are sold only at Cartier. And "important" jewels, often, are still why other nationals—the Italians, Americans, Germans—come to Cartier. Most specifically, Cartier Paris.

And the jewels are there, spectacularly: the Panthère lighter—"the most precious lighter in the world," a pavéed diamond, sapphire, and platinum affair in a panther shape, the panther with emerald eyes. The Mystère clocks—where inner workings seemingly do not exist. The new Santos watches—totally covered in diamonds—that Cartier customers had demanded.

Rue de la Paix, Place Vendôme, Faubourg-Saint-Honoré: this is the most luxurious shopping real estate in Paris. On Faubourg-Saint-Honoré

(Continued on page 309)

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LE MEURICE

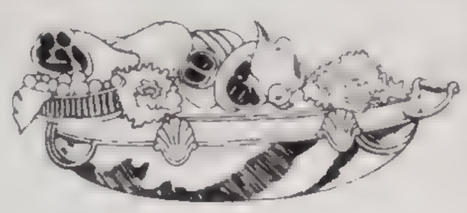
As befits one of the great palace hotels of Paris, the Meurice boasts a superb restaurant stylishly decorated in a romantic dark green and offering the new lighter style of cuisine.

Specialities include Médaillons de Lotte Safranée aux Navets (monkfish in saffron with a puree of turnips), tiny veal escalopés with morilles, a delicious fresh wood mushroom, and liver cooked with pistachios and sherry wine. The chef's Palette de Mignons de Boeuf aux Dix Couleurs is typical of the great attention paid to the presentation of each dish and the salads and vegetables have that market-fresh feeling about them. A popular French starter is Chavignol Rôti sur Toast et Salade Croquante, a goat cheese lightly toasted and served with a crispy frizzy salad. Or you can choose Bouquet d'Ecrevisses et Langoustines or Pétales de Saint-Jacques au Citron Vert.

An unusual detail: to cater for the needs of sophisticated modern travellers the restaurant at the Meurice offers the same superb menu from lunchtime through the afternoon until dinner, last orders taken at 22.30.

Rôtisserie Rivoli

The Rôtisserie Rivoli is a Normandy-style restaurant specialising in charcoal grills with a wide choice of other specialities including light modern dishes such as Salade tiède de Saint Jacques aux trois brunoises (warm scallop salad with celery, tomato and avocados) and terrine de homard au coulis de corail, (terrine of lobster with coral sauce). The restaurant is situated on the Rue de Rivoli with its own entrance and is fully air-conditioned: in the summer, it extends into the inner courtyard of the Inter-Continental Paris, where it is known as the Terrasse Fleurie. In winter however,



the Rôtisserie Rivoli is famous for its grills which are prepared on a huge farmhouse style cooking range in the restaurant: ribs of beef, rolled lamb, veal steak with lemon, and fillet of brill. The wine list is based on one of the finest examples of a wine cellar in the world: endless panelled corridors stocked with a huge selection of fine wines from Burgundy and Bordeaux. The dessert trolley at the Rôtisserie Rivoli has two popular attractions: Marquise au chocolat amer sauce café (chocolate mousse with coffee sauce) and feuilleté tiède aux amande (warm almond puff pastry).

Restaurant Opéra

Everyone loves the Café de la Paix but did you know that just round the corner facing the Opera is a luxury restaurant under the same direction? It's run by Alan Meyrueis and the chef was designated "meilleur ouvrier de France" in 1979. Four years later he hasn't lost his touch: as a starter he recommends Salade de Lotte et Avocats au Poivron Doux or a salad made from fresh pasta and shellfish. Fish dishes include Sole Poêlée Bûcheronne and a Panaché de Poissons Grillés sur Fondue de Tomates à l'Estragon (grilled fish on a base of tomatoes flavoured with tarragon). As a main course there is an impressive Trois Mignons d'Opéra Sauce Velours or for enthusiasts veal kidneys Flambés Café de la Paix, whose influence can also be discerned amongst the great range of sorbets and ice creams.

The decor of the Restaurant L'Opera, as befits its name, is sumptuous and traditional, with all the mirrors, gilt and marble of a bygone age.

LE PRINCE DE GALLES

If you like eating in the open air on a fine day, you must discover the restaurant in the interior courtyard of the Prince de Galles, one of the finest examples of thirties "art retro" decoration in Paris. This private courtyard is quite stunning for lunch, with a mass of pink and white flowers, and there's clever low-key lighting for dinner.

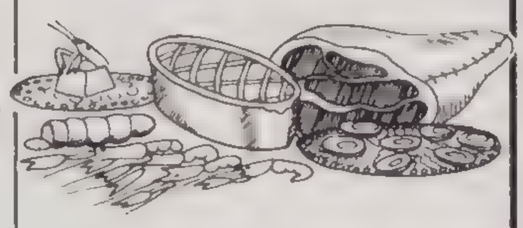
To match the spectacular setting, the new chef has introduced a light creative menu that is an interesting simplification of the great French tradition. Like many of the leading chefs of the day, he's heavily into fish, for instance Civet de baudroie aux petites nouilles and he also does a lobster à l'americaine. You could try a delicious snail salad, a tongue salad or foie gras au torchon raisins à l'eau-de-vie.

Meat dishes include a chopped beef fillet with baies roses, little spicy but not hot pink peppers. Or there's breast of guinea fowl with a coulis of sweet peppers and a very interesting fricasse of lamb steak and sweetbreads.

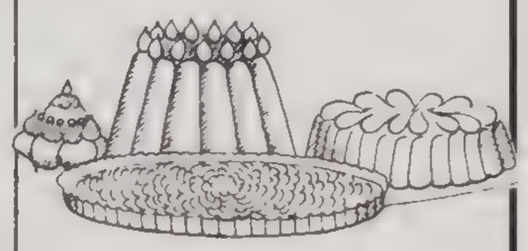
The restaurant has a fine wine list (including a Château Loudenne '79, and Château Giscours '78) with a particular emphasis on light summer wines to go with lunch or dinner in the courtyard: wines from Alsace, a selection of Beaujolais, which can be drunk slightly chilled, four rosés and not one but four still blanc de blancs from Champagne country.

LE LOTTI

The Lotti is a small luxury hotel near the Place Vendôme popular with upscale writers and travellers. Its Grill is decorated in the masculine tradition, with dark panelling and comfortable banquettes. The rather clubby British atmosphere belies the classic cuisine: traditional French cooking with a truly extensive menu. There's snails from Burgundy, foie gras from Strasbourg, Beluga caviare from the Caspian, Parma Ham and pâté de grives sur toast. Main courses include a fillet of sole with whisky sauce, calfs liver with bacon or raisins, sirloin steaks with maître d'hôtel butter or Bordelaise and lots of other grills. The chef at the Lotti often has a light lamb curry on the menu and there are



other daily specialities to choose from: brochettes de moules, pot-au-feu aux fruits de mer, or filet de barbue à l'oseille. There is an excellent cheese board or you can finish your meal with another speciality: crêpes or a soufflé (chocolate or vanilla) for two persons, or just an Irish coffee.



WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

(Paris Shopping continued from page 306)

one can go from Chloé's best-in-fashion to Hermès best-leather smells, give oneself over—with total abandon—to Carita: in this polished-white beauty world, two *chausseurs* are employed strictly to fetch clients' needs in coffee, Champagne, salads, or steak sandwiches. Women, once fed, can then spend the day being pampered: with manicures, massage, haircuts—the works, the pleasures.

Presentation, in Paris, means wonders simply in the appearance of shops. Chanel's own particular piece of the world—on the Rue Cambon—is all lacquer black, glass vitrines, quiet-voiced customers; Charvet—shirtmakers to the world—is decorated by bolts of seductive stripings, soft white lawn, the most abundant and beautiful shirting fabrics anywhere. A butternut-colored canopy on the Rue de la Paix reads "Poiray" in elegant blue script: Inside, precious stones—emerald beads, black pearls—are the basis of the most modern of jewels. New Poiray black-gold earrings are each inset with a heart-shaped emerald, hung with a single pearl.

The Madeleine—classically grand, somewhat grandiose, the great columned church of Paris that once nearly was transformed into a bank—is surrounded by some of Paris's most elegant boutiques. Their theme, remarkable food. Fauchon's gallery of shops caters, equally, to one's need for *canard à l'orange* or Taco shells, *terrine de foie gras* or Kellogg's Crispi.

Boutiques of precious foodstuffs spread out, from the Madeleine, to the Rue Vignon, to Tanrade, maker of remarkable chocolates. The sign in the window of La Maison du Miel, on the same street, lists twenty-four different kinds of French honey. You can find every conceivable cheese at La Ferme Saint-Hubert, walk away with a sandwich of warm brie. Parisians line out the door for Le Fournil de Pierre's breads.

Some one hundred thousand people come, each day, to Galeries Lafayette: they come for the fashion boutiques, the perfumes and cosmetics (over a million different items-worth), for the sheer massiveness, abundance, French-style dazzle.

Galeries Lafayette's two fashion floors have been jazzed up, redecorated, newly redone. Paved *allées* and marquee lights now guide you from boutique to boutique, keep you from being lost on the grand-size floors. Sportswear and separates, advance fashion, and *le jogging* are the first floor's lure. (We Americans might call it "second.") The French names follow fast one upon another, here: Kenzo, Mugler, Azzedine Alaïa, Comme des Garçons, Dorothée Bis. One more floor up are the "classics": YSL, Dior, Tarlazzi, Rykiel. They're all here—in one spot—and easily at hand. (An American friend comes to Paris each year, roams the Left Bank for shoes; for clothes, she simply comes to Galeries Lafayette.)

The store, it seems, belongs to the Bloomingdale's "school": Shopping today is grand entertainment. This fall, for the fourth year, there's a Festival de la Mode. Timed to open immediately before October's Paris *prêt-à-porter* shows, the Festival sponsors its own fashion shows, videos, designer-discussion events, specially commissioned *(Continued page 312)*

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WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

(Paris Shopping continued from page 309)

fashion. This year's dates: October 7-19.

An interesting Galeries Lafayette adjunct, these days, is the Boutique Lafayette: what's interesting is that it's at 11 rue Scribe—in the American Express office, Paris meeting-place, it seems, of much of America. For requisite take-homes, there are Dior and Lanvin scarves and ties, bottles of YSL Opium Parfum, Mont Blanc pens. After booking a day-tour to Malmaison, cashing traveler's checks, you've an eminently easy way to solve presents-needs.

What I miss—American that I am—are the American Express Travelers Cheque machines. Added travel insurance and baggage insurance both have their appeals . . . but those handy little machines have gotten me enough cash at JFK for an after-flight taxi home, allowed me enough travelers cheques to add Los Angeles onto a Chicago trip. The machine network, I find, exists solely in North America: it comes to Europe within the next year. At 11 rue Scribe, cash advances on an American Express card are transacted by hand.

And still, it seems, I may get through Paris.

Paris inspires the extravagant gesture. Once, much as I yearned for four dozen endlessly stemmed tulips—and the marble pedestal to put them on—from Lachaume, I admitted true indulgence when I saw it: I consoled myself with five pairs of shoes from Rue du Four shops instead. Shoes, unlike tulips, serve a clear and useful purpose in one's life.

And St.-Germain's Rue du Four has some of the most irresistible—and generally inexpensive—shoes to be found anywhere.

The Rue du Four is a main shopping artery of the Left Bank: one comes here for Reminiscence's chain bracelets, for La Bagagerie working bags, for Andréa Pfister's nighttime shoes—shoe jewels for a night of dancing. Rue Bonaparte's Fabrice then provides the coral drops for the ears. Tiny precious rings layer, quite lovingly, on your fingers.

Left Bank life is easier-going, warmer, the streets less austere than the Right Bank's. Store façades here are less coolly haughty than across the river. A Sabbia Rosa clerk may follow you and ostensibly straighten her wares after each finger brush; but this small shop's lacquered walls are rosy, the pink cushioned couch cheering. And Sabbia Rosa has more satin and lace lingerie of a selfishly pleasing sort than you'll find almost anywhere.

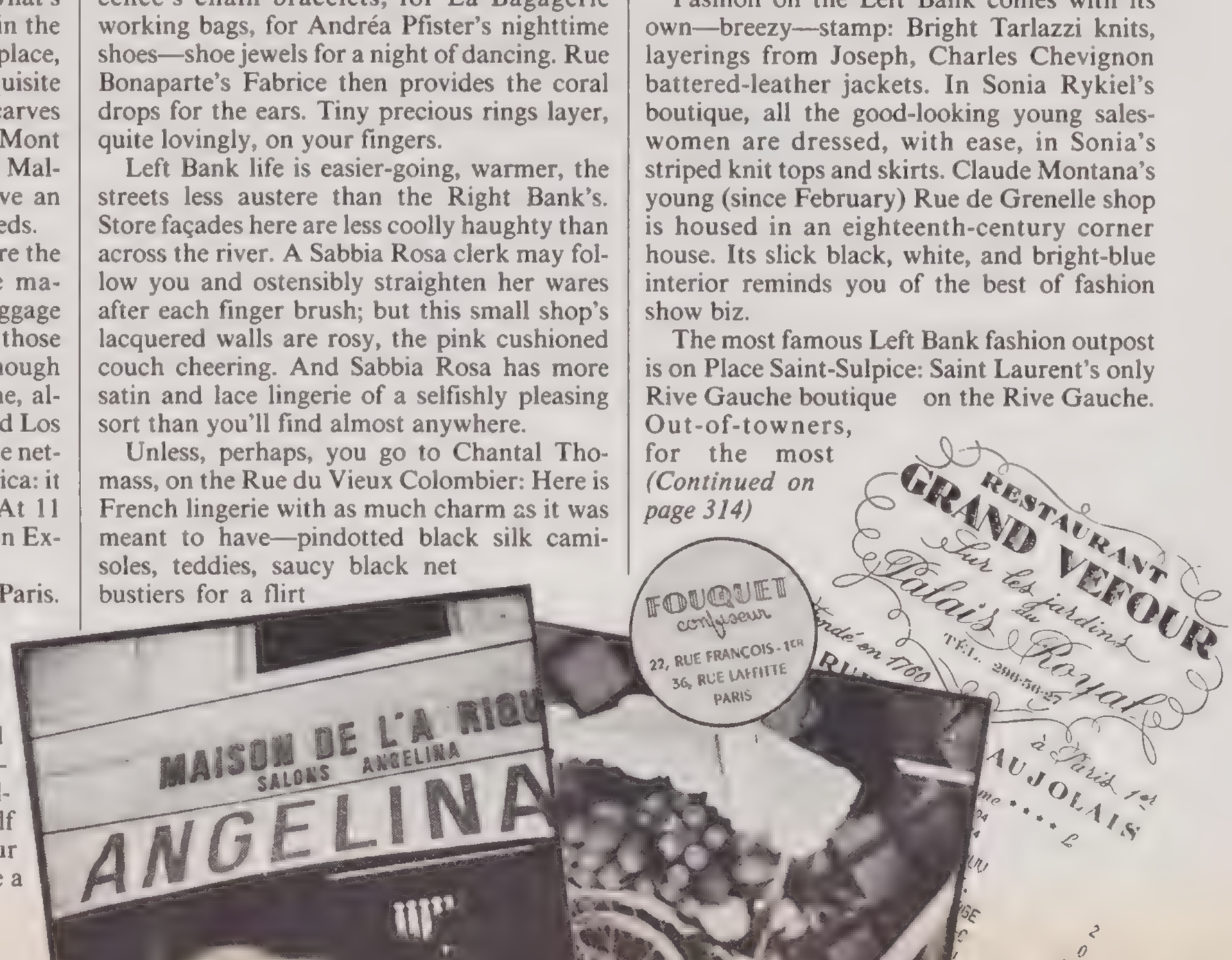
Unless, perhaps, you go to Chantal Thomass, on the Rue du Vieux Colombier: Here is French lingerie with as much charm as it was meant to have—pindotted black silk camisoles, teddies, saucy black net bustiers for a flirt . . . or a dance hall.

The coquette lives, thank God—and she probably gets her antique nail buffer at Beauté Divine. Under the ceiling fan, there are crystal perfume bottles, ivory-backed brushes, items to cover an Art Deco dressing table.

Fashion on the Left Bank comes with its own—breezy—stamp: Bright Tarlazzi knits, layerings from Joseph, Charles Chevignon battered-leather jackets. In Sonia Rykiel's boutique, all the good-looking young saleswomen are dressed, with ease, in Sonia's striped knit tops and skirts. Claude Montana's young (since February) Rue de Grenelle shop is housed in an eighteenth-century corner house. Its slick black, white, and bright-blue interior reminds you of the best of fashion show biz.

The most famous Left Bank fashion outpost is on Place Saint-Sulpice: Saint Laurent's only Rive Gauche boutique on the Rive Gauche. Out-of-towners, for the most

(Continued on page 314)



Paris Guy Laroche

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PARIS : GUY LAROCHE BOUTIQUE
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GUY LAROCHE BOUTIQUE
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WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

(Paris Shopping continued from page 312)

part, head to a "Rive Gauche" shop on the Right Bank: on Avenue Victor Hugo, the Faubourg St.-Honoré, or Champs Élysées. Neighborhood women—many of them also couture customers—come to St.-Sulpice: for YSL tailoring, for dresses, accessories, and furs, for their season's wardrobe. Even before a season's clothes arrive at St.-Sulpice, there's a book of runway shots, sketches, and fabric swatches. Savvy women come to Madame Martineau, the store's *directrice*, immediately after a season's show. They order ahead from her YSL notebook.

Rue de Paradis, by the sound of it, should promise wondrous things. A street of sturdy china shops and wholesalers barely seems adequate. And yet, should I ever need a hundred place settings or so for my *hôtel particulier* I'd gladly come here: almost every shop on this Tenth-Arrondissement street on the Right Bank is a specialist in china, porcelain, crystal, or brass. They're all here—Limoges, Christofle, Bernardaud—the grandest French makers of things for one's table. Baccarat's tall ceiling is girded with steel beams but also lit by the most opulent of chandeliers; table upon table here is laden with crystal. One walks with held breath . . . or roams the glass-cased Baccarat museum without care, ogling chosen glassware patterns of, among others, Franco, Queen Wilhelmina of The Netherlands, the Imperial family of Japan.

To go from Baccarat to Beaubourg, from Limoges to Les Halles, makes some geographic sense; but for one's senses in general, there's too much shock. Les Halles streets are too busy, shops generally too trendy after the bastions of French tableware. But there's vitality in the pleasant clamor, offbeat good humor in Free Lance's shoes or in Scooter's jewelry. Boutiques and kids here begin trends. And Agnès B. has some of the best—most accessible—sportswear in Paris.

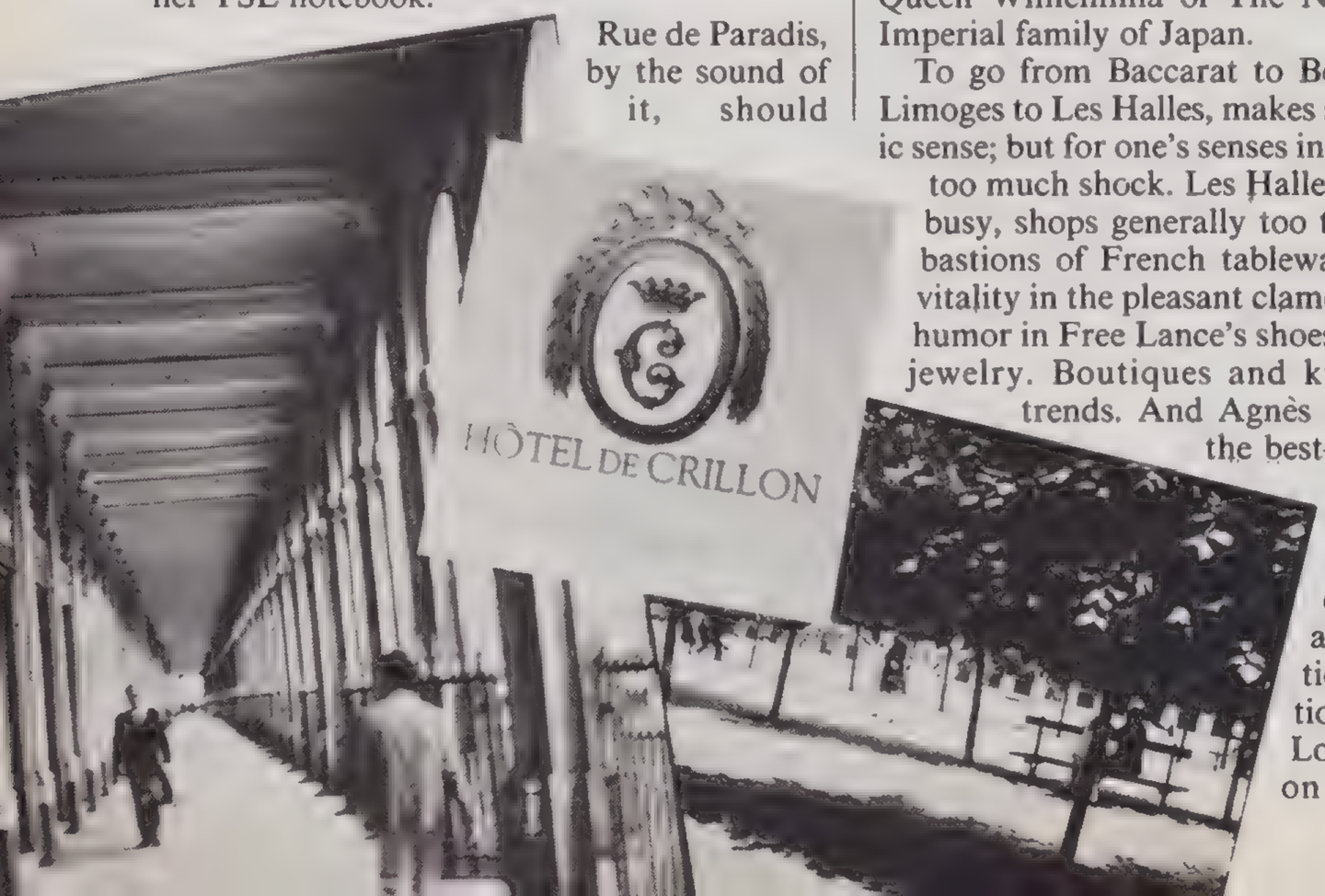
The Place des Victoires is a better transition from tradition: a reassuring Louis XIV statue on horseback makes the focal point of this lovely seventeenth-century round *place*. Louis piled up victories against Spain and Holland, set the *place's* name. The two shops called Victoire pretty much set the store-style, now; innovative fashion, but nothing outlandish. Victoire has clothes from Montana, Tarlazzi, Jean-Paul Gaultier; a black body-hugging Azzedine Alaïa dress takes over a Victoire windowfront.

On Place des Victoires, you can go from Stéphane Kélian's shoes to Kenzo to Thierry Mugler with ease, go just off the *place* to Tokio Kumagaï. On the nearby Rue Etienne-Marcel, Yohji Yamamoto sits across the street from Comme des Garçons' starkly black-and-white Rei Kawakubo-designed shop, forming a sort of Right Bank Japan. Au Bain Marie, on Rue Hérold, mixes with great style new, old, and retro pleasures, mostly tableware: cutwork or appliquéd linens, old caned hampers, silvery cocktail shakers, plump *pots de crèmes*.

In Paris, one's mind never strays very far from the important things. In the French scheme, that most often means eating. Of all French occupations, eating may well be the best. If not actually that, then outfitting the experience—or talking it.

Given the choice, I prefer the real thing. In this part of Paris, that's Le Grand Véfour.

Grand Véfour sits at the north end of the Palais Royal's arcade: the *palais* built by Richelieu, a *palais* that, through the years, has seen prostitutes, rabble-rousers, Colette—a generally up-and-down history. Véfour began here as a café in 1760; *(Continued on page 316)*



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WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

(Paris Shopping continued from page 314)

its interior is one of the most beautiful in the world. Grand Véfour has a Jean Cocteau-sketched menu cover, a small brass plaque, over a banquette, that says "Victor Hugo."

He ate well—and richly, I have no doubt of that. Grand Véfour has not stooped to *nouvelle*: tubby raspberries here come with a soup tureen of *crème fraîche* and sauces are far from low-cholesterol.

But among the dark wood and heavy red curtains are glorious bright painted canvas panels covered with glass; the fresh lettuces, cabbages, and peppers massed in a display near the door have the abundant beauty of a Dutch still-life painting. Outside in the arcade, old mosaic floor tiles still proclaim long-gone shopowner's names. Tradition lives quietly in the Palais Royal.

The shops that surround the Palais Royal gardens stock music boxes, old stamps, antique jewels, grandiose beribboned medals and orders. Strong sunlight makes Impressionist patterns on *allée* trees. A yellow-haired toddler digs in a Palais Royal sandpile.

There are, to put it bluntly, great diggings in antiques at Le Louvre des Antiquaires on the Place du Palais Royal. And the setup itself is a novel notion: a modern gleaming city gallery/shopping mall. In Paris. Where the Grand Magasin de Louvre once stood. And that mall stocking only the old, the beautiful, the collectible.

The head reels.

At Le Louvre des Antiquaires, soft classical guitar music replaces pop Muzak. Dark cool *allées* are lined with small glass-fronted shops. The shops—250 of them, on three floors—are dedicated not to homey "collectibles" but to eminently desirables: fine French furniture, rich leather-bound books; each floor alone can happily fill half a day.

And that half-day should be punctuated, in some part, by a stop at Angélina's, Paris's Rue de Rivoli tearoom *par-excellence.* Beyond the pastries—beyond the hot chocolate like melted mousse—the clientele is invariably rich or rich-in-watching. Angélina's tables are small, gilded and green marble set among muraled walls.

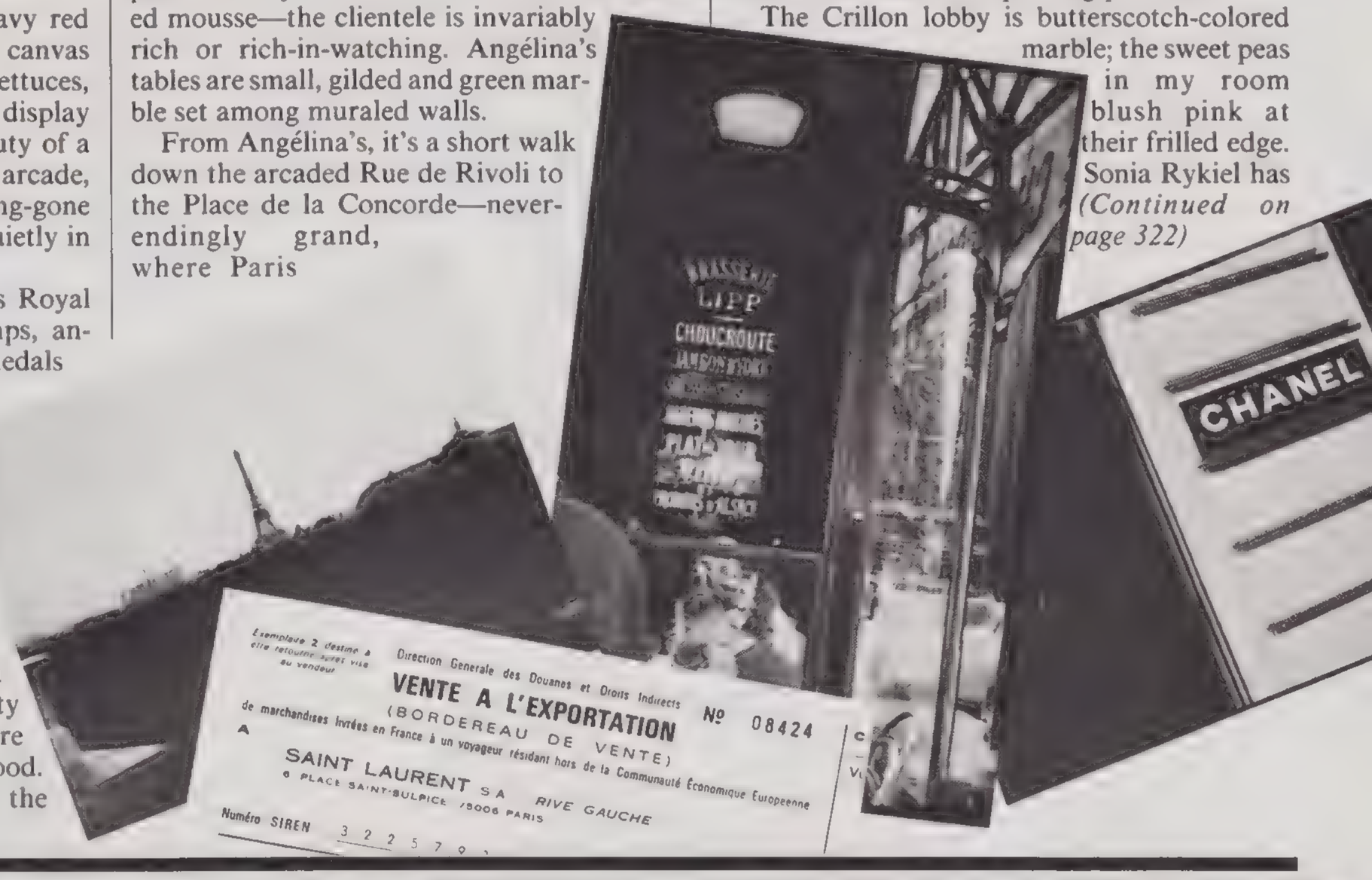
From Angélina's, it's a short walk down the arcaded Rue de Rivoli to the Place de la Concorde—never-endingly grand, where Paris often, quite literally, comes together.

On the Place de la Concorde, all converge: The Tuileries, the museums. The American Embassy, the Hôtel de Crillon. This square is where the Revolution's guillotine once stood; the Place de la Concorde for all its bloody history—and architectural grandiloquence—somehow is not inhuman.

Sunglassed and holstered bodyguards hover between the U.S. Embassy and the Crillon, waiting for their own particular statesman or politician to appear. The Crillon doorman deals with unsolvable parking problems.

The Crillon lobby is butterscotch-colored marble; the sweet peas in my room blush pink at their frilled edge. Sonia Rykiel has

(Continued on page 322)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WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

(Paris Shopping continued from page 316)

redecorated Crillon rooms with great charm as befits this outpost of the eighteenth century: pale carpeting, traditional furnishings, molding details on walls and balcony shutters in my room are picked out in pale aqua paint. From that balcony below me are the Tuileries, the Embassy, the Eiffel Tower, Paris's grey roofs. A granite gargoyle is my nearest neighbor.

(Shopping details, page 333) ▽

■

TRAVEL PARIS: WHAT'S NEW IN TOWN

BY RICHARD ALLEMAN

Each fall, it seems, Paris begins again, starts fresh, offers up the possibility of glittering goings-on—or beautiful refuge. Paris, invariably, takes us in. Witness, this season, Rudolf Nureyev.

Paris was Nureyev's first base, in 1961, after jumping the Kirov; this fall, Paris welcomes him fondly as the new director of the Paris Opera Ballet. With promises of new works, new choreographers, and new life to the company, Nureyev begins the fall season choreographing/directing/starring in a new production of Alexander Glazunov's *Raymonda,* on November 5 (performances are scheduled through December 13). A Nureyev classic, *Don Quixote,* opens November 17, continues in repertory through January 14. Among the surprises up his sleeve for 1984: a new Nureyev *Swan Lake,* Balanchine's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* brought to Paris, Roland Petit's *Le Fantôme de L'Opéra.*

Tip: For après-ballet (or opera) dining, Vaudeville—1920s decor, marbled/mirrored walls, lively terrace, seafood specialties—is not far from the Paris Opéra, takes orders until 12:30 A.M. Opera and ballet buffs also crowd the "National Landmark" Café de la Paix—directly across from the Opéra—both before and after shows.

Grand hotels—even grander

Over the last few years, those lovely doyennes, Paris' famed palace hotels, have been slowly, quietly undergoing major face lifts. Now, with most of the work finished, these gilded ladies look lovelier than they have in years. Rooms have been restored to former French grandeur, air-conditioned, modernized; restaurants have taken on brilliant young chefs, innovative new menus; some hotels have even added—or are adding—new health club/sauna/swimming pool complexes as a nod, it seems, to today's SST-paced world.

For the moment, the poshest pool in town is on the Bristol's rooftop: This nautical-fantasy room (designed by C. F. Pinnau, who decorated yachts for both Onassis and Niarchos) has varnished wood walls and floor, *trompe l'oeil* murals of sails and blue sky. An open-air sun deck looks out on Paris's slate roofs.

Also new at the Bristol—where over $20 million has been spent on renovations in the last three years: a whole new wing—La Résidence—with thirty-six enormous rooms and suites (some with terraces) . . . plus a sunny, white-colonnaded Garden Restaurant with light *nouvelle*-style food, views of the changing light on the hotel's green lawn. In cooler weather, the oval-shaped "Le Bristol" room takes over: the dining's among paneled walls, tapestries, crystal chandeliers.

If you're looking for a pool: the Royal Monceau—far up the Champs-Elysées, between the Arc de Triomphe and the Parc Monceau—has just installed Paris's newest hotel health club, with swimming pool, as well as the city's first grand-hotel squash court! More news at the Royal Monceau: the popular (especially at lunchtime) garden restaurant, now encased in a beautiful glass bubble, will be open year-round . . . and, to open later this month, the

hotel's new Le Royal restaurant will be one of the few places in Paris serving top-notch Northern Italian cuisine.

Hotel dining does not mean "hotel food"

Most Americans consider hotel dining a last resort; Parisians meet friends, flirt, drink, and dine in hotel grills and gardens. Some of the best food—in the most beautiful setting—can be found, now, in Paris hotels . . . with, of course, the impeccable service one finds only in France.

The news at the Crillon is a newly awarded—much coveted—second Michelin star, for the rarefied food served up in the eye-dazzling Salon des Ambassadeurs overlooking the Place de la Concorde. In warm-weather months, the same Crillon cuisine is presented in the hotel's newly restored courtyard restaurant: at night, a spotlit outdoor enclave of manicured bushes, grey-and-white-striped umbrellas, white tablecloths.

The Ritz's recently revamped Espadon Grill, too, has pegged a second Michelin star; and, as part of the hotel's grand renovations (on the drawing board, a health club and swimming pool), the tiny Ritz Hemingway Bar is newly reopened. At the nearby Meurice hotel, the Salon Pompadour—one of the city's grandest mosaic-floored sitting rooms—is *the* place to be in Paris at teatime.

More places to be

For the best people-watching now, head to one of Paris's most popular places for lunch and/or dinner: The Relais Plaza (especially at lunch—or after the theater)—the luxe, transatlantic-liner-like restaurant at the Plaza-Athénée hotel . . . Chiberta—dazzling Deco decor, wondrous work-of-art food, and one of the hottest young chefs in the city: Jean-Michel Bédier . . . Jamin—where equally young, equally talented Joël Robuchon creates *cuisine moderne*—luscious, light—for some of Paris's most demanding diners . . . Taillevent—one of the top—and toughest (to book)—tables in town . . . Issé—favorite sushi-stop of Kenzo, Issey Miyake, *et al.* . . . Le Récamier—big with the publishing people who lunch; sensational setting along a cobbled cul-de-sac with no cars, gorgeous gardens . . . Le Moï—actually *two* Vietnamese places with the same owners/same cuisine across the street from each other in the chic Sixteenth Arrondissement . . . Olympe—a "who's who in show biz" bistro that serves ravishing ravioli.

All Paris is a stage

It is, at least, from late September through most of December, when the twelfth annual Festival d'Automne—a mélange of dance, theater, and music events—takes over the city with performances in museums, galleries, neighborhood *(Continued on page 326)*

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Subject

Danielle, last seen in St. Moritz.
Caution: It could be her double again.
Man with her is Max, her bodyguard.

Comments

One of the few things known about her
is that she always wears Calandre.

Calandre, a fragrance for women, created in Paris

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WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

(Paris Travel continued from page 323)

theaters. Among this year's Festival eclectic happenings: Zubin Mehta and the Paris Opera Orchestra, Claudio Abbado and the London Symphony Orchestra, Nō actors from Japan, aborigine dancers from Australia, avant-garde Americans Laurie Anderson, Lucinda Childs, Robert Wilson, Richard Foreman. (For program details, check the what's-going-on-in-Paris guides—or call, in Paris, 296-1227.)

Get in line at the Grand Palais: this fall, Paris is celebrating the five-hundredth birthday of Raphael, master of the Italian Renaissance. At the Grand Palais, from November 16–February 13: together-for-the-first-time Raphael drawings and paintings, many newly restored, from museums all over France. A companion exhibit examines the effect of Raphael on French painting from the sixteenth to the twentieth centuries.

At the Louvre, the Raphael birthday party continues with a show devoted to works by Raphael's students and contemporaries. Also at the Louvre: Murillo . . . and, back at the Grand Palais, a glorious group of Turners.

New/old Paris

The ancient Marais neighborhood of Paris, now in the process of being restored, offers a whole new Right Bank section to explore. Most romantic walks are in the Marais area just across from the Ile St.-Louis's Pont-Louis-Philippe (bridge). Here, satisfying café-sitting and café food—omelets, *steak-frites, sole meunière*—can be found at Brasserie du Pont-Louis-Philippe—either at white sidewalk tables under trees or inside the narrow mirrored dining room. Across from the Brasserie, Chez Julien is a corner bistro with two small rooms; it was formerly a bakery. Steps away, up the cobbled, pedestrians-only Rue des Barres, the tiny tearoom L'Ébouillanté serves sandwiches and salads in the shadow of the church of St.-Gervais. Au Quai des Ormes has one of Paris's prettiest patios—overlooking the Seine and, at night, the floodlit splendor of Notre Dame; the restaurant specializes in fish. More romantic dining? At L'Orangerie—on the Ile St.-Louis, just across the Louis-Philippe bridge.

In search of the small hotel . . .

On the Ile St.-Louis . . . two small-hotel finds: The Hôtel des Deux-Iles—with beamed rooms, Portuguese-tiled bathrooms—and, a

few doors away, Hôtel de Lutèce—with the same owner, same charm as its sister. Rooms—$40–$50 for a double—must be booked well in advance, either by writing or calling; a first-night's deposit is required to hold a reservation.

On a quiet street off the Boulevard St.-Germain in the Seventh Arrondissement, the recently enlarged, exquisitely maintained Hôtel Saint-Simon has thirty-four rooms and suites. About half of the rooms face gardens, four have terraces; a bricked basement serves as breakfast/sitting room. Rates range from $50 for a small double to about $75 for a suite.

Just-open art

The few-years-old Forum des Halles—that modern glass-and-brass testament to underground shopping in the old Les Halles section—has received reviews ranging from mixed to bad from Parisians. Worth seeing here, however: Les Halles's just-open gallery, the Pavillon des Arts—emphasizing art, architecture, and design. On view through November 6: illustrations and paintings by Gustave Doré, whose nineteenth-century fame as a popular illustrator obscured his work as a painter. Later this year, drawings by avant-garde American theater-man Robert Wilson come to Pavillon des Arts.

At the nearby Pompidou Center of modern art, works by American sculptor Richard Serra and French painter François Rouan will be on show October 26–January 2 . . . and a major architectural exhibition—*Architecture et Industrie*—is set for October 27–January 22. The Pompidou Center façade looks like the exposed guts of some strange electronic device; more enchanting is another incredible sight: the gigantic new fountain—a whimsical water-world of bright-color creatures and objects that spin, spurt, sputter, and spray—recently installed by artists Niki de Saint-Phalle and Jean Tinguely.

The streets between the Pompidou Center and Forum des Halles—many of them recently made walking streets as part of a municipal redevelopment program for the quarter—are especially lively now . . . and offer a bit of something for everyone—from sleazy sex shops to chic clubs and restaurants.
(Continued on page 328)

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Portrait of a woman wearing mētāl

Mētāl, which is an essence created in France,
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a body milk, a soap, a dusting powder.

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WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

(Paris Travel continued from page 327)

The quarter is not for the most glamorous nights out; Les Halles is a spur-of-the-moment destination, a place to walk, look at/become part of the street scene.

Best hangouts, now, in and around Les Halles: Brasserie L'Innocent—for drinks, seeing, being seen . . . Au Père Tranquille—more of the same . . . Joe Allen's—the best burgers in town . . . Chez Benoît—Lyonnaise cuisine, pleasant surroundings . . . Chez Pauline—classic French fare, old-time bistro setting . . . Les Bouchons—Créole specialties, monstrous desserts amidst flowers, palms, and marble. Downstairs at Les Bouchons: jazz piano. More jazz, nearby, at Cloître des Lombards . . . and, a bit further afield, at New Morning in the Tenth Arrondissement.

Night sounds

The rage in Paris now: a new kind of music—part jazz, part rock, part reggae, part tribal, always original—from Africa! Java and La Chapelle des Lombards are the two best places to plug into these African sounds. King Sunny Adé and the African Beats is the Afro in-group of the moment.

Disco is on the wane in Paris—although a glamour-crowd still boogies at Privilège, Castel, and Apocalypse. Bains-Douches—the Turkish bathhouse turned dance-palace a few years back—has had its ups and downs. At the moment, however, Bains-Douches is drawing a young and trendy crowd with theme—Motown, Rockabilly, New Wave—evenings. Meanwhile, homesick Americans cluster at Pacific Palisades late into the night; video people hit L'Helium to eat, drink, look at/listen to rock on TV monitors. And the beat goes on. ▽

WHERE-TO-GO PARIS

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AGNÈS B., *3 rue du Jour, 75001*
AMERICAN EXPRESS, *11 rue Scribe, 75009*
BACCARAT, *30 bis rue de Paradis, 75010*
LA BAGAGERIE, *41 rue du Four, 75006*
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BEAUTÉ DIVINE, *40 rue Saint-Sulpice, 75006*
JEAN CHARLES BROSSEAU, *2 rue du Bouloi, 75001*
ISABEL CANOVAS, *16 avenue Montaigne, 75008*
SOPHIE CANOVAS, *5 place Furstenberg, 75006*
CARITA, *11 Faubourg-Saint-Honoré, 75008*
CARTIER, *13 rue de la Paix, 75002*
CHANEL, *31 rue Cambon, 75001*
CHARVET, *28 place Vendôme, 75008*
CHARLES CHEVIGNON, *18 rue du Four, 75006*
CHLOÉ, *3 rue de Gribeauval, 75007*
CHRISTOFLE, *12 rue Royale, 75008*
COMME DES GARÇONS, *42 rue Etienne-Marcel, 75002*
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(Continued on page 333)

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WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

(Paris Travel continued from page 328)

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LE FOURNIL DE PIERRE, *21 rue Vignon, 75008*
FRED, *6 rue Royale, 75008*
FREE LANCE, *22 rue Mondétour, 75001*
MAUD FRIZON, *83 rue des Saints-Pères, 75006*
GALERIES LAFAYETTE, *40 boulevard Haussmann, 75009*
GIVENCHY, *3 avenue George V, 75008*
GUCCI, *27 Faubourg-Saint-Honoré, 75008*
HERMÈS, *24 rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honoré, 75008*
JOSEPH, *68 rue Bonaparte, 75006*
KENZO, *3 place des Victoires, 75001*
TOKIO KUMAGAÏ, *52 rue Croix-des-Petits-Champs, 75002*
LANCEL, *8 place de l'Opera, 75009*
GUY LAROCHE, *four boutiques in Paris*
LE LOUVRE DES ANTIQUAIRES, *2 place du Palais Royal, 75001*
LA MAISON DU MIEL, *24 rue Vignon, 75009*
CLAUDE MONTANA, *31 rue de Grenelle, 75006*
THIERRY MUGLER, *10 place des Victoires, 75002*
PARFUMS CARON, *34 avenue Montaigne, 75008*
ANDRÉA PFISTER, *56 rue du Four, 75006*
POIRAY BOUTIQUE, *8 rue de la Paix, 75002*
D. PORTHAULT, *18 avenue Montaigne, 75008*
REMINISCENCE, *22 rue du Four, 75006*
NINA RICCI, *39 avenue Montaigne, 75008*
SONIA RYKIEL, *three boutiques in Paris*
SABBIA ROSA, *71-73 rue des Saints-Pères, 75006*
SAINT LAURENT RIVE GAUCHE, *four boutiques in Paris*
SCOOTER, *10 rue de Turbigo, 75001*
SIGNES DE ROCHAS, *33 rue François-Ier, 75008*
PER SPOOK, *18 avenue George V, 75008*
TANRADE, *18 rue Vignon, 75009*
ANGELO TARLAZZI, *Paris*
CHANTAL THOMASS, *5 rue du Vieux Colombier, 75006*
UNGARO, *2 avenue Montaigne, 75008*
VALENTINO PIU, *17 avenue Montaigne, 75008*
VAN CLEEF & ARPELS, *22 place Vendôme, 75001*
VICTOIRE, *12 place des Victoires, 75002*
LOUIS VUITTON, *78 bis avenue Marceau, 75008*

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HÔTEL DE CRILLON, *10 place de la Concorde, 75008; tel: 296-1081*
HÔTEL DES DEUX-ILES, *59 rue Saint-Louis-en-l'Ile, 75004; tel: 326-1335*
HÔTEL INTER-CONTINENTAL, *3 rue de Castiglione, 75001; tel: 260-3780*
HÔTEL LOTTI, *7 rue de Castiglione, 75001; tel: 260-3734*
HÔTEL DE LUTÈCE, *65 rue Saint-Louis-en-l'Ile, 75004; tel: 326-2352*
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(Continued on page 334)

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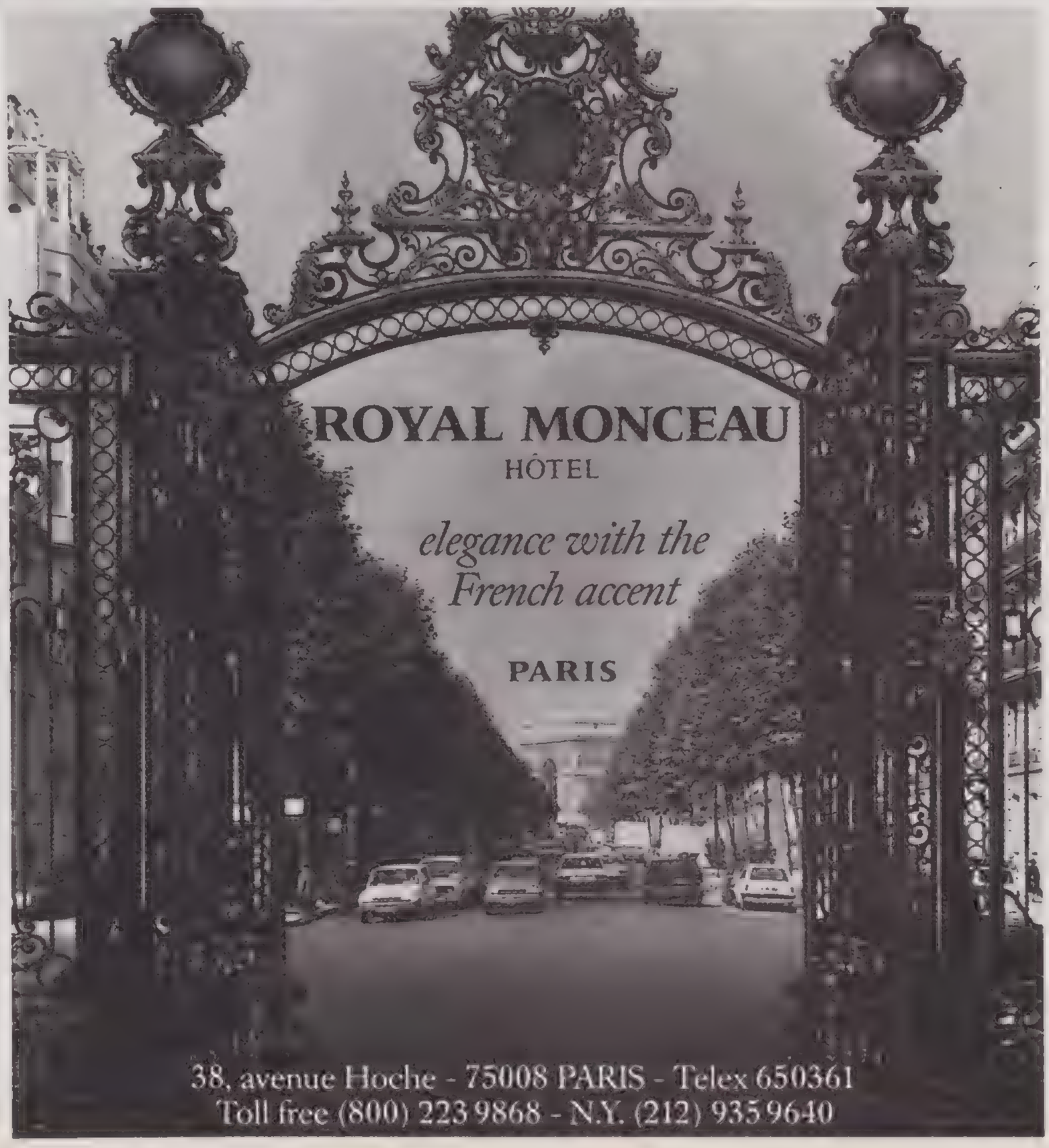
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WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

(Paris Travel continued from page 333)

HÔTEL PRINCE DE GALLES, *33 avenue George-V, 75008; tel: 723-5511*
HÔTEL RITZ, *15 place Vendôme, 75001; tel: 260-3830*
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AU QUAI DES ORMES, *72 quai de l'Hôtel-de-Ville, 75004; tel: 274-7222*
BRASSERIE L'INNOCENT, *12-14 rue Berger, 75001; tel: 236-5531*
CAFE DE LA PAIX, *5 place de l'Opera, 75009; tel: 260-3350*
CHEZ BENOÎT, *20 rue Saint-Martin, 75004; tel: 272-2576*
CHEZ JULIEN, *1 rue du Pont-Louis-Philippe, 75004; tel: 278-3164*
CHEZ PAULINE, *5 rue Villedo, 75001; tel: 296-2070*
CHIBERTA, *3 rue Arsène-Houssaye, 75008; tel: 563-7790*
GRAND VÉFOUR, *17 rue de Beaujolais, 75001; tel: 296-5627*
ISSÉ, *56 rue Sainte-Anne, 75002; tel: 296-6776*
JAMIN, *32 rue du Longchamp, 75016; tel: 727-1227*
JOE ALLEN, *30 rue Pierre-Lescot, 75001; tel: 236-7013*
L'ÉBOUILLANTÉ, *6 rue des Barres, 75004; tel: 278-4862*
LE MOÏ, *7 and 14 rue Gustave-Courbet, 75016; tel: 704-9510*
LE RÉCAMIER, *4 rue Récamier, 75007; tel: 548-8658*
LES BOUCHONS, *19 rue des Halles, 75001; tel: 233-2873*
L'ORANGERIE, *28 rue Saint-Louis-en-l'Ile, 75004; tel: 633-9398*
OLYMPE, *8 rue Nicolas-Charlet, 75015; tel: 734-8608*
TAILLEVENT, *15 rue Lamennais, 75008; tel: 563-3994*
VAUDEVILLE, *29 rue Vivienne, 75002; tel: 233-3931*

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APOCALYPSE, *40 rue du Colisée, 75008; tel: 504-7878*
BAINS-DOUCHES, *7 rue du Bourg-l'Abbé, 75003; tel: 887-3440*
CHEZ CASTEL, *15 rue Princesse, 75006; tel: 326-9022*
CLOÎTRE DES LOMBARDS, *62 rue des Lombards, 75001; tel: 233-5409*
LE PRIVILÈGE, *3 bis Cité Bergère, 75009; tel: 523-4462*
L'HELIUM, *3 rue des Haudriettes, 75004; tel: 272-8110*
NEW MORNING, *7-9 rue des Petites-Écuries, 75010; tel: 523-5141*
PACIFIC PALISADES, *51 rue Quincampoix, 75004; tel: 274-0117*

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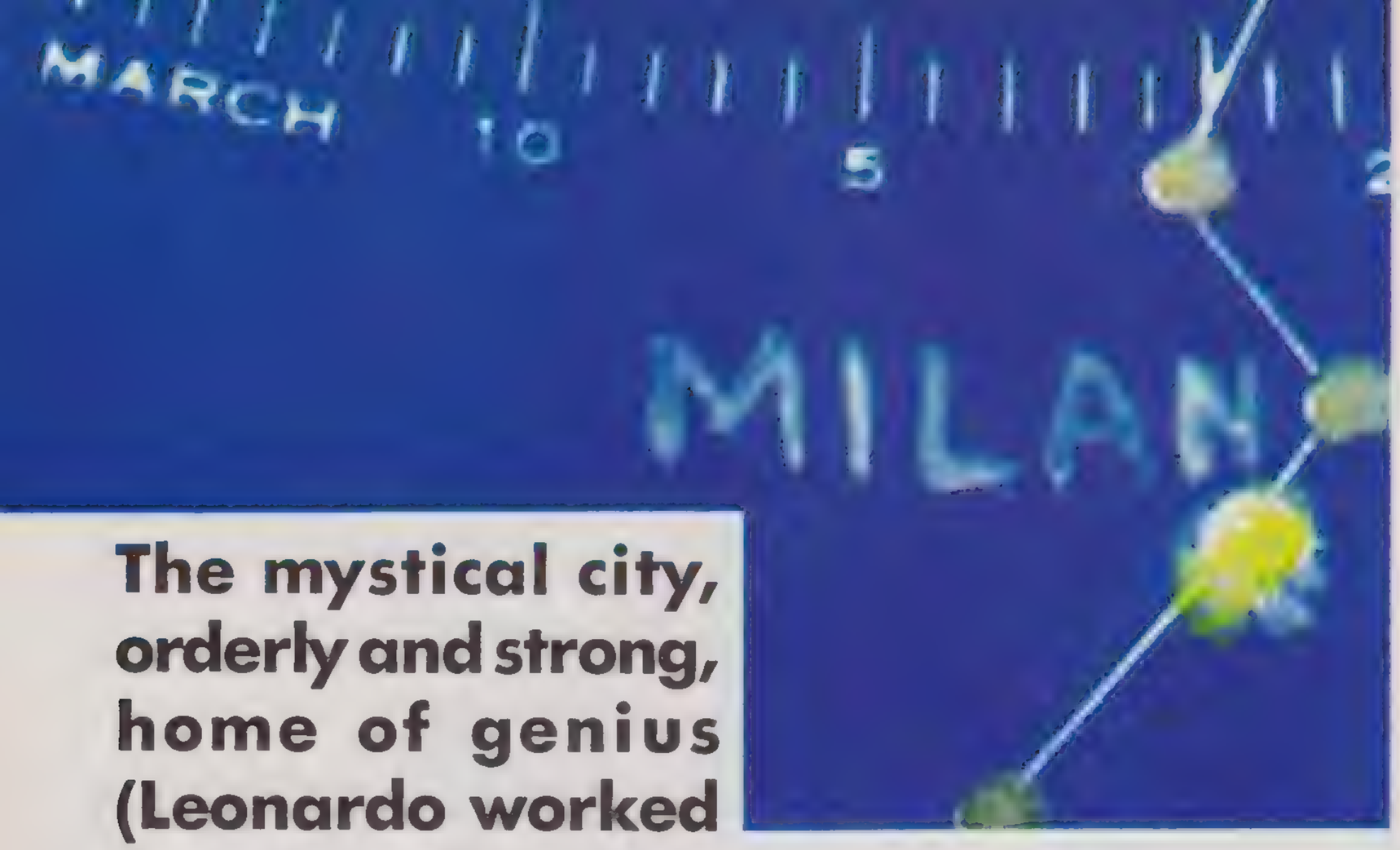
TERNYNCK, 10 AVENUE VICTOR-HUGO. VICTOIRE, PLACE DES VICTOIRES.
38 RUE FRANÇOIS-I.

Je Reviens, still made by Parfums Worth - just outside of Paris

perfume, cologne and bath powder at J.L. HUDSON



The mystical city, orderly and strong, home of genius (Leonardo worked here), Italian design...as well as all-night televised auctions... and a Duomo that gives off the benevolence of eternity...

BY JOAN JULIET BUCK

This is a discreet and mystical city, intimate, orderly, and strong. All cities with trams are like that—Vienna, San Francisco—places that have their private itineraries incised into their streets in silver rail. Trams are not for tourists, nor for the rich: they're to take people to work. One learns Milan best by tram, gliding along at the pace of a waking dream as the traffic divides to allow the orange carriages through. There's something about rails in the middle of a street that resembles divine right.

I am appalled to find Smurfs on the children's notebooks in Milan, until someone points out that Smurfs were born Schtroumpfs in Belgium some twenty-five years ago. I go to a dinner party that Gianni Versace gives for Eugène Ionesco, and there is my favorite New York cake, spiky with pineapples and kiwi and raspberries, straight from the home office of Sant Ambroeus. The papers are full of the Dioxin scandal—not Rita and Ann but the Seveso poison that left Italy in forty-one barrels under mysterious circumstances and has just turned up in France. Also in the papers, David Bowie declares "*Non Sono Gay.*" The kids are all wearing Topsider shoes. I grow fractious, wanting some Italy in my Milan. Night falls, and I turn on the lights in my hotel room. Aaaah. Forty-watt bulbs. Italy at last.

Italy is the envy of France and England because it has ninety-nine TV channels, some of which go all night. Channel fifty-one features auctions into the small hours: the bids are accepted by phone as "Isabella from Milan bids a hundred thousand lire on the silver golf trophy." Because it is television, one assumes the stuff has to be garbage, until one notices a Fabergé egg looking very pink, some Gallé glass . . . TV with class. On another channel, a cold newscaster huddles on the slope of Mount Etna, waiting for the Swedish engineer to blow up a channel to divert the volcano's lava. Half of Milan is staying up to watch this live geology class, better than fireworks and twice as useful. Nothing's going on, let's turn over and bid on the Biedermeier instead.

The imagination and industry of the Milanese is astounding. Franco Maria Ricci, tireless publisher of black silk art books with hand-glued plates, has launched a magazine that, like his art books, relies on the graphic power of the color black. It's called FMR, his initials, and, if said in French, "éphémère," ephemeral. He's found a brilliant way of selling it: the ad goes "Books are reprinted, magazines are not. Important ones are kept and they grow in value year by year." His clever salesmanship does not cancel out his taste, which is rarefied, curious, and very Milanese: choosing the little known, the erroneous, the odd, he fills his publication with seventeenth-century wax tableaux of the plague by Zumbo, a French pamphlet from 1827 proving that Napoleon never existed, pages of photographs of the work of the sculptor Wildt.

Wildt? In the aristocratic section of Milan where the biggest and quietest apartments are, there's a bronze ear,

WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

twice the size of a human head, set next to a front door. A turn-of-the-century intercom by Wildt.

Years of Austrian domination have left squat yellow buildings, bread crumbs on the veal cutlets, and a liking for white wine. There's a distinct secessionist fervor to the way the Milanese approach architecture and design. Volumes, textures, and shapes are words for them, part of a vocabulary they wield with ease. Ettore Sottsass, one of the leading industrial designers until he had an illumination and started making irreverent, "revolutionary" furniture for Alchymia and now Memphis, was born in Innsbruck. The attitude that sees the physical world as material for expression is perhaps due to the combination of Austria and Italy, but it may have to do with Milan, which knows how to be the home of genius.

The years 1982 and 1983 have been full of celebrations of Leonardo Da Vinci's arrival in Milan—first to introduce himself to Ludovico Sforza (Il Moro), and then to settle here, five hundred years ago. In his own letter of introduction, he explained he could design buildings, bridges, machinery, and weapons. In 1489, Ludovico Sforza named him "ducal engineer and painter," and Da Vinci spent his time working out war machines, studying the flight of birds, and designing urban reconstruction projects. He left in 1499, and returned only briefly from 1506 to 1513 at which point he moved to France, leaving "The Last Supper" on the wall of the convent of Sant Maria Delle Grazie, where it can still be seen.

Almost. Up close, "The Last Supper" looks like unsalvageable chips of dandruff, clinging to the wall by some dispensation of Providence. The apostles are like figures in a dream: the more you focus, the less you see. One has to step back on the scaffolding for the eye to adjust to the image of cheap tumblers shimmering with water, a tablecloth embroidered with peasant blue Xs, half a lemon in a dish. Only from the floor of the refectory are the images of Jesus and the disciples clear.

In the Museo della Scienza e della Tecnica there are modern executions of Leonardo's designs—such out-of-time devices as an "aerial screw," considered the antecedent of the helicopter; flying machines shaped like wings, a parachute cut like a pyramid. A fine group of rocket-shaped missiles, identical to today's bombs, exemplify Leonardo's study of aerodynamics. Until him, all cannonballs had been spherical. His plans for a new city, never put into execution, include colonnades and two levels of streets: "The

higher streets" he wrote, "are only for gentlemen, while the lower ones are for the carriages and for the use of the populace. The streets should be as wide as the height of the houses, so as to guarantee that inside will be air, light, and neatness." More than a genius, he was also a wise man: his design for a double hull is either for a warship or for a submarine, but he did not elaborate on it, because: "due to the bad nature of men, they would use the killers in the bottom of the seas to break ships and drown them with all the men inside."

A yellow sign outside on the street nearby advertises a clairvoyant who claims: "*Unisce Amori Impossibile*" (unites impossible loves). Why not? There's an even mixture of pragmatism and blind faith in Milan. In the Pinacoteca Ambrosiana, a Bramantino virgin is surrounded by saints, and at her feet are, to the left, a foreshortened dead man and, to the right, a giant and equally dead toad. Conquered evil? Who knows? Downstairs, there's a lock of Lucrezia Borgia's hair in a glass reliquary frame.

In a deconsecrated church—scarred, battered, and immensely elegant—there's an exhibition of Lenci porcelain figures. Lenci: those provocatively posed, vulgar figurines of maidens with wind blowing up their skirts, maidens having erotic daydreams in easy chairs, maidens dressed in the white shirts, black skirts and berets of the Mussolini youth brigades. The juxtaposition of the awful objects and the beautiful dilapidation of the church makes the show provocative. In the temporary absence of genius, go for style.

The social Milanese are more interested in the auction of objects and furniture from Anna Maria Bonomi Bolchini's house—twittering china birds, snuffboxes, Mah Jongg counters, tiny pugs, boars, boxers, shepherdesses, wine coolers, scenic plates, temple dogs, and biscuit figurines. Everything but Lenci.

There's nothing tragic about the sale, the good signora is merely cleaning out her cupboards. Space is a problem in Milan: the Brera Museum is so overcrowded that the director, Carlo Bertelli, has had a storeroom set into the main floor of his museum; part of the overflow is visible, behind thick glass walls, in its vertical chicken coops. Every day, another painting is laid against the back wall, as a sort of trailer.

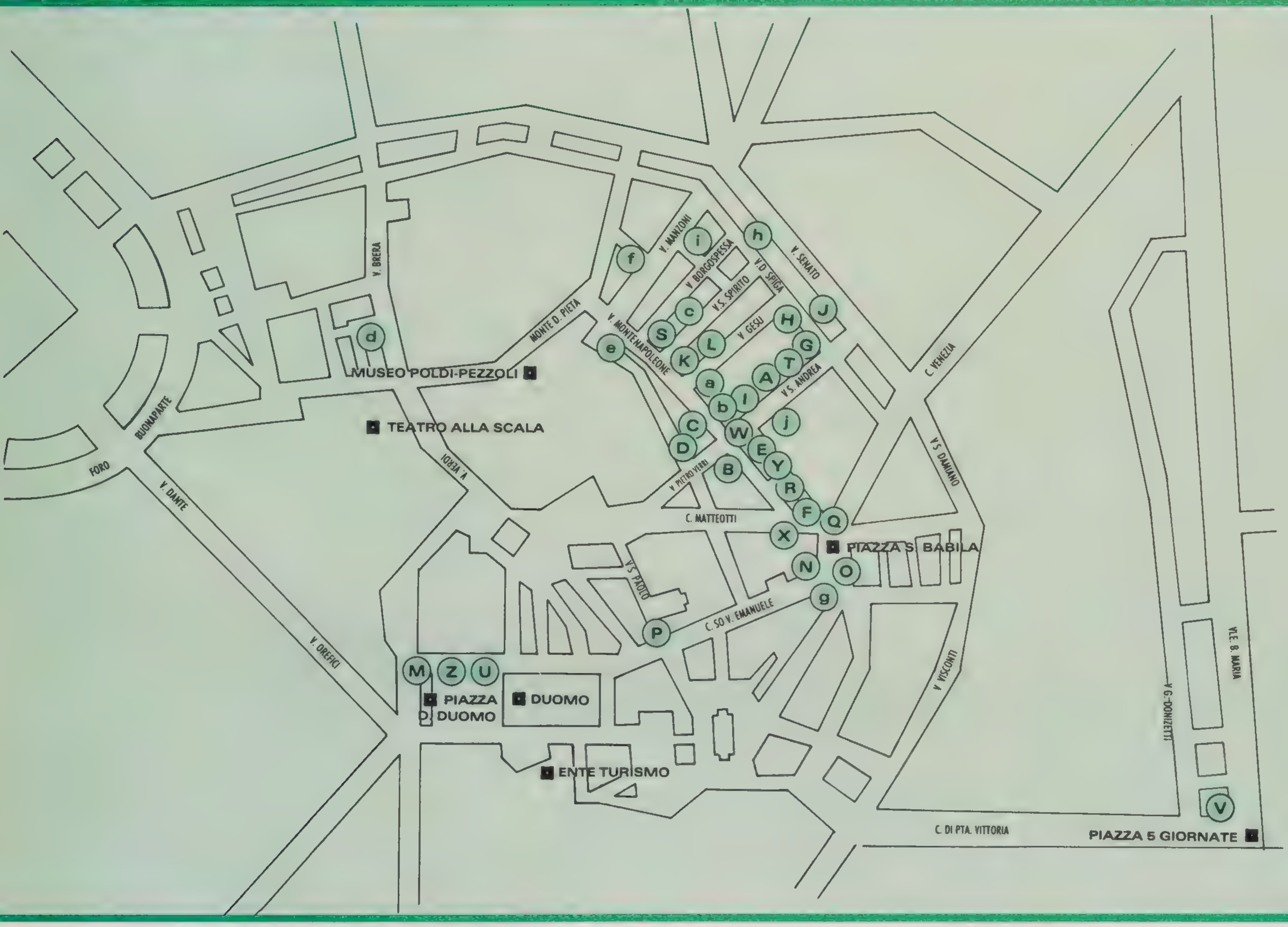
Now that Italian fashion is irrefutably based in Milan, the designers are beginning to contribute to the cultural life of the city. Gianni *(Continued on page 341)*

Eugene Mihaesco

DESTINATION: MILAN

Before it is anything else, Milan is a city of passions. The opera. Art. Food. And, without question, fashion. What pleases you most about shopping in Milan is a strong sense that you will find something more wonderful around every corner—particularly on the streets near the Piazza San Babila.

With the American Express® Card, you can pursue the passions and endless shopping possibilities of Milan to their utmost. In the stores listed on this page. In a wide-ranging selection of Milanese hotels, theatres and restaurants.



- A **GIORGIO ARMANI,** Via Sant' Andrea, 9
- B **ROBERTA DI CAMERINO,** Via Pietro Verri, 7
- C **PIERRE CARDIN,** Via Montenapoleone, 10
- D **SAINT LAURENT RIVE GAUCHE,** Via Pietro Verri, 8
- E **GUCCI,** Via Montenapoleone, 5
- F **MISSONI,** Via Montenapoleone, 1
- G **GHERARDINI,** Via della Spiga, 8
- H **KRIZIA,** Via della Spiga, 23
- I **TRUSSARDI,** Via Sant' Andrea, 5
- J **GIANNI VERSACE,** Via della Spiga, 20
- K **VALENTINO COUTURE,** Via Santo Spirito, 3 Ang Via Montenapoleone
- L **NAZARENO GABRIELLI,** Via Montenapoleone Ang Via Gésu
- M **GALTRUCCO,** Piazza Duomo, 2
- N **SANTI BORSE,** Metro San Babila
- O **BELTRAMI,** Piazza San Babila, 4
- P **BRUNO MAGLI,** Via San Paolo, 1 Ang Via Vittorio Emanuelle
- Q **ROSSETTI,** Corso Matteotti, 9
- R **TANINO CRISCI,** Via Montenapoleone, 3
- S **SALVATORE FERRAGAMO,** Via Montenapoleone, 23
- T **CARRANO,** Via Sant' Andrea, 21
- U **LA RINASCENTE,** Piazza Duomo
- V **COIN,** Piazza 5 Giornate, 1
- W **MELEGARI E COSTA,** Via Montenapoleone, 7 A/5
- X **MILA SCHON,** Via Montenapoleone, 2
- Y **BUCCELLATI,** Via Monteapoleone, 4
- Z **OMEGA,** Piazza Duomo, 25
- a **CARTIER,** Via Montenapoleone, 16
- b **CALDERONI,** Via Montenapoleone, 8
- c **VALENTINO PIU,** Via Santo Spirito, 3
- d **NAJ OLEARI,** Via Brera, 8
- e **FRETTE,** Via Manzoni, 11
- f **T & J VESTOR,** Via Manzoni, 38
- g **FIORUCCI,** Galleria Passarella, 1
- h **GIANFRANCO FERRE,** Via della Spiga, 32
- i **LAURA BIAGIOTTI,** Via Borgospesso, 19
- j **GUIDO PASQUALI,** Via Sant' Andrea, 1

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WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

(Continued from page 339)

Versace has designed ballet costumes for Béjart, the Missonis have made costumes for *Lucia di Lammermoor*—notably acres of knitted plaid for Pavarotti, Giorgio Armani gives a party to launch journalist Camilla Cederna's new book, and Mariuccia Mandelli (Krizia) is active in helping to found a museum of fashion. Even things outside of fashion have enormous style: the butler's jackets at Mercatore are irreproachably cut and come in shades of emerald and peacock—wearable, of course, only in unbutlered houses, and to be strictly avoided by guests in first-class hotels.

The real attraction goes far beyond fashion, style, or luxury. The Duomo, a spiky pregnant dinosaur, is the key. Outside, eremite angels, apostles, and heroes, marooned by the stonecutter's art on top of stone lances, watch over the city. In-

The apostles in "The Last Supper" are like figures in a dream: the more you focus, the less you see ...

side, a massive vault of gloom, enhanced by the hundreds of small flames from votive candles in the individual chapels, calls in the faithful and the faithless by its very size. As if the height and width inside, the apparently limitless volume of space between the chapels and beneath the roof, were a small-scale demonstration of the benevolence of eternity.

The twentieth Eucharistic Council is about to begin. An organ, played outside the church, gives meaning to the movement of the crowd. Nuns in black and women in cheap suits, men in hats, grey nuns all show their membership cards and are led to their seats in the bleachers that fill the square.

Sitting at the edge of the Galleria, I watch the spectacle. Huddles of men in brown suits, with hats pushed back over their heads; children, more nuns. The netting that keeps birds out of the Galleria seems to close off the sky. But there, in the middle, in the square, there is a timeless concentration. "Let us pray," says the priest. And the mass goes from early evening into night. ▽

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WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

SHOPPING: MAP OF THE PLEASURES

The city of the irresistible accessory, from the splashiest jewels to ebony combs...The most beautiful linens and the best dressed feet...Shopkeepers talking art—and family—on streets with names like San Spirito...

BY KATHLEEN MADDEN

In Milan, you notice first the colors: old buildings are washed in beige, umber, russet, or marigold yellow. House fronts harmonize, darken in the shadows, intensify in bright sun.

A rose-colored seventeenth-century palazzo shares space with the sleekest sort of chrome-and-glass boutique; a fruit stand's peaches are piled up, on fir branches, like precious marzipan. There's care in presentation here . . . but nothing is precious in the extreme: whole families—noisy boys, babies in prams—clatter in and out of the most elegant shops.

A Bond Street salesman may snub, a French *vendeuse* sneer with the perfection of centuries. A Milanese shopkeeper talks of art—and tells you about his family. Milan may be, traditionally, Italy's seat of business, but it's also the center of modern Italian style. Newspaper stands and flower stalls get equal street space here; Milan's values are clear on each corner.

Milan shopping is some of the world's best, and it's easily walkable, starting—and pretty much staying—in the area around Via Montenapoleone and its two parallel streets: Via della Spiga and Via Bigli. Names of crossing streets—Vias Borgospessa, San Spirito, Gesú and Sant'Andrea—have a beautiful rhythm—as, too, does life in the streets themselves. Milan has its saints—and attractive pace.

One modern-age Milanese saint—Guiseppe Verdi—stayed at the Hotel Grand et de Milan; undoubtedly, it was grand then. Today, the hotel's salon has a certain palm-tree and silk-fringed-lampshade charm; my room has quite interesting dust patterns on the ruby carpet.

The Grand, a Milanese has told me, rightly, is an "amusing scene." There are Japanese businessmen, Continental rock-star types, lean models, a solid Sicilian-American mother and daughter pair who are plotting the girl's upcoming wedding. At breakfast, they ask: do I know where to find a good lace bedspread? I know the most beautiful linens in the world, at Pratesi and Frette.

Milan, easily, can outfit anyone—or any bridal bed.

Banners flying across Via Montenapoleone announce a new shop and, much like the rumbling trolleys on the Via Manzoni, sturdily serve their purpose. For more charm, one can go shopping in the Brera, walk along Naviglio canals. But Via Montenapoleone is the Faubourg St. Honoré of Milan, the most fashionable retailing address.

On Via Montenapoleone, one can find the most glamorous nighttime dressing at Valentino, get a perfection of tailoring at Mila Schön, or go up the sleek black stairway at Missoni for a look that's as easygoing as a big knitted bathrobe coat, T-shirt, and skinny pants. Tanino Crisci, Ferragamo, or Gucci should shoe the best-dressed foot. Shoemaking, in Milan, is not only a craft but an artful enterprise. Gucci this past spring spread out to shops on both sides of the Via Montenapoleone. The new shop houses Gucci's men's and women's clothes in a world of beige marble.

Mario Buccellati has opulent silver and serious jewels; at David Colombo, there are eighteenth-century jeweled or enameled snuff boxes, jeweled hat pins, lorgnettes—the most elegant baubles. David Colombo's father, Enzo Colombo, first opened his Milan business in 1929, a savvy man: as others sold jewels, he bought them.

Giovanni Lorenzi bought his Via Montenapoleone shop almost fifty-five years ago, after sharpening knives on a grinding wheel in Milan streets. Today, the firm of G. Lorenzi still sharpens knives as a service; they also sell Italy's most elegant combs and cutlery.

And those combs! There are over two hundred of them—combs in pale cow horn, buffalo horn, ebony, tortoise, Brazilian rubber, gold, or ivory. In the shop's wine-cellar-style basement, you find hundreds of lighters, solid-gold lighters, handmade ivory dessert forks. At G. Lorenzi, nail scissors have the silver filigreed look of old jewels; tweezers (there are thirty-five kinds) are an emotional decision.

On Via *(Continued on page 344)*

FOTO GASTONE JUNG

GIORGIO ARMANI

Via Sant'Andrea 9
Milano

WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

(Milan Shopping continued from page 342)

Montenapoleone, Galtrucco's men's clothes and subtly colored grey/black luggage have clean good looks; Perlier has "natural" beauty products, moisturizers, creams to ward off sun or cellulite. Should you worry about none of that, Cova can ply you with teas, pastries; their pink-clothed tables are made for a marvelous flirt. Il Salumaio—with its abundance of risotto, fresh pasta, and mozzarella to take home—requires more commitment.

Fashion *is* food in Milan, the stuff of daily life: fashion in restaurants, in the streets that surround Via Montenapoleone, in shops. On the stone-covered Via della Spiga, you find, one after another, Krizia, Gianni Versace, Gianfranco Ferre. Pale beige walls make a good background for Krizia leathers and jewel-color blazers; this season's "animal" on the front of Krizia sweaters is a lady bear. Versace's minimalist, cinder-blocky boutique has rows of imaginative clothes hung—like art—high toward the ceiling. Ferre's small shop comes with russet leather fittings and wonderfully tailored chic: This season, cashmeres, flannel trousers, slim black dresses for night.

Step within (seemingly) twenty feet of the entranceway to Giorgio Armani's new boutique on Via Sant'Andrea and the glass doors whisk open—automatically, soundlessly, a bit eerily. Armani designed this shop, as elegant as shops come, in taupe, beige, and dulled black; walls are backlit, like Japanese screens.

The splashiest jewels in Milan are at Via Sant'Andrea's Romani Adami, some of the splashiest crowd at St. Andrews restaurant. Sant' Andrea's Trussardi satchels, suitcases, and bags come stamped with a sleek greyhound; and a china greyhound props open the door of the Trussardi Jr. shop. Milan, undeniably, is the source of the irresistible accessory. In Fendi's windows are small wooden evening bags with silky black tassel cords, bright rubber-lined bags, bags made of mustard-colored elephant-skin. Resist them, and Fendi will still pull you in with some of the world's most inventive furs. Around the corner, on Via della Spiga is a Fendi shop for sportswear.

When the Communists are marching with red flags, somewhat unconvincingly, on the Corso Europa, Sant Ambroeus fresh lemonade is a good release. The women with Gucci shopping bags at the other outdoor tables may be plotting revolution, but it's a fact I somehow doubt. Inside Sant Ambroeus, women do belly up to the stand-up bar: an acceptable Milanese tradition, I guess, if those Campari-and-sodas are served in a pastry and confectionary shop.

The real Corso Europa revolution, it seems, has already taken place—at the Memphis showroom. Memphis, founded by designer Ettore Sottsass in 1981, serves as a collective for the most bizarrely imaginative of Milanese furniture and furnishings by a variety of designers. Here, an overstuffed chair with turquoise feet is covered with a bilious print in pink, yellow, and black; red fabric is thrown across the chair seat. Pink-based Memphis lamps come with black-and-white striped arms. Memphis pieces of the moment, are, if anything, offbeat.

The best buyable still lifes in Milan are at Peck: Parmesan cheese in chunks the size of cement blocks, mozzarella islands in watery baths, bowl upon bowl of mossy-green olives: all to eat, admire, acquire. In a fish shop across the street, there are pink shrimps, mauve octopi, silvery sardines. Proscuitto and sausage fill the pork shop next door—to a noncook, bewilderingly.

(Continued on page 346)

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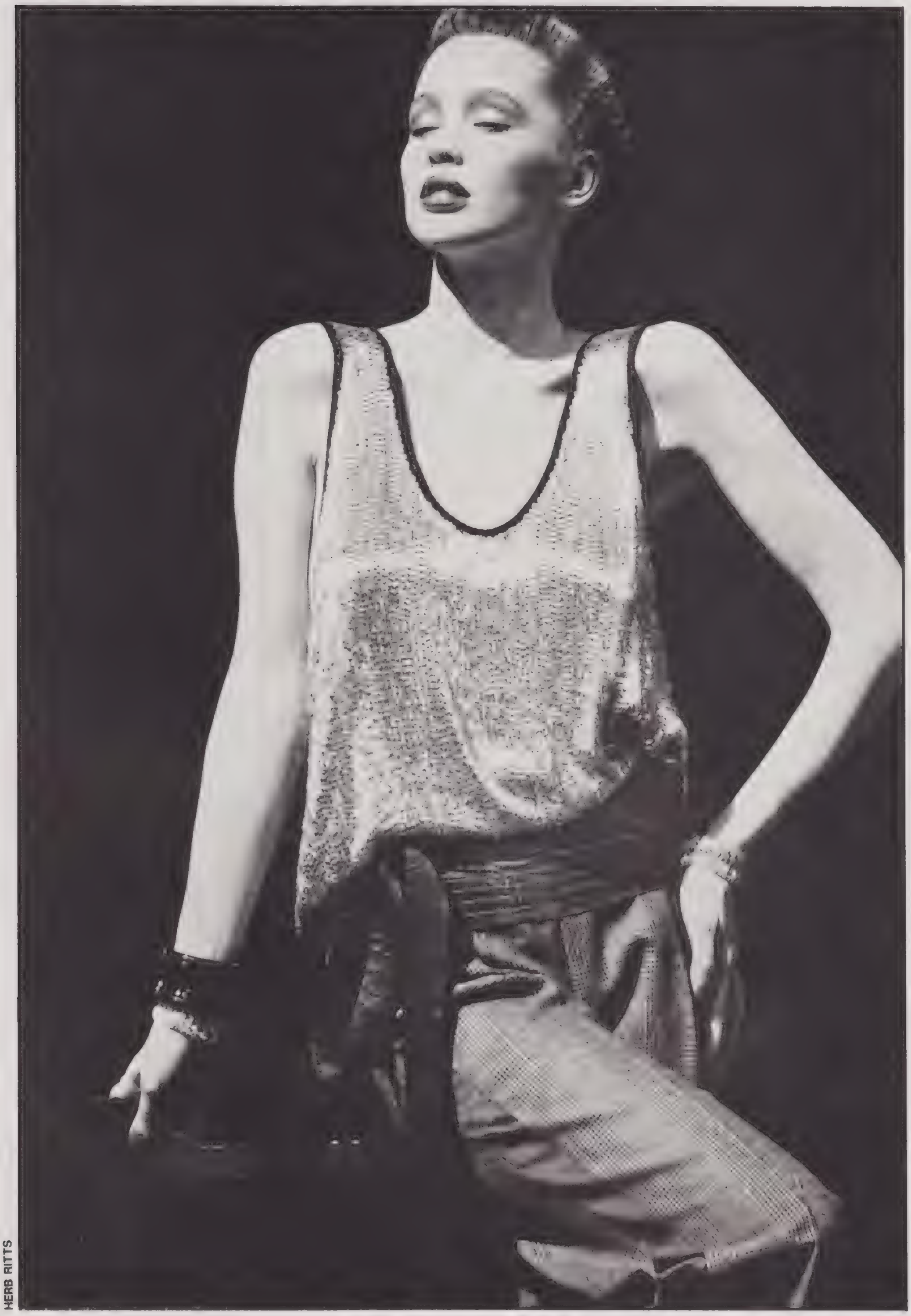

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WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

(Milan Shopping continued from page 344)

The charm of the nearby Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, though, is immediately understandable . . . and its location—smack between La Scala and the high-spired Duomo—must be one of the world's best. There are notebooks covered in wonderful Florentine papers at Maglia, the best in books at Rizzoli. Everyone comes to the Galleria at some time—often, to go to Prada. Makers of suitcases, bags, and belts—all the best Italian leathers, Prada is a Milanese tradition. The shop's vaulted-ceiling basement—with buttery-colored suitcases, matte-black luggage—is the chicest baggage room in Milan.

Late in the day, the sunlight on Via Borgospesso is golden yellow; Milan, just before closing time, is a good-natured city at its very best. Most shops close at 7:00 P.M., as Milanese hurry home; they've also shut, at midday, for a two-hour lunch—a fine tradition working women would gladly get rid of.

On Via Borgospesso, Vetrerie di Empoli has big ruby-rimmed vases, modern inexpensive drinking glasses—table upon table of shimmering glassware. But more than glassware, the setting stars. Vetrerie di Empoli is in a sixteenth-century palazzo.

In Milan, old and new exist comfortably.

Vetrerie di Empoli's walls are frescoed. ▽

(Shopping details, page 354)

■

TRAVEL MILAN: WHAT'S NEW IN TOWN

BY SUSANNA ZEVI VISCONTI

Milan is Italy now. Moving at a *prestissimo* pace, Milan appears so totally consumed by the business of doing business that the city seems to stop for no one. But beneath its frenetic façade, Milan has real rewards in store. This fall, Milan offers up world premiers at La Scala, great gallery goings-on, Sophia Loren's "confiscated" paintings, one of the world's most important exhibitions of modern design.

Nights at the opera

Temper tantrums, internal guerrilla warfare, and minor revolutions permitting, La Scala opens December 7 . . . with Placido Domingo in Puccini's *La Fanciulla del West.* Through May, new productions, world premiers, great directors, grand voices spark the La Scala season: German composer Karlheinz Stockhausen unveils his new *Samstag aus Licht* . . . Leonard Bernstein's *Trouble in Tahiti* shares the bill with first-time-in-Europe performances of its sequel, *A Quiet Place* . . . Patrice Chereau stages a new version of Mozart's *Lucio Silla.* And for anyone in Milan before *the season,* there's the series of top-name classical concerts that takes over La Scala mid-September through late October. Among the names: conductors Erich Leinsdorf, Carlo Maria Giulini; cellist Lynn *(Continued on page 350)*

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WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

(Milan Travel continued from page 346)

Harrell; pianist Maurizio Pollini.

As for art . . .

Milan's major art museum—the Pinacoteca di Brera—is newly reorganized, redecorated thanks to brilliant, witty director Carlo Bertelli. Show of the moment: the formidable Sophia Loren collection of Francis Bacon paintings—seized by the Italian Government in its newsmaking tax suit against the movie-star art collector. After each painting's title, this menacing inscription: *per confisca.*

Also on view at the Brera, two "new" masterpieces by Titian: a painting of San Gerolamo recently restored through the support of Bottega Veneta—and a Titian portrait of a young man in a velvet hat recently discovered in the Brera's basement. Dated 1510, it is thought to be the earliest Titian in existence.

Bravissimo in October: "ICSID Congress: DESIGN 83," one of the most important official get-togethers of architects and designers in the world. Some two thousand representatives from sixty countries will attend, displaying their best work. Among the exhibitions, two "musts" at the Triennale palace: "Dal cucchiaio alla citta" (From Spoon to City) will feature one hundred designers showing two totally different design projects: an individual object (a spoon, bed, chair) . . . versus an entire system (a city, train, airport). A companion piece—"Le case alla Triennale"—will focus on houses by top architects.

Caffe society

Whatever one's doing in Milan, come teatime, Marchesi is a necessary stop. All blue flowers, boiserie, and stucco walls, this is one of the city's oldest, loveliest tearooms. The barmen are charming, the clientele chic, the sweets and coffees the best.

More stop-in musts: Cova—catering to Milanese Preppies, Italian Sloane Rangers, and solid society types who chat, nibble truffle sandwiches at tiny pink-clothed tables. The same crowd also crams Milan's Sant Ambroeus—softer and more elegant than its New York city branch—with salmon-pink walls, white lace, and a cozy cluster of tables outside, surrounded by flowers and foliage.

For drinks-before/drinks-after dinner, two places with style: Banco—with monumental wood-and-brass bar, exquisite cocktails, and, in the back, small tables filled with glamorous gossipy groups. Caffe Milano—with an irresistible romantic garden—is best late at night when stars shine through the trees.

Dance, anyone?

The story goes . . . if you *really* want to dance in Milan, get on a plane and fly to Rome! Nightlife, in Milan, has to do with teenagers, fashion photographers, and foreign models—who still dance at Nepentha—or who, on some Saturday nights, might marathon at La Nuova Idea . . . for laughs. Half of this huge schizofrenetic place pulls in well-lacquered locals who dance, very slowly, with dolled-up gal-pals; in another room, punk people and young rockers squirm to blaring disco in almost total darkness. A Felliniesque spectacle!

For the rest of Milan, after-dark means gossip, flirting, talking politics at a private dinner party (that will last, usually, until two in the morning)—or at a good restaurant. Among the latter: Gualtiero *(Continued on page 354)*

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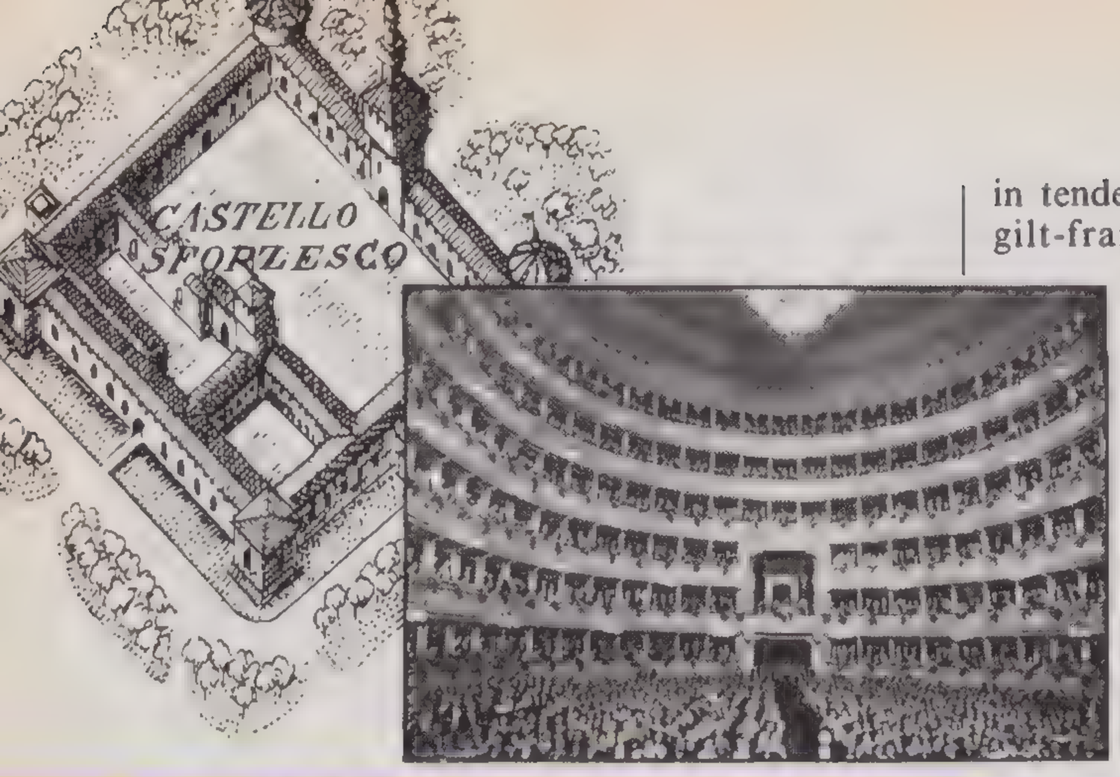

WORLDLY TEMPTATIONS

(Milan Travel continued from page 350)

Marchesi has the ultimate (and most expensive) Nuova Cucina Italiana. El Toulà offers theatrical ambience, venerable Venetian cuisine. Savini is the grandest gathering place (especially for La Scala stars) in the Galleria. St. Andrews—British decor, classy crowd—is the "21" of Milan. Giannino is more casual—a large, lively, open-kitchened place. Paper Moon is the pizzeria of the moment; Da Romani has perfect risotto.

Milan mainstays

Biggest surprise on the Piazza della Repubblica: the Hotel Palace—that 'fifties-moderne favorite of the famed and high-powered—is going neoclassic. This retro/renovation ends in November when all rooms will be done over in tender pastels, refurbished with antiques, gilt-framed mirrors, tapestries. Already transformed: the hotel's Casanova Grill.

Meanwhile, the Piazza della Repubblica's Hotel Principe & Savoia remains the realm of presidents and princes—with champagne in every chamber and the best bar in town. The Principe's ultra-modern Annex is now under separate management, with a new name: Duca di Milano. This very luxurious hotel caters to business travelers, has fifty suites, meeting rooms, a snack bar for working lunches.

The Hotel Diana Majestic lures designers, artists, photographers, and the prettiest models on assignment in Milan. Recently repainted a fresh white and redecorated with original Liberty antiques, this charmer has garden rooms for those who like to wake up to the songs of birds in the middle of the city.

Steps away from La Scala, Hotel Marino is a favorite of maestros and musicians, dancers and divas. The nineteenth-century lobby is gloriously gilded. Artists and writers often stay at the small Hotel Manzoni: very quiet—with crisp service, gentle prices.

And when Milanese husbands have major domestic squabbles, they are said to hide their broken hearts at the Locanda Solferino, a peaceful little place with a handful of comforting rooms. The hotel's restaurant—all dark woods, candlelight, tender service—is equally comforting. ▽

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GIORGIO ARMANI, *Via Sant'Andrea 9*
LAURA BIAGIOTTI, *Via Borgospesso 19*
MARIO BUCCELLATI, *Via Montenapoleone 4*
DAVID COLOMBO; *Via Montenapoleone 12*
TANINO CRISCI, *Via Montenapoleone 3*
FENDI, *Via Sant'Andrea 16*
SALVATORE FERRAGAMO, *Via Montenapoleone 23*
GIANFRANCO FERRE, *Via della Spiga 32*
FRETTE, *Via Visconti di Modrone 15*
GALTRUCCO, *Via Montenapoleone 27*
GUCCI, *Via Montenapoleone 5*
KRIZIA BOUTIQUE, *Via della Spiga 23*
G. LORENZI, *Via Montenapoleone 9*
BRUNO MAGLI, *Via Vittorio Emanuele ang San Paolo*
MAGLIA, *Galleria Vittorio Emanuele 11–13*
MELEGARI E COSTA, *Via Montenapoleone 7A/5*
MEMPHIS SHOWROOM, *Corso Europa 2*
BOUTIQUE MISSONI, *Via Montenapoleone 1*
GUIDO PASQUALI, *Via Sant'Andrea 1*
FRATELLI PRADA, *Galleria Vittorio Emanuele*
PRATESI, *Via Montenapoleone 21*
PECK, *Via Spadari 9*
RICETTE NATURALI PERLIER, *Via Montenapoleone 19*
SAINT LAURENT RIVE GAUCHE, *Via Pietro Verri 8*
IL SALUMAIO, *Via Montenapoleone 12*
MILA SCHÖN, *Via Montenapoleone 2*
TRUSSARDI, *Via Sant'Andrea 5*
VALENTINO, *Via Montenapoleone 20*
GIANNI VERSACE, *Via della Spiga 20*
T AND J VESTOR, *Via Manzoni 38*
VETRERIE DI EMPOLI, *Via Borgospesso 5*

Hotels

DUCA DI MILANO, *Piazza della Repubblica 13*
HOTEL DIANA MAJESTIC, *Viale Piave 42*
HOTEL MANZONI, *Via Santo Spirito 20*
HOTEL MARINO ALLA SCALA, *Via Scala 4*
HOTEL PALACE; *Piazza della Repubblica 20*
HOTEL PRINCIPE & SAVOIA, *Piazza della Repubblica 17*
LOCANDA SOLFERINO, Via Castelfidardo 2

Restaurants

BAGUTTA, *Via Bagutta 14; tel: 702-767*
BANCO, *Via Pontaccio 9; tel: 805-3083*
CAFFE MILANO, *Via San Ferno della Battaglie 1; tel: 669-300*
COVA, *Via Montenapoleone 8; tel: 700-578*
DA ROMANI, *Via Trebazio 3; tel: 340-738*
EL TOULÀ, *Piazza Paolo Ferrar 6; tel: 870-302*
GIANNINO, *Via Amatore Sciesa 8; tel: 545-2948*
GUALTIERO MARCHESI, *Via Bonvesin de la Riva 9; tel: 741-246*
MARCHESI, *Via Santa Maria alla Porta 13; tel: 876-370*
PAPER MOON, *Via Bagutta 1; tel: 792-297*
SANT AMBROEUS, *Corso Matteotti 7; tel: 700-540*
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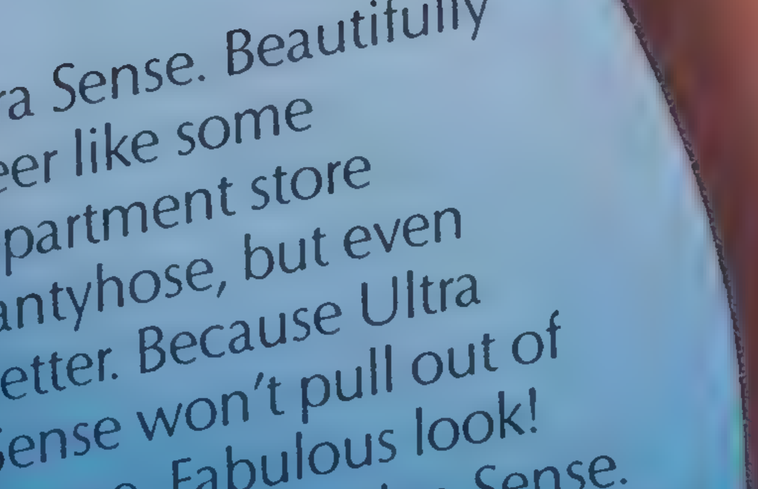

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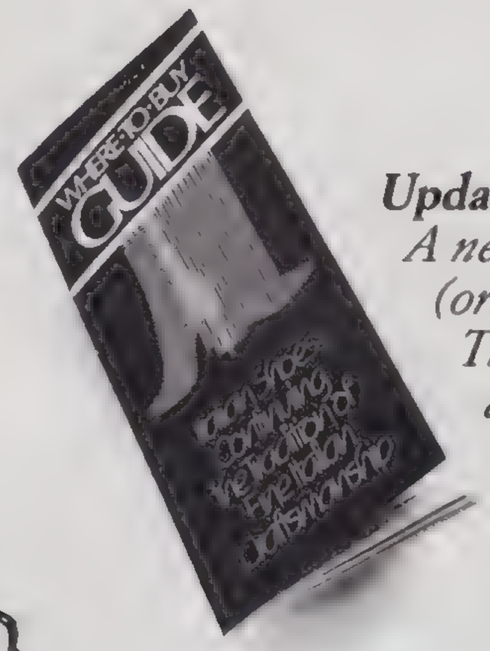

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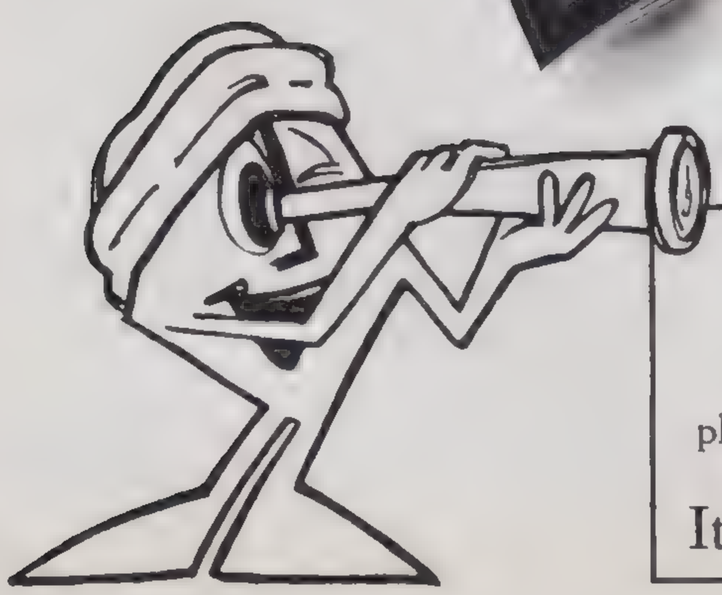

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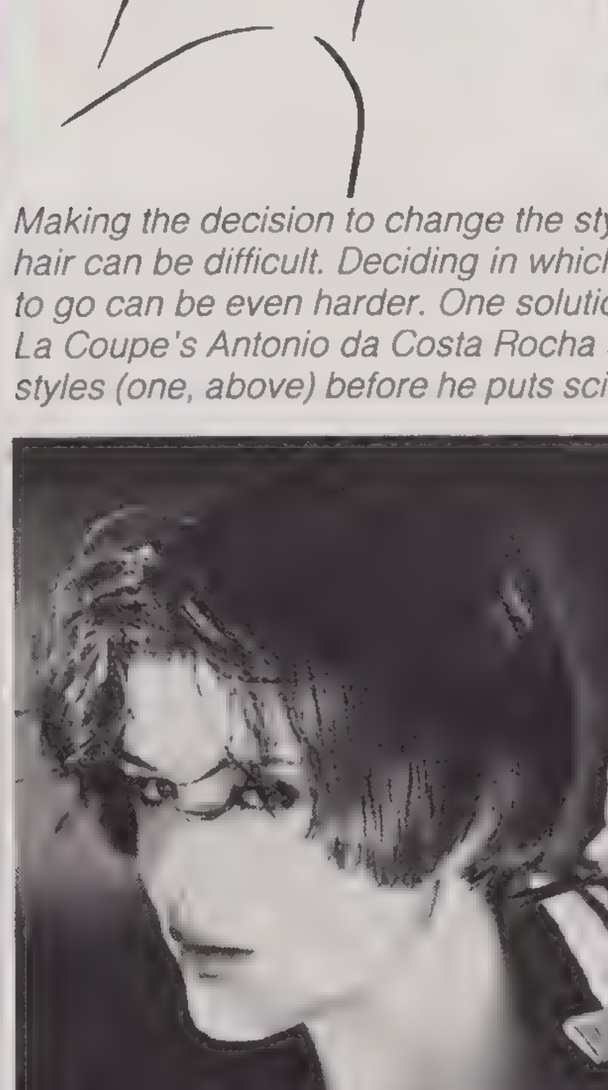

Making the decision to change the style of your hair can be difficult. Deciding in which direction to go can be even harder. One solution: La Coupe's Antonio da Costa Rocha sketches "try on" styles (one, above) before he puts scissors to your hair.

new take, above, on the blunt above-shoulder cut, swept forward toward the face, with angled bangs, back, fullness on top. The point of this cut: its versatility and the way it offers a woman a look that's "groomed rather than styled," says New York hairstylist Christiaan, who created the look.

L.A. TREND—THE LATEST IN EASY-CARE COLOR: HIGHLIGHTING SHORT HAIR ONLY ON THE TIPS—FOR A "HALO" EFFECT

When you travel . . .

Today, for business or pleasure, most women travel. And while most of us prefer having our hair cut/colored at our regular salon, there are always those unplanned-for moments--invariably when we're away from home--when we look into the mirror and decide we need a trim or a touchup. The dilemma, of course, to find a reputable, trustworthy salon.

One idea is to go with a salon hooked into Intercoiffure--a professional organization of two thousand hair salons throughout the world. The Intercoiffure team focuses on networking and getting the best cutters and colorists. One result: a group of salons known as much for their trend-making as for their service.

Fall trends include: a slightly shorter cut (like the one in progress *left*)--blunter in front, shorter in back, with some bangs and always ease and movement. Haircolor: Under the direction of Leland Hirsch (Nubest & Co., Manhasset), hair-enhancing colorings that brighten, condition, and are easy-care.

To find Intercoiffure anywhere in the world: call John Jay's New Orleans salon (504/282-0715). If you happen to use an Intercoiffure salon in the States (such as Don Shaw's in Atlanta, Jerry Gordon's in Chicago; Rocco Altobelli's in St. Paul) and you find yourself abroad and needing color or cut, you're lucky: your Intercoiffure salon-away-from-home will check your regular place to find out your color formula or your preference for style or cut.

Text by ARTHUR ELGORT Sketch DAVID CROLAND

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Deborah Turbeville

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Photo: Deborah Turbeville Fashions: Riding High Jewelry: Sonia ©1983 IAC

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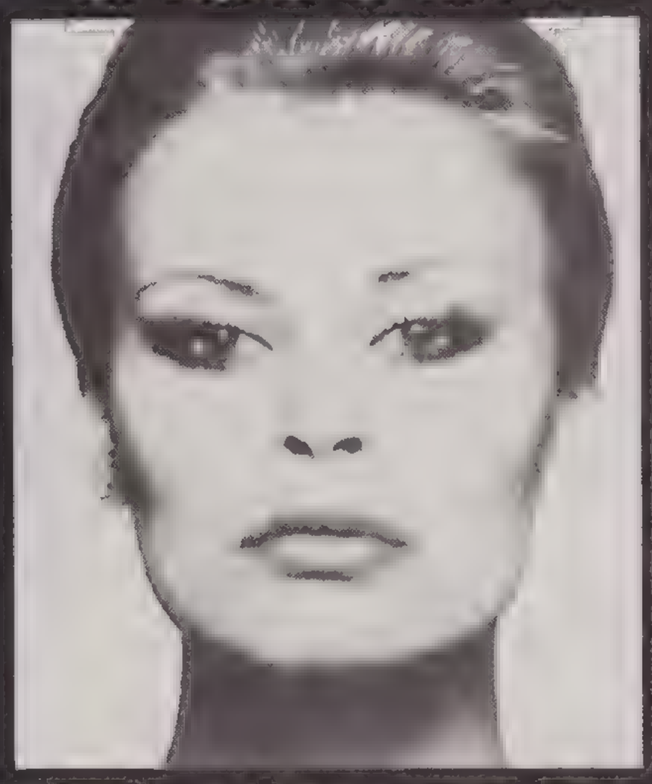

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what's hot

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The real appeal of the new one-day spa "vacations": they lift your spirits, your energy level, get your exercise program back on track. For the woman who has no time—or inclination—for a longer spa stay, a one-day "breather" can be a true fitness boost. And, too, a full day of fitness and relaxation can be a rare—and sorely needed—chance to catch some "private time," key to keeping energy and enjoyment in your life.

Three spots that offer one-day stays: In Washington, DC, the Saga Club (now at 2201 Wisconsin), where female execs work out with director Lisa Dobloug, *above* . . . Out of NYC: Gurney's Inn, Montauk, Long Island . . . and Toronto's Spa at the Elmwood.

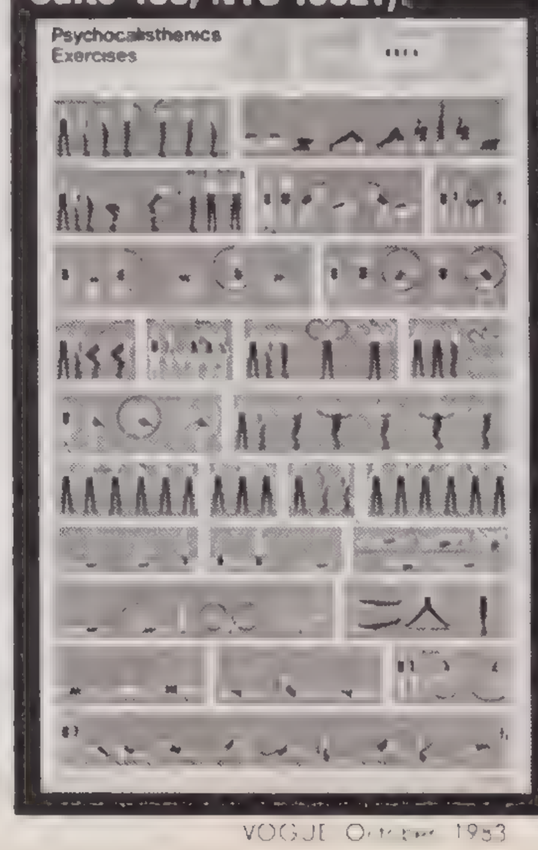
fitness evaluations

A sign of the growing professionalism at more and more health clubs and spas: the comprehensive fitness tests being offered, supervised by pros with advanced degrees in exercise physiology (often ''on loan'' from a nearby university or medical center). These evaluations give you a detailed--and safe--picture of muscle/heart/lung fitness, act as a supplement to, not a substitute for, medical stress tests. One new NYC exercise center where such tests are mandatory for all: Biofitness Institute.

the great escape

One problem many couples today share: finding enough time to spend alone together, doing things that both enjoy. For partners who share an interest in fitness, one solution can be to get away from it all, to a true super-spa, one that's also a resort, where you can have a real vacation and each partake of as much—or as little -activity as you please. And where you can catch up on each other, give each other's exercise and relaxation plans mutual support. One of the best spots: La Costa in Carlsbad, California. A bonus: the relaxing beauty treatments can come home with you, along with their expert fitness advice (write, La Costa Products, 2251 Las Palmas Dr., Carlsbad CA 92008).

Learning new exercises from a book can be difficult; it's hard to hold one and move at the same time. Easier to follow: a chart, like the one *below*, which features a 12-minute, total-body stretching/strengthening plan, emphasizing proper breathing as you move ($5 from Psychocalisthenics, 1319 2nd Avenue, Suite 480, NYC 10021).



FABRICS THAT MOVE

The newest exercise clothes exhibit space-age design: The materials are lighter, more stretchable than ever before. There are fewer seams to bind, more cotton blended with Lycra for comfort. One line of clothes that even supports your body as you move—great for a beginning exerciser: the new leotards, tights with four-way stretch from Isotoner . . . And, to help keep fit through pregnancy, tights with "expandable" stomach panels, by MysteryWear for Jon Devlin Dancercise studios (soon to open in Japan, too).

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Decision-making: what really works

The hardest choices are between head and heart

BY PATRICIA O'TOOLE

Making decisions, like making love or spaghetti sauce, is a subject that brings out the opinionated expert in everybody. In business, one school holds to the informal principle known as KISS (Keep It Simple, Stupid), another lines up behind H. L. Mencken's idea that for every problem there is a solution that is simple, straightforward—and wrong. Some call indecision the most mortal of sins, others point out that matters left undecided often go away. Research suggests that those who aggressively gather information make better decisions than those who don't, but life suggests that decisions often have to be made before all the facts are in. (And the facts, even when they make themselves known, have a habit of changing.) The wonder in all of this is not that people make so many bad decisions but that they often manage to make good ones.

The common threads in this crazy quilt of advice aren't easy to find since most of the experts—understandably—stress the differences between themselves and others; but the careful shopper in this intellectual bazaar eventually comes to see what good decisions are made of:

They're correctable, not perfect. "I used to be paralyzed about making decisions," says a woman banker, "because I thought that if they turned out badly I would have to live with them forever. But it doesn't have to be that way. Every so often, you adjust whatever needs adjusting." There is great liberation in dumping the notion that decisions are either permanent successes or permanent failures. Bad decisions can often be turned into good ones, and good ones can be made better.

They make use of both intellect and emotion. Despite admonitions to leave emotions out of decision-making—especially decisions about work and money—feelings usually do more to enhance decisions than obstruct them. In a world that reveres rational analysis and hard data, irrational information—in the form of gut feelings, instincts, hunches, opinions—needs cherishing if a decision is to be as good as it can be. As Elizabeth Janeway noted in *Powers of the Weak* (Knopf), "One really needs the whole self, emotions and all . . . to evaluate possible courses of action. Cognitive analysis isn't enough. Invalidating emotional, intuitive responses . . . narrows experience severely."

They often redefine the problem to be solved. Every schoolchild wrestles with the ethical question of how to save six shipwrecked survivors when the lifeboat will hold only five. Why not insist on the legitimacy of going beyond the problem as it is given? Couldn't all six lives be saved if everyone took turns swimming?

The disagreement between those who advocate a nuclear freeze and those who don't is essentially a disagreement over the definition of the problem. One side says a nuclear war cannot be won, the other says such a war need not be lost. Until the two sides agree on the problem, their decisions cannot guarantee the safety of the passengers on Lifeboat Earth.

They avoid the extremes of either rushing to closure or indecision. "Things come at me all day long," says a businesswoman who believes decisiveness is her most valuable asset. "I make decisions on the spot and move on. If I didn't, this place would grind to a halt." Her employees tell a different story: She keeps things moving all right, but acts with too little information. Inordinate amounts of time are spent corralling the wild horses she lets loose.

At the other pole is Deep Red Roses, a character in Carl Sandburg's *Rootabaga Stories.* Packing for a trip, she had room in her suitcase for either her clock or her looking glass. It seemed more sensible to take the clock, but she really wanted the mirror. So each morning she went off with one and each night she came back for the other. "Her head tells her one thing, her heart tells her another," the narrator explains. "Between the two she stays home." In the end, ducking a decision is the same as making one, but the results can never be more than second-rate.

They embrace rather than reject information that doesn't seem to fit and information from unorthodox sources. A few months ago, when a Connecticut bridge collapsed and killed three people, state highway officials professed complete surprise, but people who lived along the river under the bridge had tried for months to tell the officials about strange noises overhead. Why did their warnings go unheeded? Because these people weren't experts. The history of disasters is replete with such tales.

At work, gathering the intelligence needed for making good decisions is extraordinarily difficult, especially for managers, because subordinates try so hard to please. When a subordinate knows that a boss reacts badly to negative news, the temptation is to downplay or even withhold it. Awareness of this censorship is not enough, say Morgan W. McCall Jr., Robert E. Kaplan, and Michael L. Gerlach in *Caught in the Act: Decision Makers at Work* (Center for Creative Leadership). In their view, bosses need to hear, accept, and even reward the bearers of bad tidings.

They take courage. "One true sign of a leader," says Camron Cooper, vice president and treasurer of Atlantic Richfield Company, "is the willingness to accept responsibility for making the tough, awkward, or controversial decision." After all the information is in and all the recommendations have been made, she adds, a decision-maker still has to be brave enough to go against the grain. "It must be done with the clear knowledge that the decision may be wrong, with attendant repercussions. On the other hand, it may prove brilliant, with attendant rewards. Welcoming such risks is a key attribute of leadership."

"Every day we slaughter our finest impulses," Henry Miller wrote. "That is why we get a heartache when we read those lines written by the hand of a master and recognize them as our own, as the tender shoots which we stifled because we lacked the faith to believe in our own powers. . . ." The hardest choices are always between head and heart, between the quiet voice inside and the clamor outside. The life lived without the courage for making these choices is bound to be safe—and filled with regret.

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Money

When you're suddenly rich...new super-stocks...taking the risk that fits

By Lisa Gubernick

WHAT RISKS CAN YOU TAKE?

No matter where you invest your money, you're taking a risk. Even if your cash is safely tucked away in a savings account, you risk—in this case, losing buying power to inflation. How do you decide what chances you can afford?

Answering this question provides the key to your investment strategy. "First, evaluate how much you earn, how much you need to meet your living expenses, and how much you can save," says Susan Bondy, author of *How to Make Money Using Other People's Money* (Bobbs-Merrill). "If you live on income from your assets, you should consider only super-safe investments, such as government or Triple-A rated bonds. If you can save $2000 a year or more from a salary, however, you can take that amount and aim for higher returns in riskier investments, like shares in a high-growth mutual fund. Then, even if you lose money, you can replace it within a year's time."

Regardless of how much risk you can afford financially, you must consider your temperament, too, when making investment decisions. "Unless you're willing to review your portfolio daily, avoid commodities and stock options," Bondy says. While other volatile investments, such as stock in hot new high-tech companies, also require regular monitoring, Bondy believes that they can work for less vigilant investors—if they take steps to protect their holdings. A "Stop Loss" order, for instance, compels your broker to sell if your stocks fall below a specified price—which limits the amount you can lose. Bondy recommends placing "Stop Loss" orders at 15 percent below the price of your stock whenever it rises. "That way," she says, "your broker supplies your discipline for you."

A PENNY FOR YOUR STOCKS

"Penny" stocks are the slot machines of the stock market—the ante is small, so you don't risk losing much money; and if you do pick a winner, the returns can be enormous. For example: Had you bought one hundred shares of a little-known stock called MCI Corp. in 1974, it would have set you back all of $88. Today, your shares would be worth nearly $10,000. But for every, pennies-to-profits story, there are a dozen others in which shareholders are left with stock certificates worth little more than the paper they were printed on. Can you pinpoint the MCI's of tomorrow? Jerome Wenger, publisher of *Penny Stock News,* says that the best strategy for investing in penny stocks—whose definition now includes anything selling for $5 or less—is to follow the same principle used for any other investment: diversification. "Concentrate on one industry and invest in several companies," says Wenger. "Telecommunications and medical technology are two areas that show good potential." Most stockbrokers sell penny stocks, but few offer much information on them, so investors rely on independent newspapers and newsletters. Wenger's is the oldest and the largest; and during the first half of this year, his Penny Stock Index rose more than twice as much as the Dow Jones Industrial Average did. A word of warning: Despite the outstanding performance many penny stocks have turned in of late, they are still highly speculative investments and should comprise no more than 10 to 15 percent of your portfolio.

EQUITABLE DISTRIBUTION—ARE YOU GETTING YOUR FAIR SHARE?

Over the last fifteen years, divorce laws have been substantially revised in an effort to give women their fair share of marital assets. But despite the progress that has been made, many women still only get one-third or less of those assets. According to Judith Avner, staff attorney with the NOW Legal Defense and Education Fund, even that one-third is probably more than women received in the past, when most states still used the common-law system for dividing assets. Under the common-law system, a woman could only be sure to claim property that she could prove she owned—if the house was solely in her husband's name, for example, she was often out of luck.

By now, most states have switched to equitable distribution: the judge decides who gets what on the basis of the spouses' respective needs and contributions to the marriage. And therein lies the rub. "Many judges give too much weight to economic considerations, and few women earn as much as their husbands," says Avner. "Equitable distribution is turning out to be neither equal nor fair."

What's the alternative? "A simple change in the equitable distribution law to include the phrase 'presumption of equal'—setting out a 50-50 starting point for splitting assets—will help to insure that women are treated justly," says Avner, adding that there is now a strong effort to get that presumption written into the divorce law in New York. In Wisconsin, one state where this presumption is in the law, women generally get 50 percent of marital assets. "This change should establish once and for all that a marriage is an equal partnership—and if it ends, assets should be divided accordingly," says Avner. While women are likely to be dealt with fairly in the eight "community property" states, it's highly doubtful, Avner believes, that other states will change to that system. "It makes more sense—legally and politically—to work with the laws we already have," she says.

("Money" continued on page 378)

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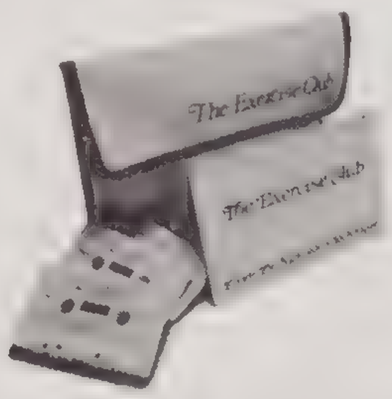

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MONEY

(Continued from page 377)

PROTECTING YOUR CREDIT CARDS

Each month, thousands of consumers join the ranks of victims of credit-card theft. In response to the card-theft epidemic, a new service has sprung up—"credit card insurance"—which costs as much as $50 per year. Does this insurance protect you?

"Not really," says Marla Kaplan, spokeswoman for Bankcard Holders of America, a non-profit consumer education group. "What the so-called insurance offers is access to a toll-free number that speeds your notifying companies of lost or stolen cards. You're still liable for up to $50 per card until the company is alerted to your loss. But most credit companies waive your liabilities unless there's blatant abuse—such as a customer who constantly loses her cards."

A $12 membership to Bankcard Holders buys you the same telephone theft-reporting service; plus, members are kept posted on which banks charge the lowest fees and interest for credit—fees can vary as much as 18 percent—and discounts on car rentals, travel, and hotel accommodations. For information, write Bankcard Holders, Suite 1022, 2025 I Street NW, Washington DC 20006.

SUDDENLY—YOU'VE GOT $

Whether it's from an inheritance, a hefty year-end bonus, or even winning the lottery—an unexpected windfall holds the promise of turning your dreams into reality. All too often, though, windfalls are frittered away on unnecessary purchases—we've all experienced the Disappearing Tax Refund Syndrome. Bonnie Siverd, author of "Count Your Change: A Woman's Guide to Sudden Financial Change" (Arbor House)—the clearest book on women's finances I've ever read—offers a method for handling large amounts of cash, say, $25,000 to $50,000, that combines impulse spending with discipline. Siverd suggests: "If you feel the urge, take 10 percent of your windfall and indulge yourself—but no more."

Siverd recommends taking six months to a year to decide how to invest the other 90 percent of your new riches—placing the money in a very accessible investment, like a money-market fund, in the meantime. "Everyone from your neighbor to your Uncle Harry will offer advice," she says; but generally, it's best to seek out a disinterested professional who charges a fee—not commissions—to spend an afternoon with you and plan your next move.

Siverd stresses finding long-term investments that meet your specific needs. "Women tend to leave inheritances in the form in which they come—either out of respect or inertia—and that rarely makes sense," she says. According to Siverd, a thirty-year-old single woman making about $30,000 a year would probably be best off spending most of her windfall on a down payment for her own home, because a house provides both profit potential and tax advantages. If a woman of similar means has children, there will be tuition bills to consider; so an aggressive mutual fund may suit her better. By contrast, a woman in her fifties or sixties with a small income should probably look for extremely conservative investments to produce money she will need to live on. "The less money a woman has, the more carefully she must weigh her choices," says Siverd.

Is your makeup giving you adult acne?

FACT: Acne cosmetica is a leading cause of post-adolescent acne among women.

You may be suffering from adult acne and not even realize it. Acne cosmetica, or adult acne, is a major cause of facial skin problems for women over 20 years old. What is it exactly? Look in the mirror. It's the little bumps you get under your skin, especially on the chin or cheek. It's those whiteheads and clogged pores that you thought you were rid of. There are many factors which can contribute to adult acne, however dermatologists widely agree that heavy oils, creams, lotions and foundation makeup are the most common factors.

FACT: Oil-based foundations can contribute to adult acne.

Depending on your skin type and skin sensitivity, the rich oils and emulsifiers used in some liquid and cream foundations can be too heavy for your skin. The result is clogged pores, a result that

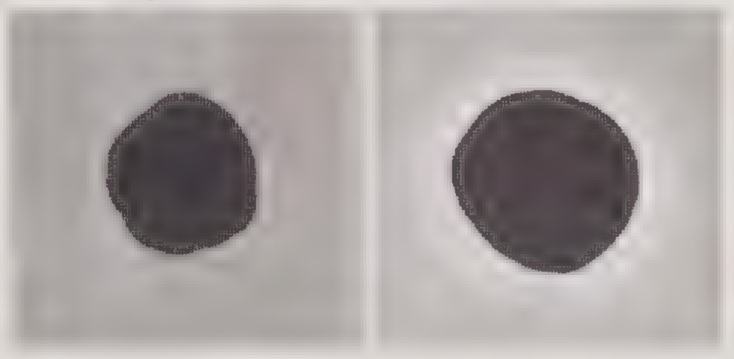
Normal Pore *Oil Clogged Pore*

doesn't happen overnight, but over a period of time and application. This clogging or comedogenic process causes the bumps to form under your skin. Even some water-based makeups contain oils that can clog, or alcohol which may burn, irritate or sting. So, how do you know which makeup is best for your skin?

FACT: Matte Finish was specifically formulated for dermatologists to be non-irritating and non-comedogenic.

Allercreme Hypo-Allergenic Matte Finish makeup was specifically formulated for dermatologists so they could recommend a makeup which provides even coverage without causing irritation, clogging or other skin sensitive reactions. In fact, in the more than 35 years since we began making Matte Finish makeup, we have never received a major complaint! That's because we take extra care and time in its development. Before Matte Finish ever touches your face, it must first pass hundreds of hours and dozens of tests in our laboratories to ensure its quality.

FACT: Not all water-based makeups are oil-free.



Matte Finish *Other water-based makeup*

Look at the blotter example above. Other fragrance free or water-based makeups may offer you some of the hypo-allergenic, non-irritating, non-comedogenic properties of Matte Finish, but if you read the labels carefully, you'll see that many contain rich oils or irritating alcohol. This oil shows up on the blotter in only a few minutes. Matte Finish water-based makeup is oil and alcohol free, hypo-allergenic, 100% fragrance free, non-irritating, non-sensitizing and non-comedogenic.

Look closely in your mirror. If you think your makeup is giving you adult acne, it's time to try Allercreme Matte Finish makeup. Available in nine fashion shades.

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update

Music, mood, and exercise… women's fitness issues: cystic breasts, mitral-valve prolapse

For most people, motivation is the biggest obstacle to adopting a regular exercise program. After all, who wants to spend her lunch hour doing leg lifts and sit-ups? Add the element of a favorite new song, though, and that boredom magically disappears. In fact, research studies show that dance music acts as an energizer by revving up a person's adrenaline and boosting both blood pressure and blood sugar levels.

But while music may lure us to exercise, it can also work against us when we get carried away by the beat. "Popular music can throw a novice off-track during a workout," says exercise expert Fran Lehen, author of *How To Improve Your Posture* (Cornerstone). Just as people dance the night away and wake up with sprained ankles or lower back pain, beginner athletes may become distracted by a tune and end up with similar injuries. "Until a novice knows what I call 'the body grammar' of physical fitness—i.e., the basics of how muscles behave—exercising to the Rolling Stones, for example, may be more of a stumbling block than an enhancement."

Before the aspiring athlete graduates to fast music, Lehen advises thorough training in the basics of body awareness. Her "body grammar" consists of understanding the function of body parts separately and in tandem, how one stretches loose and tense muscles. During this introductory period, the beginner should follow a slow, sensible pace, stopping at the first sign of pain. The goal should be control, not speed. "In a class with music blaring, you can follow the instructor's lead physically; but actually you're imitating the posture without the muscle control the instructor has. Remember, the instructor is a trained athlete," Lehen says. "A lack of control in the classroom may result in an injury later if you may follow a movement you're not ready for. Or you may do a movement improperly. As a result, you may be doing sit-ups in a way that strengthens your stomach while straining your back."

Working closely with the instructor, quick learners can grasp the grammar of body awareness in a matter of weeks. To maximize concentration, Lehen recommends a backdrop of classical music, which offers a steady pace and a sense of relaxation without distracting you from your activity. "Music in the classroom is helpful because it provides a buoyancy that eases the difficulties of fitness training; but whatever the music, it should be unobtrusive—the attention should be on the instructor who should be easily heard."

By focusing on what's going on inside her body, the beginner athlete gains control. Once she reaches a level of proficiency, Lehen allows that she can exercise to the tunes of her choice. "I judge progress by the beginner athlete's acknowledgement that she experiences a wider range of movement and more strength. At that point, I trust her to know what she's going for in the workout and to resist the allure of a song."

Exercise and mitral-valve prolapse

A surprisingly large number of normal, healthy women have a heart anomaly called mitral-valve prolapse, or MVP. It means that the valve separating the upper and lower chambers on the left side of the heart is too large to close tightly, which sometimes allows blood to leak back into the upper chamber. The condition is rarely serious, however, and may go undetected for years with no ill effects. As many as 4 to 10 percent of the American population have MVP, which is believed to be hereditary and seems more common among women than men.

If you have MVP, you may be totally unaware of any difficulty whatever, or you may find you get dizzy spells, pains in your chest, or a feeling that your heart frequently beats too fast or skips beats. Symptoms like these warrant a visit to a doctor, who can usually diagnose MVP by listening through a stethoscope for the floppy valve's characteristic "click" sound or murmur. But *most* people with MVP don't know they have it, according to John D. Cantwell, M.D., director of the Preventive Medicine Institute at Georgia Baptist Medical Center in Atlanta, writing in *The Physician and Sportsmedicine*.

"I'm sure that thousands of people with MVP are out exercising every day," Dr. Cantwell says, "and in general that's a fine thing," for when the condition is mild, and it usually is, exercise improves the heart's overall efficiency and poses no threat.

But some individuals do have serious heart-rhythm problems associated with MVP, and must be cautious about exercise. Dr. Cantwell points out, however, that these people get obvious warning signals from their bodies, unlike the majority of MVP cases who never experience any unpleasant symptoms.

"MVP was overlooked until recently," notes Dr. Cantwell. "Even now it is easily missed on routine examinations because the doctor may not hear anything unusual unless the patient is standing up or squatting—positions that change the volume of blood in the heart." Sophisticated new techniques such as echocardiography, which provides a picture of the working heart, make detection more certain. (For more information on this subject, see Health, page 393.)

Exercise and cystic breasts. The pain of cystic breasts or premenstrual breast soreness need not rule out exercise for the millions of women affected by these conditions. In fact, according to Christine E. Haycock, M.D., associate professor of surgery at The University of Medicine and Dentistry of New Jersey in Newark, exercise is not only safe but may bring relief in such cases.

Women with cystic breasts usually feel the most discomfort just before their periods, Dr. Haycock says. Vigorous exercise that makes them sweat a lot may help to reduce the excess fluid causing swelling and increased pressure. She suggests that cutting back on salt and water consumption at this time of the month might also help, as would taking one of the anti-prostaglandin medications prescribed for menstrual cramps. Psychological factors may also aggravate breast pain and exercise, with its known ability to reduce stress, could be beneficial emotionally.

Women with cystic breasts may pursue almost any kind of exercise, Dr. Haycock says, so long as they wear a supportive bra to keep the breasts fixed firmly to the chest. She defines a good sports bra as one made of non-stretch material, with a wide band under the breasts; seams must not cross the nipples, non-elastic straps should not slide off. She advises testing a sports bra by jumping up and down in the fitting room.

Dr. Haycock adds personal experience to her professional expertise. "I've had fibrocystic breast disease and three breast biopsies myself," she says. "I have always been active. I consider myself living proof that women like me suffer no adverse effects from exercise."

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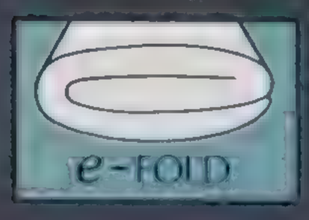

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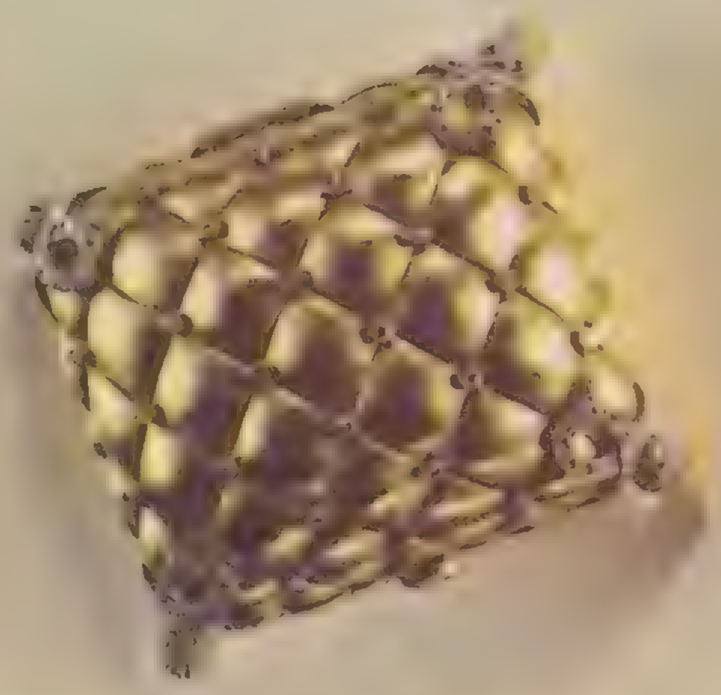

Jewelled case by David Webb

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Plastic surgery update: ways to keep the look of youth

Latest operations, news on timing

BY MELVA WEBER

This year, the superspecialty of plastic surgery has spirit-lifting, as well as face-lifting, news: fresh options in first-step or partial surgical procedures that, for some women, will forestall the need for total face lifting; and, for others, new thoughts about when to have that first full face lift: having one of the newer extended face lifts as early as her thirties may mean longer-lasting results, so a woman's need for renewal operations will be postponed, and fewer repeats may be necessary.

NEW SURGERY CHOICES

Taking pre-lift possibilities first, consider this: Even in your twenties, sometimes in your thirties, and more often in your forties, you may develop the first, too-early signs of aging. At the eyes, a hooded effect gains emphasis; beneath them, a slight but persistent puffiness.

Put a hand mirror flat on the table, look down. You may see cheeks that sag somewhat, responding too well to laws of gravity; the clean chin-throat angle of youth softened, fading into a fuller, heavier curve; the lower third of the face a bit broader, a trifle more square.

To the rescue, an array of surgical fixes for specific problems. "We call them 'ancillary procedures,' helper-operations that may be done along with full face-lift surgery, but may also be done independently, and may postpone the need for the full face lift." So says Bernard Kaye, M.D., of Jacksonville, Florida, clinical professor of plastic surgery at the University of Florida, past president of the American Society for Aesthetic Plastic Surgery.

Eye lifts

The eyelid lift is one such procedure, done when eyelid tissues weaken and allow fatty flesh to bulge, creating puffiness above and bags beneath the eyes. "This occurs with aging, of course," said Dr. Kaye, "but can occur in very young people, even in teenagers who have had repeated allergies that weaken tissues." The surgeons' term for the operation: blepharoplasty. Eyelid surgery removes excess skin as well as the fat bulges and may be needed when loose skinfolds actually curtain the eyes and impair vision.

There's more. Muscles, as well as skin and fat, can be manipulated to restore serene, expressive eyes. The orbicularis, a circular muscle that goes around the eye, is responsible for squinting (often a necessary action) and for the eventual formation of laugh lines or crows' feet, the lines that radiate from the outer corners of eyes toward the temples. Laugh lines can be charming; but, too many and too deep, they can add years to the effect of the face.

Said George J. Berakha, M.D., New York City plastic surgeon: "For the woman who wants smoothness in this facial area, the conventional face lift or even the forehead lift won't do it; but another technique can. It consists of first lifting the skin at the temples, then dividing the orbicularis muscle at the outer edge of the eye socket, then sewing it down to the deeper tissues around the eye. The muscle is interrupted, so you don't squint so much when you smile. The rest of the muscle goes right on doing its work and being expressive."

What the eye lift can't help: the slightly tired or cross expression caused by drooping brows. "Some young people are greatly helped by the forehead lift, or brow lift," said Dr. Kaye. "One of my patients was only twenty-two. She said that, in high school, other students would tell her she looked tired when she wasn't. She realized it was her eyebrows that drooped."

Incision for the brow lift is made in the scalp, well above the hairline where the fine-line scar will be quite unseen. The forehead is lifted and redraped; brows are placed in their best position, along the top of the eye's bony socket; horizontal lines across the forehead are smoothed. In the process, said Dr. Kaye, the surgeon can cut the muscles that cause frowning, both the horizontal lines and the vertical creases that loom between the brows, so you can't squeeze your face into a fierce glower. But, Dr. Kaye added, if you later on really persist in scowling hard, you can retrain other muscles to do the frowning.

Front face, a limited lift

It's not a "minilift." Plastic surgeons generally do not like that term. For the woman who doesn't yet need the full face lift, doesn't need her neck done, but does need work on the skin and cheek fat that's sliding down a bit, the solution is the anterior face lift, restricted to the front of the face. It can be just the thing for the woman in her early thirties who wishes to look in her twenties.

The actual "minilift"? "It was popular about a decade ago," said Dr. Kaye. "The surgeon would take little pieces of skin tissue from around the edges of the scalp, pull it up to tighten it, and that was the extent of the face lift; but it's quite a temporary thing."

Added Dr. Berakha: "It's not an operation I have faith in. It's easy, and doesn't leave much of a scar; but I don't think it particularly effective or lasting. My advice to most patients who are interested in the minilift is, wait until you can get a real face lift."

Nose lift

It may be almost impossible to see it oneself, but the nose lengthens with time, tends to gravitate downward at the tip. "Modifying the tip of the nose, just by lifting it up a little, often creates a dramatic, youthful difference," said Dr. Berakha. "It's a simple operation, compared to a face lift." Nose lift, Dr. Berakha emphasized, is not the same operation as the rhinoplasty often done in young people to recontour the nose. "But very often, a slight hump becomes more pronounced with aging."

Earbobbing

Earlobes steadily get larger and longer, become a subtle and usually unrecognized mark of aging. Said Dr. Berakha, "Reducing the earlobes, a very minor surgical procedure that takes about twenty minutes, can make a surprising difference in one's appearance." With a small curved incision under the lobe, so no scar shows, the surgeon makes the lobe smaller. It's an option to be considered along with other procedures. Remember, if you have pierced ears, they'll need to be pierced again.

COLLAGEN INJECTION: NEW AND EFFECTIVE LINE ERASER

Collagen, a fundamental building material of the body, makes up a good deal of the skin and other structures, gives shape to nose and ears, has been termed the body's scaffolding material. Purified, surgical-quality collagen in fluid form now is used increasingly by plastic surgeons to correct skin lines, grooves, and depressions by fine-line needle injection. Said San Francisco's Mark Gorney, M.D., president of the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons: "Collagen is basically a biological soft-tissue implant. Some implant materials tend to be rejected by the body as foreign substances; but body tissues can invade, or grow into, this protein building block."

Said Dr. Berakha: "I use a great deal more collagen in my practice today. It's just dramatic for correcting vertical grooves between the eyebrows and for the nasolabial folds between nose and mouth."

(Collagen by injection also is used to raise depressed scars, as those from acne; but most surgeons are finding it not so useful for the puncture-shaped "ice pick" scars, where the bottom of the pit adheres to tissues below the skin layer. Badly pitted skin may be improved by dermabrasion, said Dr. Berakha, and sometimes requires retreatment. Individual "ice pick" scars may be cut out, adds Dr. Gorney, though this leaves a fine-line scar.)

Collagen, in a mixture with a local anesthetic, is put into the skin through a fine needle, so there's minimal pain during injection. The fluid goes into the skin layer itself, not beneath it. "Put in correctly," says Dr. Gorney, "the chances for a worthwhile result are considerably better. Put in too far, or subdermally, the collagen can appear to build up the skin surface nicely but would disappear very soon."

Among surgeons, there's still some controversy about collagen. Those who use it are highly enthusiastic; others reject it because the results don't last. Said Dr. Gorney, who favors collagen: "We feel it certainly has a place in plastic-surgery practice, provided the patient understands that a maintenance program is necessary. In other words, you'll need a touch-up at intervals."

Within the past few months, a second formulation of injectible collagen has been released to plastic surgeons. Dr. Gorney, who took part in clinical testing, reports that the newer formulation appears to last longer in the skin, requires less overcorrection to allow for shrinkage.

Side effects or reactions to collagen injection are possible, but have been extremely rare. By the manufacturer's protocol, prospective patients are given skin tests with a tiny amount, and must wait a month to see if any reaction develops. Persons with connective-tissue diseases should not have collagen injections.

Surgeons uniformly praise the United States manufacturers of the injectible collagen. The firm carefully monitors distribution of the material, which is issued only to qualified physicians, who are requested to file information on ways they use the material and on results at patient follow-up.

Can collagen help clear up or retard lines and wrinkles when it's applied to the skin as a facial pack, lotion, or *Continued on page 388)*

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PLASTIC SURGERY

(Continued from page 385)

cleansing bar? Impossible, say plastic surgeons and dermatologists. Collagen cannot be absorbed by the skin surface.

CHEMICAL PEEL AND DERMABRASION

For many women, a peach-fair complexion in youth has its price; far too early, this skin can develop many fine lines and threaten to turn to leather. Either before a face lift or done along with the face lift, removing the rough outer surface by chemical peeling or by dermabrasion (surgical sandpapering) can achieve a transformation. Either procedure should be done only by a skilled, qualified expert.

Wrinkles that run toward the lips, which not only look unpleasant but cause blurred edges on lipstick, are a special bane to older women. Either technique for removing the top layer and revealing the smoother skin beneath can greatly improve the "prune lips" problem; this is often combined with a full face lift.

Which technique to choose? Plastic surgeons often favor one procedure over another. "My own strong preference," said Dr. Berakha, "is to use chemical peel for problems related to aging [fine lines, wrinkling from sun exposure] and to reserve dermabrasion for irregularities and scarring such as the effects of acne." Because the two processes are entirely different in terms of what happens to the skin as seen beneath a microscope, the surgeon may choose to use different techniques for different skin areas.

All in all, pre-face-lift procedures can be of inestimable value to women not yet ready for the Big Lift. When you feel you're looking older but you don't know just why, your plastic surgeon can help you single out the primary problem. "Usually," said Dr. Berakha, "I ask a woman to look in the mirror, hand her a marker, and ask her to point out the things that bother her most. I examine her to note the areas showing the most signs of aging. Then we kind of put our heads together and come up with a plan, often different and often less than what she first had in mind."

THE FULL FACE LIFT

In favor of having the Big Lift earlier, rather than later, are these considerations: In general, the younger the face at the first face lift, the more successful the procedure—and subsequent procedures—will be. And first face lifts done when one is in the forties have been found to last longer, compared with first face lifts done in one's sixties. "The younger you are at the initial one," said Dr. Kaye, "the better they tend to hold." This lays to rest the concern that face lifts might make the skin age faster, forcing one to have repeat operations at increasingly shorter intervals. That's not so, say leaders in the field.

Maxi-SMAS: deepest lift of all

In classical face lifts, the skin of cheek, jawline, and neck is surgically lifted, any sagging fat deposits beneath are removed, and the mask of skin is replaced and secured more tightly than before. A more extended technique for face lift is the SMAS-platysma operation.

John Q. Owsley Jr., M.D., clinical professor of plastic surgery at University of California-San Francisco Medical Center, explained the anatomical principle involved: "This operation pays attention to all of the facial layers, including the very important structures that underlie the skin. These form a fibrous and muscle layer attached to the skin that's unique in the body in the way it works. It consists of the cheek fibrous layer we call the SMAS [for superficial musculo-aponeurotic system] and the platysma muscle, which wraps the front of the throat and under-chin."

The SMAS and platysma form a gliding layer, which gives mobility to the face. Attached to the muscles of facial expression, this sheath-like layer lies above the deep facial nerve and beneath a richly supplied blood-vessel network and outer skin layers. In the maxi-SMAS, or SMAS-platysma face lift, the surgeon detaches and lifts both layers as a single thickness—not just the skin of the face, but the muscles of the face as well. Beneath the chin, the sharp angle with the throatline is recreated. Along the jawline, sagging jowls are erased. Sagging fat deposits are lifted as the muscle and skin layer is redraped and fastened. At incision edges, excess tissue is trimmed and sutured where healed scar lines will be virtually invisible.

Truly a key feature to the young-and-vital look is the smooth, slender neck. Said Dr. Berakha, "There are dramatic advances in surgery of the neck area, with the platysma flap and other techniques. A slight change in emphasis in my clinical approach is that I feel the most important thing in giving a woman a clean, youthful throatline is to get rid of the fat. You must sculpt away fat from the jowls, often the sides of the jawline, and along the front of the neck. In some carefully selected patients, I have found a new surgical technique, suction lipectomy, is very successful in removing neck fat."

Suction lipectomy, a still somewhat controversial method, involves using a vacuum device for extracting fat through a tube. It's applied mainly for extraction of fatty lumps and bumps on the body, carries risk of allowing overlying skin to collapse loosely as the tissues beneath are reduced. "But there's little risk of leaving wrinkled skin on the neck," said Dr. Berakha, "because in doing this as part of the face lift, the surgeon is going to tighten that skin. The suction technique, when it fits in with the operation, is quicker, causes less bleeding, and allows very nice sculpturing."

The nasolabial fold (the line from nostril to mouth corner) tends to become a deep groove as one ages because, beneath the skin and fat layers, the SMAS ends at that line. During the SMAS face-lift operation, the surgeon can lift the skin over this fold area and reposition it smoothly, moving it sideways, without need for tight up-and-down pulling.

"We're getting much longer-lasting results with the SMAS face lift," said Dr. Owsley. "Follow-ups indicate that the operation is good for seven to ten years. In addition, on a second time around, an operation of lesser magnitude may be all that's needed." The SMAS-platysma lift can be combined with a good many of the ancillary or side procedures described earlier, including eye lift, brow lift, upper-lip peel.

Periodic renewal

"If a woman begins having rejuvenating procedures in her thirties or forties," said Jacksonville's Dr. Kaye, "she'll stay ahead of the aging process more effectively than if she waits until her sixties. For example, in identical twins, if one twin has periodic renewals but her twin doesn't, each will *(Continued on page 394)*

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Health

Upbeat news for heart patients…red flag for rural women…battery-powered hazards…less exercise—better results?

By Melva Weber

MESSAGES FROM THE HEART

From the New York Heart Association—an update on a heart condition that is usually benign, hits twice as many women as men, and may affect as much as 20 percent of our population (one person in five).

The heart's mitral valve, through which blood passes from the left atrium's holding chamber into the left pumping chamber, or ventricle, has flaps or "leaflets" to prevent blood from surging backward when the ventricle begins to squeeze. These leaflets may become enlarged or off balance and allow a bit of leakage. Attachment cords at the valve cuff may tighten. A doctor listening with a stethoscope may hear a click from the cords or a murmur or both and may describe this condition as "mitral-valve prolapse," which sounds quite frightening but needn't be.

Some heart experts say this condition shouldn't be called a cardiac disease but a normal variation that should be medically checked to rule out more serious problems. The condition runs in families and often seems to skip a generation in males.

At least half of people with mitral-valve prolapse will have palpitations as a symptom; and nearly a third will describe mild to disabling chest pain, a stabbing sensation that comes and goes and isn't related to physical activity. Nitroglycerin won't relieve this pain, but propranolol sometimes does. Many patients have minor symptoms of shortness of breath, dizziness, and, often, anxiety symptoms that are helped when the doctor reassures them that the condition isn't dangerous.

The most feared possibility, sudden death, is very rare. Patients who do have a family history of sudden death, severe palpitations, and heart arrhythmias can be protected by close medical supervision and antiarrhythmic drugs.

Mitral-prolapse patients are more vulnerable than others to bacterial endocarditis, infection of the heart muscle covering. To prevent it they may be given antibiotics before undergoing any kind of surgery or dental procedure.

In a very severe mitral-valve condition when rupture threatens—fewer than 5 percent of cases—mitral-valve replacement surgery is a well-established procedure.

ANOTHER SHIELD WARNING

Warning to any woman still using the Dalkon Shield Intrauterine Device (IUD) . . . The U.S. Centers for Disease Control (CDC) has found that risk of pelvic inflammatory disease is five times greater in wearers of Dalkon Shield IUDs than in women who wear other types of IUDs, and eight times greater than in women using no contraceptives.

Back in the summer of 1974, the Dalkon Shield IUD was withdrawn from the market because it was suspected of causing pregnancy complications. Women already wearing the shield were not urged to have it removed unless symptoms or problems appeared; but, in 1980, the manufacturer advised doctors to remove the shields from women even without symptoms, because of increased risk of a yeast infection of the genital tract. Still, it's likely that a considerable number of women, having no trouble with the shield, did not bother to have it removed.

The CDC urges women still using Dalkon Shields to have them removed, but is not recommending removal of other types of IUDs.

"BUTTONS"—NOT FOR BELLIES

Those miniature disk-shaped batteries used in cameras, calculators, hearing aids, watches, and other appliances may be a significant health hazard--when they're swallowed. An estimated 850 ''button batteries'' are ingested each year, mostly by children under five years old.

The Journal of the American Medical Association, in reports of two studies and an editorial statement, offers physicians a new standard of care for this special type of emergency. Some button batteries may lodge in the esophagus and should be removed immediately by endoscope or through use of a balloon catheter, according to Barry H. Rumack, M.D., and Carol M. Rumack, M.D., at the University of Colorado School of Medicine, Denver. If the battery has passed through the esophagus and the stomach or beyond, and the patient shows no symptoms, simple follow-up with the physician is recommended, possibly also with cathartics to shorten the transit time of the button battery through the intestines. Only in rare cases will surgery be required; if a battery comes apart in the intestine, it is more safely removed through enemas or purges. When a mercury-containing battery has opened inside the body, physicians test blood and urine to determine whether chelation therapy is needed.

Doctors are requesting that warnings be put on battery packages.

WHEN OLDER MEANS HEARTIER

Good news for active older women: at Pennsylvania State University, scientists studied effects of moderate aerobic exercise on the body fat and blood cholesterol levels of older women, calculated whether such activity might reduce risks of heart attack. Earlier studies in younger women failed to show much effect on cholesterol levels with moderate exercise and indicated that more strenuous activity would be needed.

But, in older women, aerobic exercise for fifty minutes a day, four days a week gave reductions in both body fat and blood cholesterol in a test group of women aged thirty-five to sixty; high-density cholesterol—the good kind—was up, an effect believed to reduce risks of heart disease. The light exercise program included walking, jogging, aerobic water games, dance, and field exercises. To lower cholesterol scores for young women requires more strenuous work; for older ones, it's a comparative breeze.

BIRTH DEFECTS—BOTANICAL LINK?

A blue-flowered plant of the Western mountains, the "bush lupine," which belongs to the botanic family that includes bluebonnet, state flower of Texas, is a likely culprit in a birth-defect mystery. In California, a baby boy was born with severe bone deformities (missing thumbs, partial absence of forearm bones), and goats and puppies born on the same farm showed similar birth defects. According to Donald G. Crosby, Ph.D., of the University of California at Davis, environmental detective work revealed that both the baby's mother and the family dog drank goat's milk during pregnancy, and that the goats had foraged on *Lupinus latifolius* plants, which contain the alkaloid substance anagyrine, a recognized cause of "crooked calf disease" when cattle graze in lupine pastures.
While further research seeks fuller proof of the teratogenicity—or deforming capacity—of the alkaloid substances in lupines, Dr. Crosby urges women to avoid milk products from foraging animals during the first three months of pregnancy. "We particularly want to reach women in rural areas, who are more likely to use milk from animals that forage freely," said Dr. Crosby. Milk from commercial dairy animals is believed to be safe from contamination.
Dr. Crosby and fellow researchers Wendell W. Kilgore, Ph.D., and Arthur L. Craigmill, Ph.D., continuing their pursuit of defect-causing plant species, report also that surgeon Norman K. Poppen, M.D., has repaired the little boy so he will have use of his hands and arms.

PLASTIC SURGERY

(Continued from page 388)

continue to age at her own rate, but the first twin will remain at an earlier stage in appearance than her untreated sister. And each renewal lasts longer than the previous one, so intervals between operations can be progressively longer."

Where to start

Out of the one million plastic-surgery operations done in hospitals each year, about four hundred thousand are for purposes of improved appearance. The American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons, the professional organization of some twenty-six hundred board-certified plastic surgeons, offers informative materials on plastic surgery in general and on specific operations, including descriptions of the procedures and realistic expectations regarding results. The Society maintains a Patient Referral Service to help in choosing a qualified plastic surgeon. On request, they'll supply you with the names of three active, board-certified plastic surgeons in your local area.

When you meet with a plastic surgeon for counseling, the Society suggests you ask the surgeon these questions:

- How will this procedure help me?
- How is the operation performed? What steps do you follow, what type of anesthesia will be used, how long will the operation take?
- Will other medical professionals be involved in the surgery?
- How long will it take me to recover? What steps will be followed for proper healing? What follow-up care is necessary?
- How long must I stay in the hospital? (Or, if the surgeon operates from separate facilities, are these accredited by the ASPRS?)
- All surgical procedures leave scars. Are these noticeable?
- What could go wrong with the procedure? Can it be corrected? What are the possible complications?
- How will I look after operation and healing are completed?
- How much will the surgery cost? (Including physician's fees, consulting fee, costs for hospital or other medical services.)
- Will medical insurance cover some or all of the cost?

For more information you may want, write American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons, Suite 1900, 233 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, 60601 or call 312/856-1834.

What to expect in surgeon's fees

Plastic surgeons in New York and in West Coast cities charge generally higher fees than in other cities. Hospital and related charges may be higher too. Here are fees for specific surgical procedures, typical of ranges current in a large metropolitan area. Your surgeon may charge more or less. Remember these are for surgeon's fees alone; hospital, operating suite, anesthesia, and other costs must be added. Face lift, $3000–$5000; eyelids, $2000–$3000; chin implant, $1000–$2000; forehead lift, $2000–$3000; tip of nose, $1500–$2500; area chemical peel, $500–$1000; full face chemical peel, $1500–$2500; collagen injections $200–$300 per cubic centimeter (two to ten cubic centimeters may be required). ▽

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Emotional rescue—women's work?... good news on the brain... self and soul—escaping fear

By Carol Tavris

YOUR HEALTH: HOW MUCH DO YOU *REALLY* WANT TO KNOW?

Should a doctor tell a patient everything? This question has been a source of debate—with many physicians saying that some people don't want to know all the details of a procedure or an illness, and many laypeople countering that most people do want to know and are morally entitled to know. Now a psychologist, Suzanne M. Miller, Ph.D., at Temple University, and a physician, Charles E. Mangan, M.D., at University of Pennsylvania, have joined forces to help settle the argument.

Some research has previously found that some people cope with threatening information by denying or ignoring it; others prefer to find out everything about a situation they can. Miller and Mangan realized that this personality difference might be a major factor in answering the question of how much a doctor should tell a patient. They studied forty women about to undergo a worrying, but not uncomfortable gynecological procedure (colposcopy, the use of a microscope to check the cervix and vagina for cancerous cells). They divided the women into information-seekers ("monitors") and information-avoiders ("blunters"); then they gave half of the women in each group voluminous preparatory information—precisely what the procedure would be like, exactly what the doctor would be doing, how they would feel later—while the rest of the women got only minimal information (what a colposcope does). The researchers took careful measures of the women's emotional state, physiological arousal, and discomfort—before, during, and after the procedure.

Overall, the researchers found that too much detail is not a good thing: the patients who were given a lot of information were, on the average, more tense, depressed, and uncomfortable before the colposcopy. And although this tension had decreased by the exam's end, the over-informed patients' discomfort and depression remained elevated for several days after the colposcopy. However, Miller and Mangan found that when they split the patients into "blunters" and "monitors" the level of physiological arousal and psychological discomfort the women experienced was consistent with their coping style: Blunters felt better to have little information and monitors felt better to have lots of it.

What a doctor "should" tell a patient, it seems, depends on a good fit between the amount of information and the personality of the patient. If your physician doesn't know what type of information-seeker you are, make sure that you know yourself.

CULTIVATING THE BRAIN

Scientists have assumed that once a brain cell dies, it is dead forever, and no new cell will spring up in its place. But some exciting new research suggests that regrowth is possible. Two anatomy professors at the University of Rochester School of Medicine and Dentistry, Carol Phelps, Ph.D., and John R. Sladek, Jr., Ph.D., created surgical lesions in the brains of three-, twenty-, and thirty-month-old rats (the latter are, in rat terms, sixty years old). Aging is often accompanied by degeneration in the central nervous system, including a loss of neurons, of the synapses that link them, and of the brain chemicals that transmit messages from cell to cell. But to Phelps's and Sladek's surprise, two weeks after surgery, vigorous regrowth of some brain cells was progressing—even through scar tissue, and even in the oldest rats.
The next step is to try to isolate the brain-cell growth factor, eventually for human use. One day, brain-cell death may not be permanent—as in pruning a tree, fresh branches may return.

SELF & SOUL IN A NUCLEAR AGE

Apart from their obvious differences in theory and practice, religion and psychiatry share common goals. To Jerome D. Frank, M.D., Ph.D., at Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine, they both "ease humans over the bumps in life's journey," help people order their priorities and values, and emphasize the power of love and redemption. Today, says Dr. Frank, both institutions help people face the fear of death—a fear greatly exacerbated, consciously and unconsciously, by the threat of nuclear holocaust.

Nuclear death adds new anxieties, says Dr. Frank, because, unlike all other forms of death, it will strike everyone, regardless of age. It will destroy the continuity between generations. It will obliterate whole societies—thus depriving people of the reassurance that although they may die, their human world will live on. Some Americans try to escape from the resulting despair, he suggests, by exalting the self: pursuing material goods, drugs, the indulgences of the Me generation. Others seek to surrender the self by blindly following the charismatic leaders of cults that promise immortality and transcendence.

At present, Dr. Frank argues, psychiatry and religion are trying to help their flocks cope with nuclear war's threat; but this, he says, is not enough. Religion and psychiatry share a belief in "the human family"—though one defines that family as the children of God and the other as members of the same species. What both institutions should do, he says, is to *act* on that belief instead of merely preaching it.

("Mind Health" continued on page 398)

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MIND HEALTH

(Continued from page 396)

SMILING— ALL IN A DAY'S WORK

Sociologist Arlie Hochschild, Ph.D., became interested in the way people manage their emotions when her parents joined the U.S. Foreign Service. As a child, she began to study "diplomatic smiles" and learned to interpret their real meanings. Where, she wondered, did the person end and the act begin? In *The Managed Heart* (U. of California Press), Hochschild continues to investigate what happens when smiles and good moods are part of your job requirements.

"I came to appreciate how workers try to preserve a sense of self," notes Hochschild, "by circumventing the feeling rules of work, how they limit their emotional offerings to surface displays of the 'right' feeling but suffer anyway from a sense of being 'false' or mechanical." Flight attendants, for example, are required to suppress their real feelings—anger at a passenger who spits at them, annoyance at a drunk who makes passes at them, tiredness from having to serve a planeload of people and then find a deck of cards for a bored salesman. Airlines promise that attendants will be cheerful and unflaggingly friendly—simple service is not enough. This promise imposes a burden of "emotional labor," Hochschild says, on top of physical and mental labor. The flight attendants she interviewed regarded their smiles as an extension of their makeup—something *on* them but not *of* them.

Hochschild estimates that about one-third of all American workers and one-half of all female workers have jobs that require "substantial demands for emotional labor"—the secretary who makes the office cheerful, the waitress who creates "an atmosphere of pleasant dining," the hotel receptionist who makes us feel welcome, the social worker who must make the client feel cared for. This emotional dimension of work is, says Hochschild, "seldom recognized, rarely honored, and almost never taken into account by employers as a source of on-the-job stress." That stress can take various forms—a sense of alienation from one's authentic self and emotions, mental fatigue, burn-out.

And yet "emotional labor" is *important* work, for it smoothes social transactions, maintains public civility (no one wants to deal with a crabby bank clerk or surly waitress, even if those people are "honestly" expressing their emotions!), and makes business transactions easier. To the extent that we all have jobs that require some handling of other people's feelings, says Hochschild, "we are all partly flight attendants."

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YOUR DIET

Movement makes the difference

Exercise, it turns out, is key to eating for health as well as to weight loss

BY JUDITH S. STERN, Sc.D.

The average American woman eats less than 1600 calories per day, according to a U.S. Department of Agriculture survey. Such a low-calorie intake means that some women may not be getting enough vitamins and minerals, especially vitamin B_6, calcium, and iron. More and more nutritionists are coming to the conclusion that the solution to this problem is not to take a lot of nutritional supplements but to increase physical activity so one can eat more food containing more nutrients. This concept is supported by reports from two recent international scientific meetings.

At the Western Hemisphere Nutrition Congress held last August in Miami, Peter D. Wood, Sc.D., Ph.D., professor of medicine (research) and deputy director of Stanford University's Heart Disease Prevention Programs, persuasively argued that, "The cure for our nation's overweight problem is not to convince people to eat less and less. An energetic and nutritionally healthy population is not consistent with nibbling a low-calorie diet forever." Instead, Wood recommends that by adding a "play" component to our daily lives, we can actually eat more food, be leaner, and feel more energetic. Simply stated, his sensible formula for a healthy life style is to combine daily "play" with a diet containing more fiber-rich foods and less fat and sugar. The details are spelled out in Wood's recently published book *The California Diet and Exercise Program* (Anderson World).

This advice will be echoed at an international meeting on obesity and behavior in Philadelphia this month. Experts have concluded: if you are about to start a weight-reduction program or if you are trying to maintain your present weight, success or failure can depend on whether or not you exercise.

Consider the evidence: Exercise helps the dieter in several ways. First and most obvious, you burn up about 165 calories by walking two miles in an hour. Second, your level of physical activity actually "regulates" how much of your body weight is fat.

In one research study, three groups of dieters were compared. The first group reduced their food intake by five hundred calories daily; the second increased their physical activity to "burn" five hundred calories daily; the third reduced their daily caloric intake by 250 and increased activity to "burn" 250 calories. While weight loss was similar in all three test groups, the group that only dieted lost lean or muscle tissue as well as fat while the exercise groups lost more fat. It appears that the minimum amount of exercise needed to "trigger" this beneficial effect of fat loss is thirty minutes of brisk walking a day.

There is evidence that physical activity stimulates metabolism for a number of hours after the exercise is completed. Why is this important? The body's natural response to dieting is a reduction in metabolism, so that when you eat less food, your body in turn then burns even fewer calories.

The "cure" for our nation's overweight problem is not to convince people to eat less and less but to move more...

A recent study at the University of California at Davis proved that exercise stimulates the metabolism of dieters. Dieters who ate only five hundred calories a day and did not exercise burned up to 20 percent fewer calories of their total calorie intake than before they started the diet. Dieters who ate five hundred calories a day and exercised vigorously for twenty to thirty minutes daily did not show this drop in metabolism and continued to burn up more calories for at least twelve hours after they stopped exercising. They also lost more fat than the nonexercisers.

In addition to the physical benefits, exercise gives psychological benefits, too. It makes you feel good, helping to relieve mild depression and anxiety.

Finally, most dieters ultimately fail because they usually regain lost weight. Jim Gormally, Ph.D., and David Rardin, in the *Journal of Counseling Psychology*, reported that successful weight maintainers were individuals who incorporated physical activity into their daily routine. For some maintainers, exercise became a "positive addiction" inasmuch as they did not feel good if they did not exercise. Successful maintainers also continued to monitor what they ate and were successful problem solvers.

The overall message is that the best and easiest way to diet is to increase your level of exercise at the same time that you decrease your consumption of food. ▽

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the first in a series of short articles on nutrition contributed by Judith S. Stern, Sc.D., professor of nutrition, and director of the Food Intake Laboratory at the University of California at Davis.*

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SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Feminism—a lost cause?

BY MARY KAY BLAKELY

As a "supporter of all the great losing causes of the last thirty years," economist John Kenneth Galbraith was not especially surprised when the ERA was defeated last year, and political analysts began predicting that the women's movement was over. In an interview with author Jane O'Reilly, he said he hoped that women wouldn't be demoralized by the defeat and lapse into passivity, because "in the absence of revived indignation and strength, progress will be arrested." Women seemed to make progress and gain concessions, he added, "only when they have presented a mood of menace. The women's movement, in association with male allies, must be strong enough so that it can induce a certain measure of alarm."

The idea appealed to me immediately—a "mood of menace." Of course, I thought, what could be more appropriate? I liked the suggestion that a "mood"—something so natural and available to women—could be used as a political tool. I tried to imagine what form, what shape, such a tactic might take. I waited expectantly for the first signs.

The first signs, however, were less than hopeful. *The New York Times Magazine,* after a few interviews with a small sample of women, announced the arrival of "The Post-Feminist Generation." *The Times* reported that anger was out—especially the "bitter" and "shrill" kind that was so popular in the 'seventies—and that resignation and cooperation were back in. (A reporter for a trade magazine looked for another job rather than report sexual harrassment, even though she belonged to a union that would have filed a grievance. "The time is not right," she said. "I'm not going to fight this thing.") There would be a passivity among women in politics, it was supposed, because without the ERA, the movement had no central issue to organize around. The theory became so popular, feminist cartoonist Nicole Hollander suggested an exercise for young writers trying to get a start: "Can you use 'post feminist' in a sentence?"

You can imagine my disappointment, prepared for a "mood of menace" and receiving the "post-feminist generation" instead. Yet there were some elements of truth in the observation that both the anger and the issues had undergone a shift in the last year. I was aware of a change in myself, the very day I read about the "post-feminist generation." There was a time when news that the movement was over—back in 1976, say, when *Harper's Magazine* published the "Requiem for the Women's Movement"—caused my heart to pound wildly, and I uttered shrill protests. But in 1982, I read the news in *The New York Times* without so much as a palpitation. There was disappointment, to be sure, but all I was registering emotionally was a detached sense of déjà vu. What was the cause of this shift? Was it apathy or maturity? What was the meaning of the quietude?

When I thought about it, I realized that I haven't been truly hysterical and shrill for some time. The last time I could remember that heave of bitter passion was in 1977, during a conversation with Boston writer Karen Lindsay. I had just finished reading her research on battered women, in which she discussed the startling information that one out of five men believe battering a woman was an acceptable response to frustration. But even more depressing was the finding that with education, and presumably enlightenment, the percentage of willing batterers *in*creased: Among college educated men, one out of *four* men accepted violence against women as normal in the range of human behavior.

I can still remember whole sections of our conversation because something irreversible was happening. I had believed that information and reason would solve the conflict between men and women but learned that education could actually be used against us. That afternoon, I lost my innocence.

It was a wrenching, shocking experience. I think that's why the 'seventies were so full of the "bitterness" and "hysteria" the "post-feminist generation" finds so repugnant. Feminist speakers and researchers and writers kept uncovering more facts, more crises, more bodies.

The absence of "bitter" anger in women is a sad sign, in a way, because it suggests an absence of hopefulness. But who could sustain the same fresh outrage and surprise for ten years? Bitter anger, with the loss of innocence, was bound to evolve into something else.

I had a glimpse, recently, of what the "something else" might be; and, from my observation, the people who are pleased to be rid of "hysterical" *(Continued on page 404)*

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FEMINISM: LOST CAUSE?

(Continued from page 402)

might be overcelebrating. I attended a meeting of nine hundred Catholic nuns and their supporters last May, after Pope John Paul II had forcibly dismissed Sister Agnes Mary Mansour from the Sisters of Mercy. The Pope disapproved of Sister Mansour's position as Michigan's Director of Social Services, because part of her job involved administering the Medicaid payments for abortion. He made his judgment and issued his order without once asking Sister Mansour, or the Sisters of Mercy, what they thought about the conflict of morals, ignoring the ten years of "dialoguing" and "processing" they had done on the issue of abortion. When Sister Mansour refused to comply with her "vow of obedience to the Holy Father" and quit her job, she was forced to sign dispensation papers and leave the Sisters of Mercy after thirty years.

"I am no longer a nun," Sister Mansour had said in a press conference afterward. "But in my heart, I'm still a nun."

The Sisters of Mercy called for a "Silent Prayer and Protest," where they objected to "the arrogant use of power in a male-dominated church." How could they obey an "uninformed conscience," they asked indignantly. But while the sisters were surely angry, there wasn't one shrill or hysterical note that night. The atmosphere was steady and determined.

During the questions with the audience afterwards, the sisters considered various actions to take. "Ten years ago, women were burning their bras," one of the sisters said, then paused a minute. "It may have been a hasty decision," she quipped, then added with perfect seriousness, "But I propose we burn that document"—the one Sister Mansour was forced to sign. The paper was irrelevant, she implied, to the bonds that existed among them. They could easily ignore the Pope's order, she said; the vows of the heart are what mattered. There was tremendous applause.

The anger among the sisters was the anger of indignation—it sprang from the sisters' sense of self-esteem. The Pope's judgment, without dialogue, without due process, violated the sisters' knowledge of who they were, and why they believed what they did. If I hadn't read the detailed reports about the movement's being over, I would have sworn that I picked up a "mood of menace" in the air that night. And rather than feeling exhausted and devastated by their anger, the Sisters of Mercy seemed to be energized by it. It didn't propel them into the kind of protest we're accustomed to seeing—they didn't decide to picket the Vatican or boycott Sunday mass. It was a "Silent Prayer and Protest," where the sisters elected to ignore the Pope. Nine hundred nuns shed the yoke of blind obedience that night, in a simple and quiet gesture.

Like women everywhere, the sisters didn't have a single issue but a whole platform of complaints with the men in power. It wasn't like the old days, when one issue like the ERA was available to symbolize a whole spectrum of issues. But maybe the convenience of that symbol had a buried disadvantage in the debates over the ERA, a kind of shorthand language about "rights" became common, blurring the complexity and connection with other issues.

That complexity was obvious in Houston in

1977, when women from all over the country came to the International Women's Year Conference. There were twenty-some issues on the national agenda, and the ERA was not even the first. When the abortion and lesbian rights were approved by the delegates, women from conservative states argued that the ERA would never be ratified if it were attached to those "albatross" issues. There was a passionate debate about political expediency versus comprehensive change. But the delegates decided they didn't want history to record they favored only partial freedom, so they adopted the whole agenda. At the conclusion of that plenary session, the women abandoned their parliamentary formality and streamed into the aisles, linking arms and snake dancing through the convention center. They were celebrating the connections between separate campaigns.

Those were the days when women believed their arguments and insights mattered, so when they sent their report back to Congress, with detailed outlines for programs and funding, they expected some action. When the costs for the programs were estimated, one Congressman chuckled good naturedly that "the ladies in Houston" had nearly outspent the Pentagon. And their agenda for the 'eighties didn't include a single MX missile. The report was read into the Congressional Record, and hasn't been heard from since.

But, as analysts for the "post-feminist generation" point out, there is no symbolic issue to snake dance around these days. Capitol Hill is not being deluged with mail and lobbyists and petitions for money. In fact, the equanimity of the Reagan administration is interrupted by only one disturbance from women, a mysterious and baffling phenomenon known as the "gender gap." What appears to be happening is that women voters, without so much as a by-your-leave, are departing from the Grand Old Party. It's not by much—a percentage point or two between polls—but women are steadily and solemnly abandoning the habit of voting like their husbands and fathers. The reasons are vague—the women polled make oblique references to peace and social programs and economics, but seem unwilling to be more specific. They seem to think everyone should *know* why they are leaving, as if the reasons are buried in the Congressional Record somewhere. It's almost as if they aren't even in the mood to talk about it anymore.

It's clear that a new stage has begun, and it's a quiet one. But the meaning of the silence is open to speculation, I think. When the same cultural signs are viewed through two different pairs of glasses, two different theories emerge. If the *Times* is reading the signs accurately, then politicians and corporations and husbands can relax, because the "Post-Feminist Generation" is upon us. It means that women are resigned to the status quo, and will be content to remain in their place.

But if, on the other hand, women are quietly adopting the suggestion of John Kenneth Galbraith, then it means a "mood of menace" is approaching. If that is true, then the "bitter" anger of the 'seventies is evolving into an anger of entitlement, of self-esteem. It means that women have no intention of giving up, and no intention of further arguments about equality. It gives one a headache, these interminable petitions to men for their comprehension and empathy. So when popes and presidents and husbands ask for obedience and votes and cooperation these days, they should not be surprised to learn that women are "not in the mood." ▽

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FOOD IN VOGUE

the Omnivore

New Southern Italian food—soufflé-light lasagna, thin-crisp pizza, lemony salads—where to find it…salt, a minority opinion…Larousse at the ranch: America's cuisine observed

By Barbara Kafka

Well, vacation is truly over. September was not a dream. I'm back. This is not to say that I don't love America and New York, the two disparate countries of my allegiance. Great jealousy rose like green bile in my soul after the report on the languors of Venice by a friend who asked my advice about where to stay there before deciding to simmer out the closing days of August in the perfect fantasy land of the Cipriani.

I don't think of myself as a promiscuous woman, but I have two loves in Venice. There may be no hotel in the world as perfect as the Gritti. Arriving in the hotel's immaculate white launch at the blue and white poles moored in the water . . . then to be led—if lucky and feeling rich—to a corner suite overlooking the Canal Grande and the commuters' gondola stop . . . there to laze on a balcony festooned with boat-blue canvas cushions, is to be in heaven. Yet,

Shiitake mushrooms, shrimps, scallops

when my friend asked me where to stay, I threw my handkerchief to the Cipriani. On hot days, to sit in privileged comfort around the hotel pool and go lightly clad to a lunch of fabulous cold Adriatic seafood is almost reason for the choice. To be honest, though, I think it was the launch ride to and from the Guidecca, that island on which the Cipriani is located, and the Grand Piazza, several times a day, that caught me. To be between San Giorgio and the Piazzetta, fixed, as if eternally, in the most beautiful of elusive Canalettos—the memory of which fades like a dream when you're not looking right at them—is reason beyond.

Oh, how she ate in Venice. Italian may be the best food of summer. My jealousy was only assuaged by remembering that new stores with fine Italian imports, a few recipes she brought back like burnt offerings, and new restaurants will permit me to incorporate these tastes into my steam-heated New York life as generations of voyagers and immigrants have before.

In recent years a new group of Italians-in-America have introduced us, with their books (Marcella Hazan and Giuliano Bugialli) and restaurants, to a more sophisticated Italian *cucina*. Turning their backs on Southern Italy, they have led us on forays into Northern Italian food. Meanwhile, Italian pop food has become more and more acculturated—an American child confronted by pizza in Naples will earnestly assure you it isn't pizza at all.

Some of the restaurants are appalling with their cute pasta inventions never before seen on land or sea. (One recent horror: rigatoni sauced with rose petals and rose cream.) Many of these restaurants look like variations on the bar format of Prohibition days; beige and dark green or brown seem to be the favorite color schemes—learning the anglicized Harry's Bar attitude with a vengeance.

The good new restaurants are spectacular. My best such meal this year was one that a friend took me to at Valentino's (3115 Pico Boulevard, Santa Monica, California; 213-829-4313). Piero Selvaggio, his wife, and his chef are making some of the best of the new Italian food I have had in this country or in Italy. It is inventive without being awkward, and it adheres to the basic rules of Italian cooking.

The sauces are glorified pan sauces; they do not rely on extra stocks or glazes. The seasonality of foods and herbs is scrupulously respected. I asked these people to send us a group of recipes for fall. First, however, I ruled out using those great elements of Italian fall cooking—porcini (Boletus edulis), white truffles, and wild game—because I thought they would be too hard for most of us to find. If you are a mycologist, then substitute porcini for the shiitake. If you have a friend who hunts, substitute ruffed grouse for the squab. Recipes start on page 414.

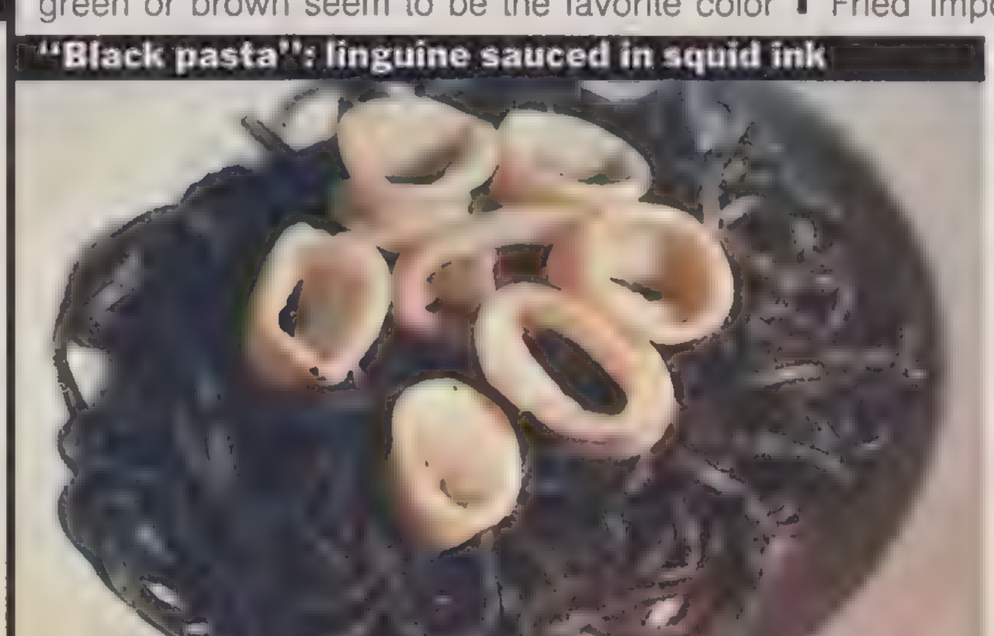
This current trend in Italian food in America is not the end of the line. What I see next is a return to the Southern Italian food of yore but cooked by talented chefs. Correctly, it will not be indiscriminately Southern but specifically Amalfitana and Caprese. Seafood and tiny fried fresh fish;

Plump steamed mussels in orange juice, olive oil, basil dressing

a hint of hot pepper; the crispest of thin pizzas with tomatoes, basil, and mozzarella di buffalo but no tomato sauce; glorious, lemon-heightened vegetable salads made rich with heavy olive oil. Yes, we will eat lasagna again, Garfield; but this time it will float, light as air. Egg noodles will not be the only thing for a respectable eater.

There is no reason for Americans to give up their favorite foods; but this time we will get them right. There is, already, one such restaurant in New York City, Orso (at 322 West 46th Street; 212/489-7212). They are going in the right direction with Fried Mozzarella and Deep-Fried Imported Fresh Anchovies. Let's hope that soon everything on the menu will be of that good quality and that of the colorful Vietri plates and Greco di Tufo wine.

"Black pasta": linguine sauced in squid ink



● Some evil part of my soul was pleased by this summer's news from a medical convention in Atlanta that there is a new disorder abroad in the land brought on by medical hysteria and a spate of recent cook- *(Continued on page 414)*

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HOME: New York City.

AGE: 35

PROFESSION: Commercial film director, Pfeifer-Story Productions.

HOBBIES: Writing the ultimate self-help book for the non-gregarious, *How to Spend the Least Amount of Time with People You Don't Like.*

LAST BOOK READ: *Post Office*, Charles Bukowski.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Directed *Fur*, a satirical short film, for *Saturday Night Live.*

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "After eight years of taking orders in an advertising agency, the time had come. The directee would become the director. And I did."

PROFILE: Works well with people. Would prefer not to. "Closet recluse."

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BULLOCKS WILSHIRE

SOUTHERN ITALIAN FOOD

(Continued from page 406)

books: salt deprivation. As a person with low blood pressure, I continue to sprinkle salt on my food in restaurants that timidly offer only bland seasoning, occasioning looks heretofore elicited only by cigarette smoking and Attila the Hun. My recipes continue to use salt since I contend that it is part of the normal human diet. Obviously, if you have been told to reduce salt intake because you have the disease of hypertension, do so. The rest of us can continue to lick our salt along with the deer.

● Coming out this month is the ultimate proof—in case all the press attention hasn't convinced you—that American cooking is now to be taken seriously. It is *The Dictionary of American Food & Drink* (Ticknor & Fields) by John F. Mariani. This is serious stuff indeed; Larousse-time at the ranch. Much of the material is fascinating, some of the anecdotes amusing, and there are a few good recipes. I hope this is the first of many editions so that mistakes can be corrected and more and more material added. I don't want to sound ungrateful. I am pleased and grateful and think this book should be on every serious foodnik's shelf so that she can relish information such as "forbidden fruit. A logger's term for pork." Why remains an interesting speculation.

Mr. Mariani's "A Bibliographic Guide" at the end of the book is a wonderful way to keep going on the search for America's food. Some books such as James Beard's can be owned. Those that cannot, can be found at many of the great culinary collections open to the public. Radcliffe College's Schlesinger Library, The Library of Congress, The New York Public Library, the library of the New York Academy of Medicine, the library at The Cornell School of Hotel Administration, and the library that will be formed at Santa Barbara by the American Institute of Food and Wine. If your library has microfilm and book exchange with the Library of Congress, you can consult these books from your own library. This is the latest part of the American food phenomenon: taking food and its history and sociology seriously. Who knows what the future will bring?

A very unusual and dramatically beautiful dish is this pasta, the first recipe of the group, given us by Valentino's in Santa Monica, California. The pasta is made with a sauce using the squid ink and intensified by the oil in which the squid rings that top the dish are sautéed. Black and white is not just a chic fantasy; it tastes extraordinary. Make sure when ordering the squid to tell the fish person that you want small squid with their ink sacs intact.

BLACK PASTA

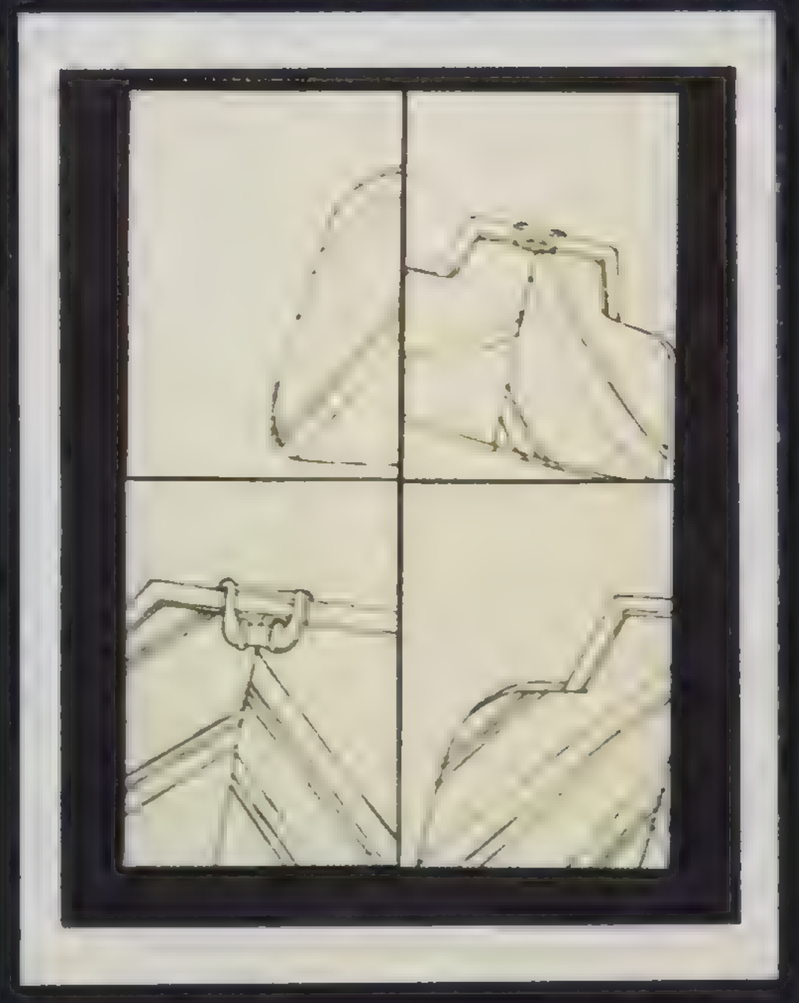
six to eight servings

3 pounds small whole squid
2 cups mild Soave wine
3 whole cloves garlic, peeled
1 teaspoon salt, or as needed
⅛ teaspoon finely ground black pepper
1 pound packaged linguine or spaghettini
3 tablespoons olive oil

Clean squid as follows: Hold head firmly. Gently pull it away from body sac. Head and viscera should be *(Continued on page 416)*

X RAYED PERFECTION

FENDI



FENDI VIA BORGOGNONA 19 ROMA

SOUTHERN ITALIAN FOOD

(Continued from page 414)

removed in one piece. Remove small silver ink sac located about 1 inch below the head. (It is important to remove sac in one piece. Easiest way to do this is with tips of kitchen shears.) Remove thin purple membrane from outsides of body sacs. Gently pull thin transparent quill from body cavity, removing it in one piece. Rinse cavities thoroughly under cold running water, removing all sand and grit. Cut off tentacles above eyes, making sure not to cut into round hard "beak" located in front of eyes. Cut one-third of body sacs crosswise into ½-inch rings. Reserve remaining bodies and tentacles for another use.

Place ink sacs and wine in blender. Blend 2 minutes. Let mixture stand 5 minutes then strain through very fine sieve.

Transfer mixture to small non-aluminum saucepan. Add garlic, 1 teaspoon salt, and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Heat over medium heat to boiling. Boil until very thick and reduced to about ¼ cup, about 15 minutes. Season with salt and pepper if necessary.

While squid sauce is reducing, stir linguine into a large pot of salted boiling water. Boil, stirring frequently, till pasta is firm-tender, about 12 minutes. Drain pasta in large colander, shaking to remove water.

When pasta is almost cooked, heat olive oil in large skillet over medium heat. Add sliced squid. Sauté till fully cooked and tender, about 3 minutes. Arrange pasta on a serving platter. Spoon reduced squid sauce over pasta and garnish with sautéed squid. Serve immediately.

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VEAL CHOPS IN SWEETBREAD SAUCE (Costoletta di Vitello in Salsa d'Animèlla)

six servings

1 lemon
3 bay leaves
2 pairs sweetbreads
3 tablespoons olive oil
6 loin veal chops (1½ inches thick, each)
All-purpose flour
3 whole shallots
4 tablespoons unsalted butter
⅓ cup tawny port
2 cups dry white wine
6 fresh sage leaves

Heat large saucepan of water to boiling. Place lemon in plastic bag and bruise with mallet or saucepan. Place lemon and bay leaves in water. Add sweetbreads and adjust heat to simmering. Simmer 10 minutes. Remove sweetbreads with slotted spoon and place in bowl of ice water to cool. Crumble sweetbreads into individual pieces, removing all membranes as you work. Set sweetbreads aside.

Heat oil in large skillet or *sauteuse* over medium-high heat. Dredge veal chops in flour. Shake off excess. Place veal and shallots in sauté pan, making sure there is room between them. Cook, turning once, until veal is cooked through but still pink in center, about 10 minutes. While veal is cooking, melt 1 tablespoon butter in small skillet over medium heat. Add sweetbreads and toss until uniformly grey, about 2 minutes. Add port and heat to boiling. Boil 1 minute; remove from heat.

Remove veal chops to baking sheet and place in oven at lowest setting. Pour off oil from pan. Add wine, remaining butter, and sage leaves. Increase heat to high. Boil until liquid is reduced to ¾ cup. Toss sweetbreads in reduced sauce over low heat until heated through. Remove and discard shallots.

To serve: Place one veal chop on each plate. Garnish top of each with one sage leaf. Spoon sweetbreads and sauce around chops, dividing evenly.

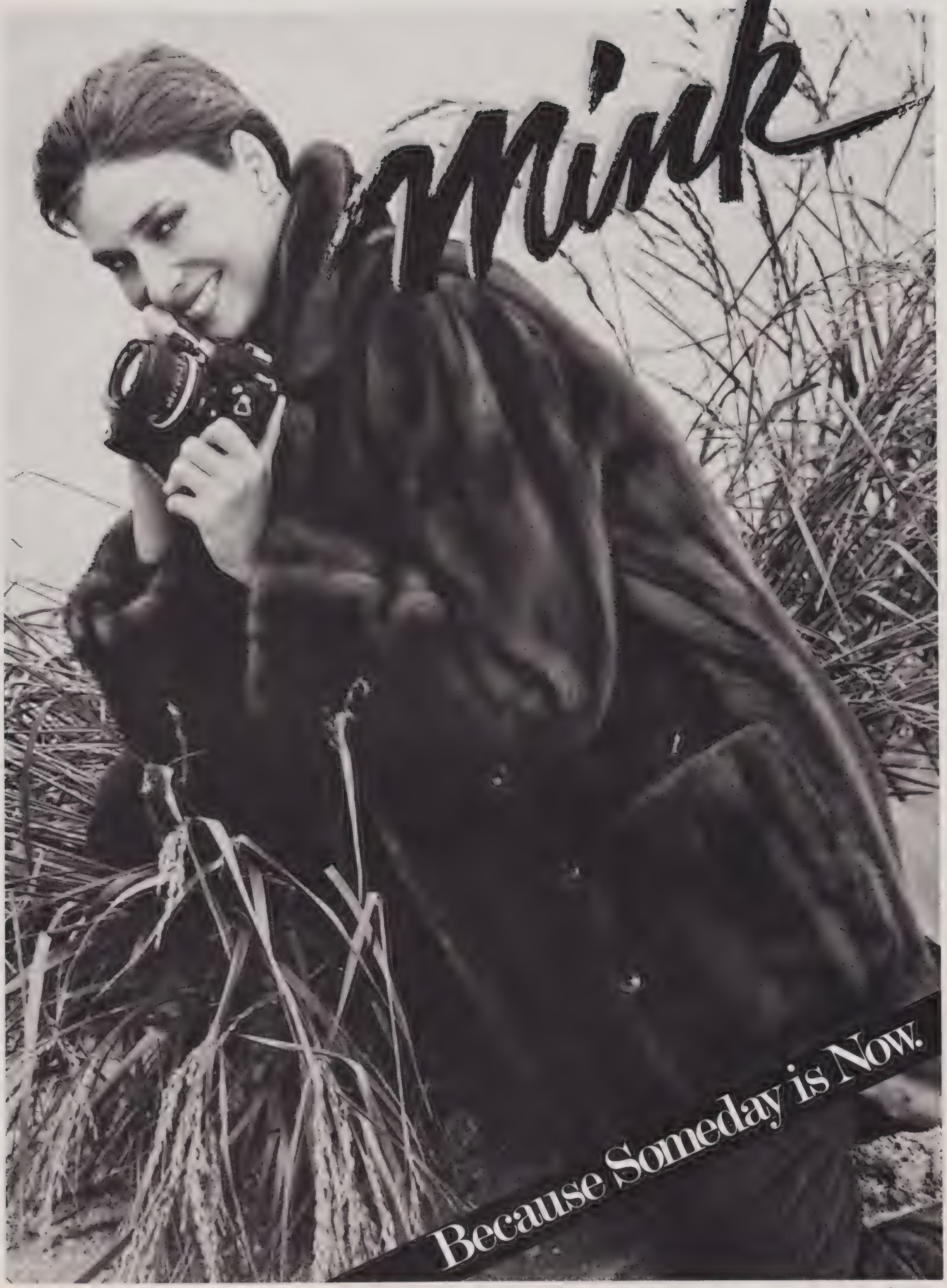
ROAST VEAL IN A ROSY CREAM AND TOMATO SAUCE (Sella di Vitello in Salsa Rosa)

six servings

2½- to 3-pound loin of veal
3 tablespoons unsalted butter
3 tablespoons olive oil
2 ribs celery, trimmed, coarsely chopped
1 small carrot, peeled, coarsely chopped
1 small onion, peeled, coarsely chopped
2 cloves garlic, peeled
3 sprigs fresh thyme
2 sprigs fresh rosemary
¾ cup vodka
1 cup white wine
1 cup heavy cream
1 tablespoon tomato paste

Garnish: baby zucchini, radicchio

Have butcher bone and tie loin of veal and cut bones into 4 pieces. Heat butter and oil in heavy roasting pan over medium-low heat until butter is sizzling. Place veal loin in pan. Cook, turning as necessary, until all sides are lightly browned, *(Continued on page 418)*



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SOUTHERN ITALIAN FOOD

(Continued from page 416)

about 10 minutes. Add bones, celery, carrot, onion, garlic, thyme, and rosemary. Cook, stirring, 5 minutes. Pour in vodka. Increase heat to high and boil until liquid is evaporated and only fat remains, about 5 minutes.

Place roasting pan in preheated 450° oven and cook until center of thickest part of veal registers 145° on meat thermometer, about 12-15 minutes. Remove veal and keep warm. Place roasting pan over medium-high heat and sauté bones until brown, about 4 minutes. Add wine, heavy cream, and tomato paste. Boil until sauce is thickened and reduced to about 2 cups. Strain sauce into warm serving boat.

Slice veal ½ inch thick. Pour some sauce onto center of platter. Arrange slices of veal overlapping on top of sauce. Pour remaining sauce around veal. Serve immediately, garnished with sautéed baby zucchini and grilled radicchio leaves.

MUSSELS IN BASIL AND ORANGE SAUCE (Cozze al Basilico in Salsa d'Arancia)

six servings

2 large oranges
½ cup basil leaves, chopped (about ¼ cup)
¼ cup extra virgin olive oil
Salt
Pepper
36 large mussels
⅔ cup dry white wine

Garnish: basil leaves, 1 orange, cut into thin slices, then into wedges

Squeeze 2 oranges; measure and reserve ⅔ cup juice. Combine reserved orange juice, chopped basil, salt, and pepper in bowl. Slowly drizzle in olive oil, beating constantly. Refrigerate sauce 4 hours to overnight. Remove from refrigerator 1 hour before using.

Scrub and debeard mussels. Place mussels and wine in non-aluminum deep pot. Cover and heat to boiling. Steam, stirring mussels once or twice, just until they open, about 4 minutes. Remove mussels to bowl. Remove top shells. Arrange 6 mussels per plate. Whisk orange dressing thoroughly. Spoon generously over mussels. Garnish plates with basil leaves and orange pieces.

MUSHROOM CAPS WITH SCALLOPS AND SHRIMP

six servings

2 tablespoons Balsamic vinegar
3 cloves garlic, crushed
1 sprig fresh rosemary
5 tablespoons virgin olive oil
Salt and pepper to taste
6 extra-large fresh mushrooms (or 18 small size), either porcini or shiitake, cleaned, stems removed (shiitake mushrooms may be mail-ordered through Flying Foods International, 43-43 9th Street, Long Island City, NY)
2 tablespoons unsalted butter
2 shallots, peeled and minced
18 fresh, medium shrimp, preferably Florida or Santa Barbara (about 1 pound), or 36 small size—all peeled and deveined
⅓ cup brandy
½ pound bay scallops
2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley
2 tablespoons finely chopped fresh thyme
5 drops Worcestershire sauce
Basil leaves and lemon wedges, for garnish

Combine vinegar, garlic, and leaves from sprig of rosemary in small bowl. Slowly whisk in olive oil. Beat until mixture thickens. Add salt and pepper to taste. Toss mushroom caps in mixture and marinate for about 20 minutes.

Melt butter in skillet. Over low heat, sauté shallots until wilted, about 2 minutes. Add shrimp. Cook until they start to color, about 3 minutes. Remove shrimp and set aside.

Add brandy to skillet and increase heat to medium-high. Boil to reduce the sauce, about 1 minute. Add scallops and cook an additional 1 to 2 minutes. Add parsley, thyme, and Worcestershire sauce. Set scallops aside and keep warm.

On a very hot preheated grill, cook mushroom caps for 2 minutes on each side. Remove.

Place 1 extra-large mushroom cap or 3 small ones and 3 medium shrimp or 6 small ones in center of each warmed plate and garnish with 1 tablespoon bay scallops.

Decorate plates with basil leaves and wedges of lemon.

SQUAB WITH GARLIC IN "LITTLE SHIRTS" (Piccione con Aglio in Camicia)

six servings

6 whole cleaned squab (about 12 ounces each)
Salt
Freshly ground black pepper
8 tablespoons unsalted butter
2 pounds chicken backs and/or wings
¾ cup brandy
2 cups mild Soave wine
18 whole unpeeled cloves garlic

Rinse body cavities of squab under cold running water. Blot dry with paper towel. Sprinkle cavities with salt and pepper. Tie squab legs together with kitchen twine.

In roasting pan large enough to hold birds without overlapping, melt butter over medium heat. Place birds and chicken pieces in roasting pan. Brown squab and chicken on all sides, turning and changing position as necessary, about 10 minutes.

Remove squab to platter. Pour fat off from roasting pan. Pour brandy into pan. Boil over medium heat until reduced to ⅓ cup. Add white wine and garlic cloves to pan.

Return squab to pan; roast until meat thermometer inserted into thickest part of thigh registers 150°, about 20 minutes. Baste squab every 5 minutes.

Remove squab to cutting board. Let rest 5 minutes before carving. Meanwhile, remove chicken parts and strain cooking liquid into small saucepan. Reserve garlic cloves. Heat liquid to boiling over high heat. Boil until reduced to ¾ cup. Sauce should be syrupy and dark in color.

To serve: Cut squabs into 2 leg and 2 breast pieces each. Pour sauce onto plate. Arrange two legs over sauce on plate. Place 2 breast pieces, slightly overlapping, over legs. Garnish with 3 garlic cloves. Squab can be accompanied by roasted new potatoes and sautéed mushroom caps. ▽

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Which is why you might find it interesting that this year, with so many impressive names to choose from, women in Italy have adopted another fine maker of women's shoes as their very own.

Ironically, though, this fine maker isn't from Italy. Nor are the styles those you might expect Italian women to prefer.

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To see what Italian women will be wearing this fall, you needn't look to Italy, just to those fine stores you see listed below.

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GAZETTE

Role switching: old mill becomes a dream house; attic, a living space; terrace, a cozy room . . . plus the newest in home designs from Ralph Lauren, from Alessi

By Barbara Plumb

UP 'N OUT

Combining outdoor airiness with coziness of walls, architects Rodolfo Machado, Jorge Silvetti created two rooftop terraces for summer entertaining that moves into fall. Trellis walls accoutered with baseboards, moldings, chair rails offer privacy for al fresco dining, sunbathing. Over a mock fireplace hangs a round 1930s mirror. An open doorway leads to the "living room" where potted bushes add the formal style of a French garden.

DOWN-HOME STYLE *This large kitchen with thirteen-foot-high ceilings in a 1903 house was once used only by servants but is now the family gathering place. Architect Rainer Krause installed a low plastic-laminate-covered storage unit with a built-in stove to separate food preparation from dining area "without destroying the image of a large room." A matching unit surrounds refrigerator (right), displays pots by Timo Sarpaneva. Glass/brass hanging lamp over the Biedermeier ashwood table (dating to 1825) was original to house as was the blue/white tile. Thonet chairs, from 1879 to 1911; coffee set is Art Deco Rosenthal.*

RACY

A triumph in speed, design—and now, fuel conservation—the 1984 Corvette sports car by General Motors can accelerate from 0 to 60 mph in less than seven seconds, hit a top speed of more than 140 mph, and get sixteen mpg city, twenty-eight mpg highway driving. Two on-board computers process more than three hundred thousand instructions each second, alert driver to operating status. Elegant fiberglass body seats two. $25,000.

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("Gazette" continued on page 425)

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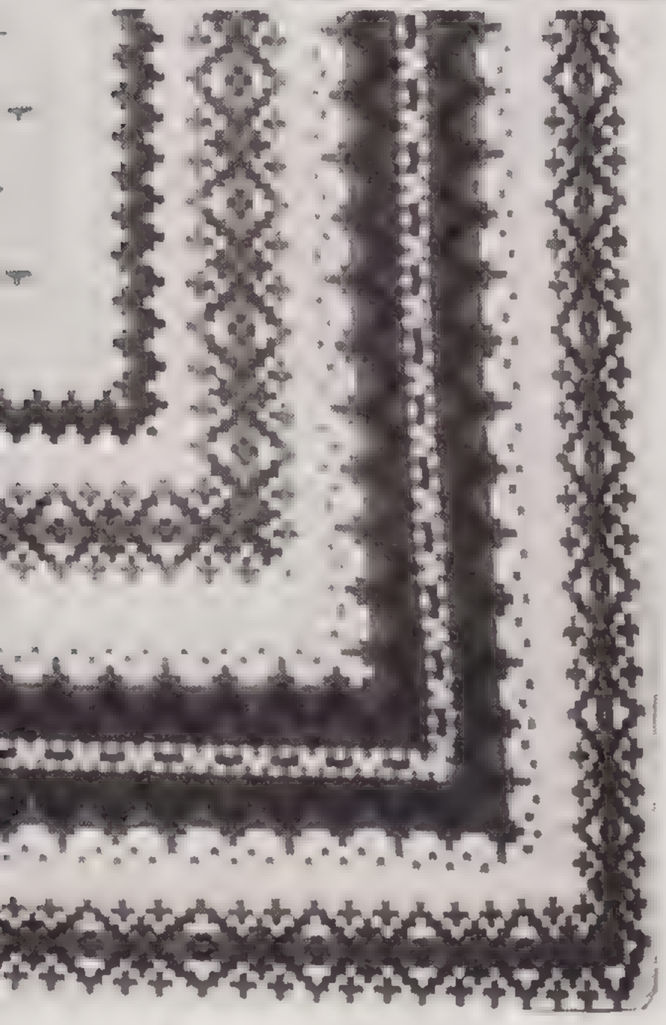
GAZETTE

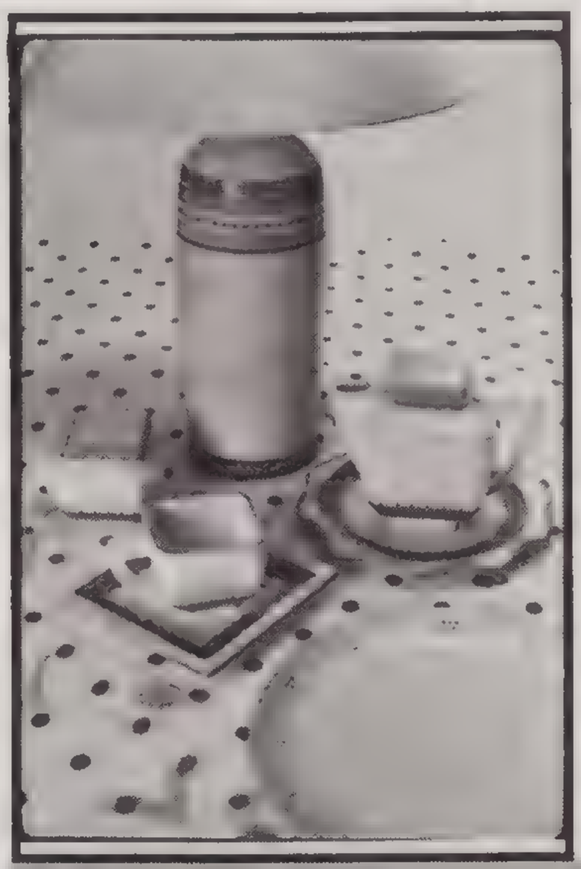
Top fashion designer turns to interiors. . . French discoveries come to NYC store



Live-in Ralph Lauren

Natural fibers, beautiful fabrics, fine detailing—these hallmarks of Ralph Lauren's clothes are just as appealing in his new collection of home furnishings, which includes almost every kind of design for the house except furniture. The vast collection is divided into five style groups: "Jamaica," "New England," "Thoroughbred," "Log Cabin," and "Color." The irresistible "color" group has soft 200-thread count/no-iron cotton bed linens in twenty-four subtle and unusual hues, a heavy terry toweling in twenty-six, shower curtains in fifteen, and table linens in nineteen. Other standouts: hand-loomed wool and cotton rugs in Fair Isle patterns and colors reminiscent of Ralph's sweaters; Oxford-cloth pillowcases with buttoned-down preppy look, and luxurious cable-knit bed throws made of pure cashmere.

Top: Ralph Lauren's reindeer ski sweaters inspired wool Dhurri rug, $150. Left: Fair Isle design from his ski sweater classic in hand-loomed cotton from India; 6' x 9', $700. Right: Sterling-silver flatware with hardwood in cherry color, silver "raffia" wrap; $400, five-piece place setting.



Left: Charts on wine, cheese, spices, calories; $8 each. Above, left: From "La Vie en Soleil," in yellow, blue, white: lamp, $125; cup and saucer, $15; teapot, $40. Right: Art Deco coffee service of famed French ocean liner "Normandie," reproduced by Christofle in silver plate, ebony; $1750. All, Bloomingdale's, NYC.

At Bloomingdale's: France returns

Buying at one of Bloomingdale's "foreign affairs"—annual celebrations with products from a single country in every department of the store—can be more productive than shopping in the countries of origin. The design spoils turned up and developed by the store's astute buyers would be hard for a private shopper to discover in years of travel. This season's "Fête de France" resulted from over two hundred trips by Bloomie's sleuths since planning began in July 1982. "Looking back on our own history," president Marvin S. Traub said, "we began our 'country concept' promotion in 1961 with a dramatic French representation called 'L'Esprit de France.' It is time to come home to France."

("Gazette" continued on page 428)

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GAZETTE

When shape dictates design: Piero Pinto transforms mill into a peaceful retreat

Right: Living room with undulating sofas, fireplace wall, muffin-like seats. Behind sofa, Japanese statues of lava.

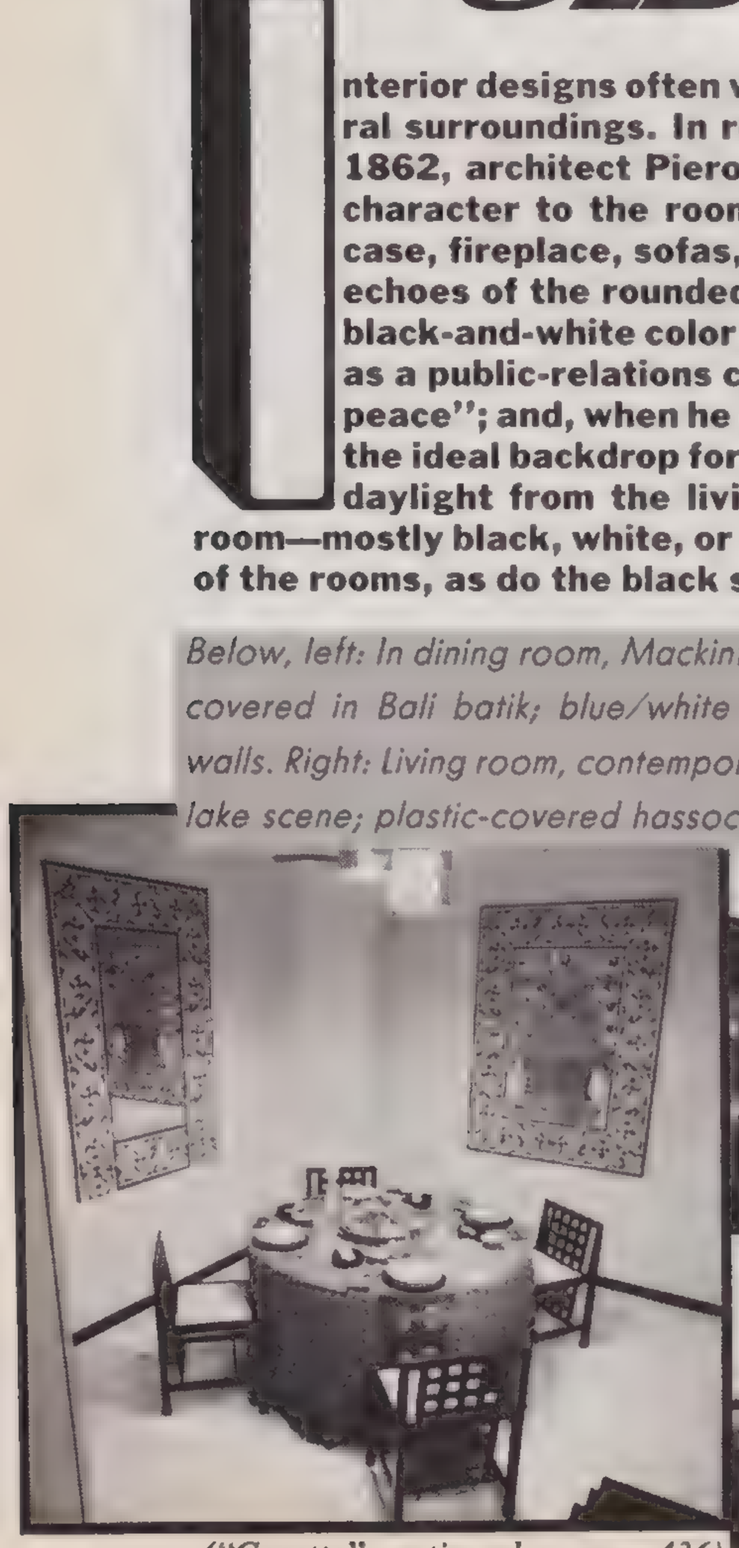
Left: In one living-room corner, spiraling staircase curves behind white sculpture niche/bar that holds a black marble piece by Carlo Sergio Signori—providing a dramatic focal point. Illuminated in the stair niche, Neopolitan terra-cotta bust, 1890.

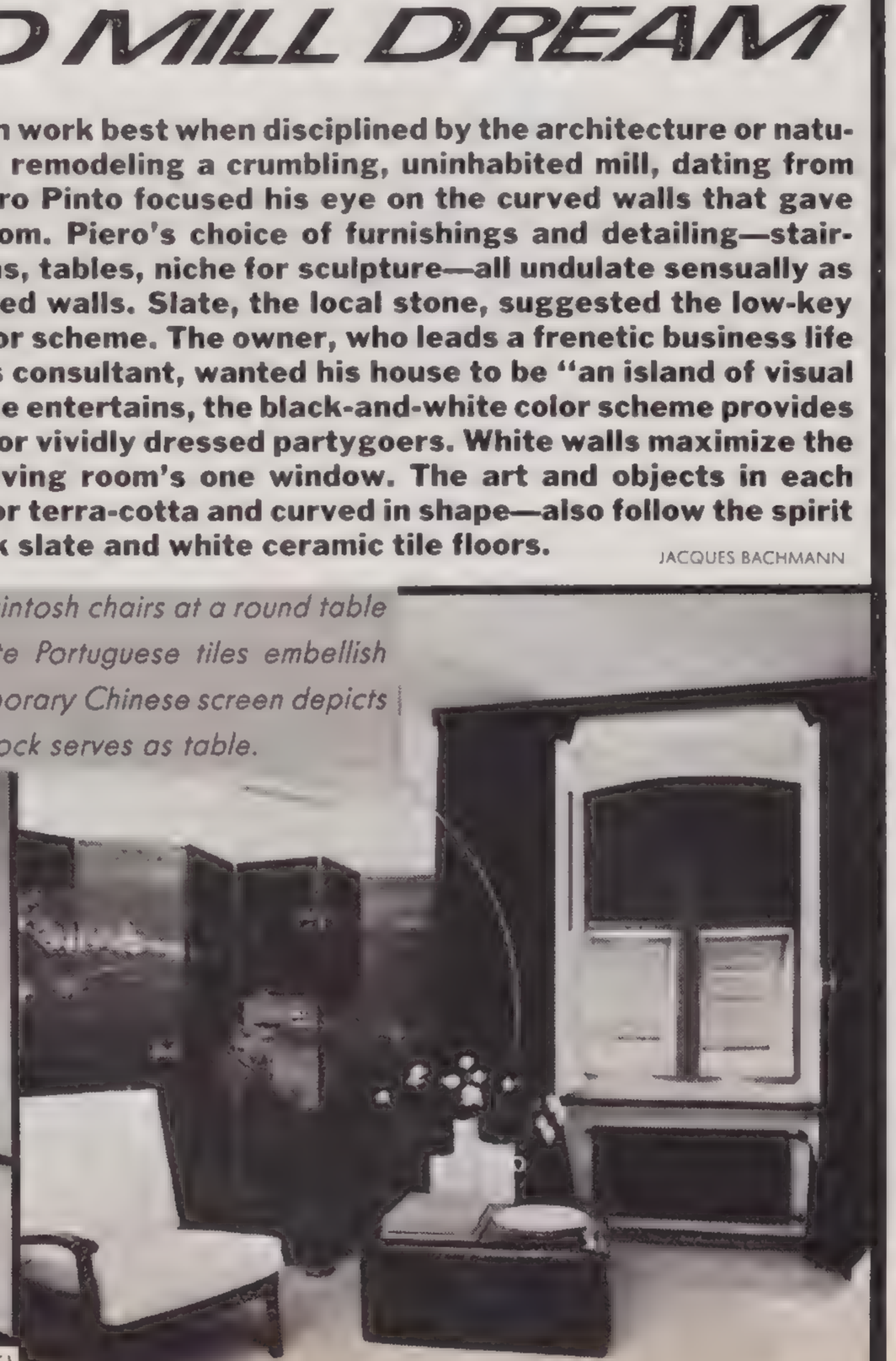
OLD MILL DREAM

Interior designs often work best when disciplined by the architecture or natural surroundings. In remodeling a crumbling, uninhabited mill, dating from 1862, architect Piero Pinto focused his eye on the curved walls that gave character to the room. Piero's choice of furnishings and detailing—staircase, fireplace, sofas, tables, niche for sculpture—all undulate sensually as echoes of the rounded walls. Slate, the local stone, suggested the low-key black-and-white color scheme. The owner, who leads a frenetic business life as a public-relations consultant, wanted his house to be "an island of visual peace"; and, when he entertains, the black-and-white color scheme provides the ideal backdrop for vividly dressed partygoers. White walls maximize the daylight from the living room's one window. The art and objects in each room—mostly black, white, or terra-cotta and curved in shape—also follow the spirit of the rooms, as do the black slate and white ceramic tile floors.

JACQUES BACHMANN

Below, left: In dining room, Mackintosh chairs at a round table covered in Bali batik; blue/white Portuguese tiles embellish walls. Right: Living room, contemporary Chinese screen depicts lake scene; plastic-covered hassock serves as table.





("Gazette" continued on page 436)

Clemente

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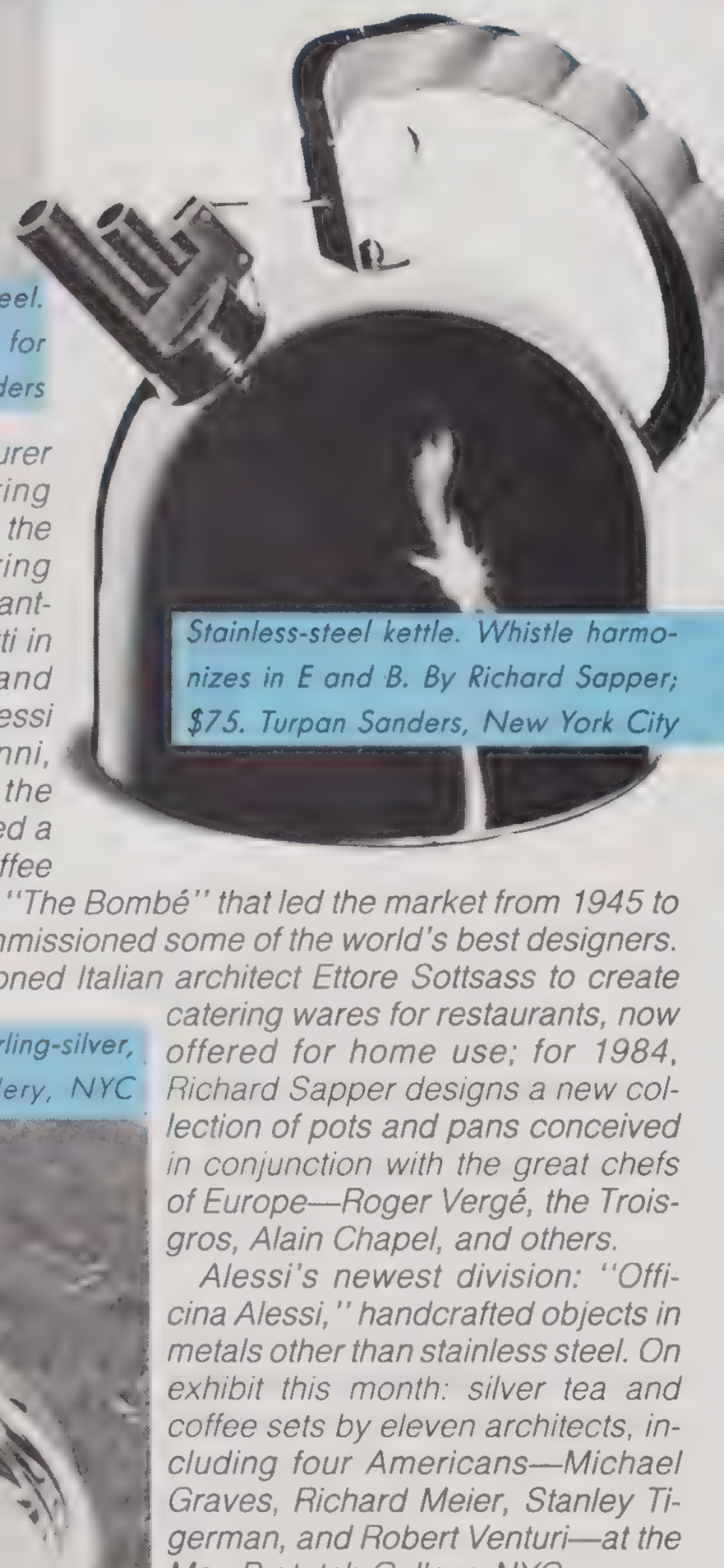
L I V I N G

GAZETTE

Accessories that stand alone: three generations of good tableware design from Italy's Alessi

Condiment set of stainless steel, crystal. By Ettore Sottsass, 1978. Included: oil, vinegar, salt, pepper; $95. Turpan Sanders, NYC

Accessories for wine service, bar in stainless steel. Designed by Ettore Sottsass, 1978; from $10 for stirrer to $110 for wine cooler. Turpan Sanders

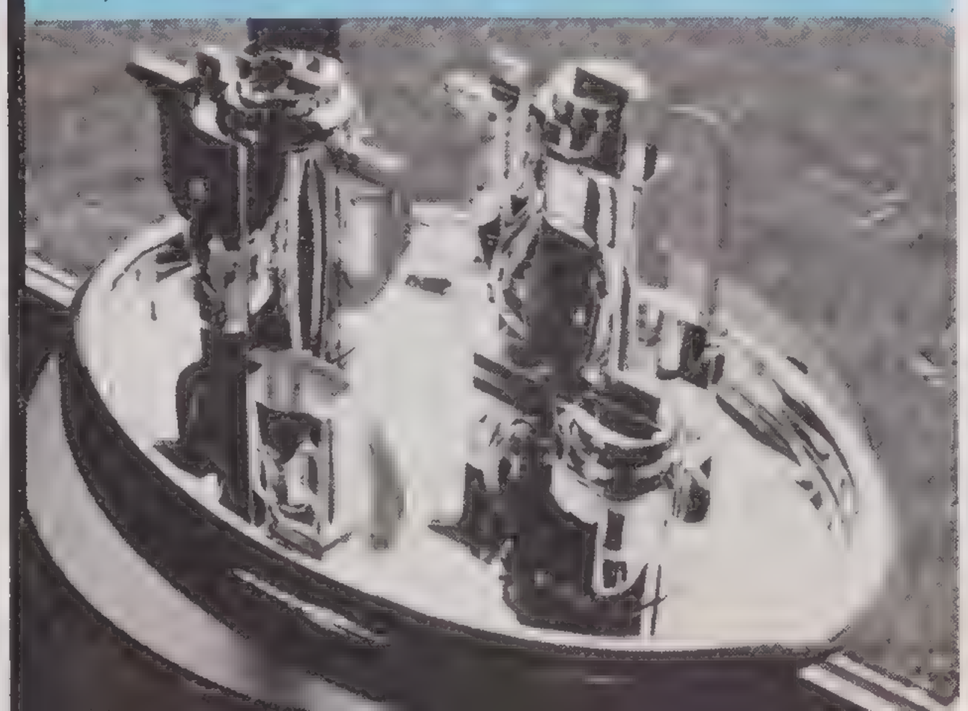


Stainless-steel kettle. Whistle harmonizes in E and B. By Richard Sapper; $75. Turpan Sanders, New York City

Alessi, Italian manufacturer of table and catering wares, has picked up the torch of sponsoring good design so valiantly carried by Olivetti in the 1950s and 1960s. Carlo Alessi (son of Giovanni, founder of the firm) designed a tea and coffee set called "The Bombé" that led the market from 1945 to 1973. Recently, his son, Alberto, has commissioned some of the world's best designers. In the early 'seventies, Alessi commissioned Italian architect Ettore Sottsass to create catering wares for restaurants, now offered for home use; for 1984, Richard Sapper designs a new collection of pots and pans conceived in conjunction with the great chefs of Europe—Roger Vergé, the Troisgros, Alain Chapel, and others.

Alessi's newest division: "Officina Alessi," handcrafted objects in metals other than stainless steel. On exhibit this month: silver tea and coffee sets by eleven architects, including four Americans—Michael Graves, Richard Meier, Stanley Tigerman, and Robert Venturi—at the Max Protetch Gallery, NYC.

Coffee set by architect Richard Meier; sterling-silver, ivory handles; $25,000. Max Protetch Gallery, NYC



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THE BEST OF *Wines*

Autumn pleasures: leisurely dinners, firelight, great red wines —these amazing Bordeaux

By Martin Gersh

During the past few years, it has been my privilege to enjoy and subsequently assess on this page many of the finest Bordeaux red table wines from superior vintages of the '70s—1970, 1971, 1975, and 1976—as well as individual fine examples from the decade's lesser years—1972, 1973, 1974, and 1977. Temporarily setting aside the wines from 1978—by reputation one of the best vintages of all—until late next year in order to allow them some further bottle aging, I come now to the excellent 1979s. Right at the outset, it gives me enormous pleasure to report that a large majority of these red wines—sixteen out of the twenty-two reviewed—show appreciably better structure and consequently a capacity to live gracefully for a longer period of years than any Bordeaux that I have known since those of the great 1970 vintage.

A further really fascinating aspect of the 1979 Bordeaux, viewed overall, is that the best-made examples among those selling for under $20 are competitive in every way with the most expensive, including the eight First Growths—or, for that matter, with any California Cabernet Sauvignon of similar age, irrespective of price. At the same time, I have to admit that the startling and singularly impressive quality of the wines costing between $30 and $60 must be faced as well. Each one is a work of art in its own right. For that reason alone, I am fairly certain that any of you who purchase some of the 1979s in that price category will feel handsomely rewarded, when drinking them, for the considerable expense you are obliged to incur.

It was especially intriguing to discover that a small group of the 1979 red Bordeaux consisting of Châteaux Gruaud-Larose, Haut-Brion, Lafite-Rothschild, L'Évangile, Pichon-Longueville-Lalande, and Talbot have taken on a markedly California style—a kind of extra flowering in the wine's fruit component that I have heretofore encountered in California Cabernet Sauvignons alone, virtually never in French examples. The only previous time I have noticed any such alteration in style among red Bordeaux was in the Lafite-Rothschild 1975, described here a year ago as "brazenly fruity in the California manner . . . a gorgeous wine." Do not suppose, however, that this interesting element detracts from the complexity of the wines possessing it, or makes their taste any less delightful! It merely alters their flavor and personality somewhat from the norm I have come to expect as a result of drinking them over many years.

RECOMMENDATIONS

1979 Red Bordeaux

Château Ducru-Beaucaillou 1979 A Saint-Julien of handsome proportions and great class—piquant, exceptionally concentrated. *Best drinking: for the next 14–16 years. Aeration: 6¼–6½ hours. $16–$17. (Note: Always recork wines after aeration and between all pourings to prevent fading.)*

Château Pichon-Longueville-Lalande 1979 Very attractive—this velvety-textured Pauillac of moderate body and pronounced fruit presence displays admirable balance. *Best drinking: for the next 7–8 years. Aeration: 2½–2¾ hours. $14–$15.*

Château Talbot 1979 Vast in scale, somber, deep-toned—an impressive, deeply fruity wine, possibly the single most complex of the half-dozen vintages of this fine Saint-Julien that I have known throughout the years. *Best drinking: for the next 7–8 years. Aeration: 2¾–3 hours. $14–$15.*

Domaine de Chevalier 1979 From Graves, this is a patrician Cabernet of outstanding merit—dignified and serious in its manner, firmly knit, with moderate size and middle-to-high tonality. *Best drinking: for the next 10–12 years. Aeration: 4–4½ hours. $15–$16.*

Château Léoville-Las-Cases 1979 Just about as big as a Bordeaux can be—a superb Saint-Julien, compact, provocative, with terrific fruit concentration. *Best drinking: for the next 12–14 years. Aeration: 5¼–5½ hours. $15–$16.*

Château Gruaud-Larose 1979 An exceedingly pretty Saint-Julien of high tonality and medium body marked by smooth texture and beguiling fruitiness. *Best drinking: for the next 7–8 years. Aeration: 2¾–3 hours. $14–$15.*

Château La Tour-Haut-Brion 1979 Tremendously animated—huge, deep, and abundantly fruity. As always, this remarkable Graves is a standout, even among the finest Bordeaux. *Best drinking: for the next 12–14 years. Aeration: 5¼–5½ hours. $15–$16.*

Château Léoville-Barton 1979 Quiet, beautifully constructed, interestingly tart—a distinguished Saint-Julien displaying a touch of eccentricity in its makeup. *Best drinking: for the next 12–14 years. Aeration: 5–5½ hours. $10–$11.*

Château Lafite-Rothschild 1979 This silken Pauillac of enduring fame is full-bodied and lusciously fruity, with almondy nuances—spectacular, exciting, very glamorous! *Best drinking: for the next 13–15 years. Aeration: 5½–5¾ hours, $35–$38.*

Château L'Évangile 1979 A very stylish Pomerol of pleasant size and middle tonality that exhibits a satisfying amalgamation of all its constituents—plus a distinctly fascinating salty-sweet finish. *Best drinking: for the next 7–8 years. Aeration: 2½–2¾ hours. $17–$18.*

Château Mouton-Rothschild 1979 Notably well-structured, moderately large-bodied, refined and charming, this celebrated Pauillac is endowed with an unusually long-lingering second taste—a bona fide masterpiece. *Best drinking: for the next 15–17 years. Aeration: 7–7¼ hours. $33–$35.*

Château Lafon-Rochet 1979 A good, solid, forthright Saint-Estèphe of small-to-moderate size and agreeably understated fruitiness. *Best drinking: for the next 7–8 years. Aeration: 2¾–3 hours. $12–$13.*

Château Cheval Blanc 1979 Mysterious, subtly redolent of purple plums, showing substantial size—a poetically lovely Saint-Émilion of unsurpassed stature. *Best drinking: for the next 14–16 years. Aeration: 6½–6¾ hours. $40–$43.*

Château Haut-Brion 1979 This excellent Graves of high tonality and ample body is outspokenly fruity, featuring a sumptuous blackberry-like flavor element. *Best drinking: for the next 7–8 years. Aeration: 2¾–3 hours, $40–$43.*

Château Trotanoy 1979 Burgundian in manner, engagingly lively, revealing generous size and opulent red raspberry fruitiness—a wonderful Pomerol. *Best drinking: for the next 13–15 years. Aeration: 6–6¼ hours. $28–$30.*

Château La Mission-Haut-Brion 1979 Graced by one of the most fabulous first tastes in the entire realm of wine, this is a spacious, magnificent Graves of high tonality and pinpoint concentration. *Best drinking: for the next 14–16 years. Aeration: 6½–6¾ hours. $30–$33.*

Château Pétrus 1979 Extraordinarily youthful, with a perceptibly tangy flavor and generous body—an amazing, noble, astoundingly well-made Pomerol. *Best drinking: for the next 17–19 years. Aeration: 9–9¼ hours. $55–$60.*

Château Margaux 1979 and **Château Palmer 1979** Far along in this survey, my wife Gloria and I thought it would be great fun to drink the two most acclaimed wines from Margaux, Châteaux Margaux and Palmer, together. This is how it all went: Château Margaux 1979 was exceptionally ingratiating, high in tonality, with moderate body, fine texture, and a nicely concentrated cherry-like taste constituent—an eminently harmonious wine. Château Palmer 1979, a perfect foil, was monumental and superbly cohesive, possessing the most dense ripe plum fruitiness imaginable—a sumptuous, definitively great Bordeaux! *Best drinking (both wines): 13–15 years. Aeration (both wines): 5½–6 hours. (Margaux) $53–$55. (Palmer) $17–$19.*

Château Montrose 1979 This Saint-Estèphe that I have adored in sixteen vintages stands forth, year after year, as one of the more reasonably priced Second Growths, and in my view is among the half-dozen best and longest-lived red Bordeaux—the others being Châteaux Latour, Pétrus, La Mission-Haut-Brion, Cheval Blanc, and Palmer. The 1979 version is no exception—titanic, spicy, with tremendously concentrated fruitiness, it is a commanding presence. *Best drinking: for the next 16–17 years. Aeration: 7¼–7¾ hours. $14–$15.*

Château Ausone 1979 A most beautiful Saint-Émilion of small body and high taste tonality, with a subtle yet pervasive fruit component—in my opinion, the single *(Continued on page 440)*

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AMAZING BORDEAUX

(Continued from page 439)

most delicate and elegant wine in this entire collection. *Best drinking: for the next 14–16 years. Aeration: 6¼–6¾ hours. $50–$55.*

Château Latour 1979 Olympian in all aspects, deep, very gracious and benign, with perfect balance and black currant fruitiness—a majestic, wonderfully civilized Pauillac. *Best drinking: for the next 17–19 years. Aeration: 8–8½ hours. $45–$48.*

Postscript: 1971 Red Bordeaux

I thought you might find it entertaining and instructive, as I did, to see how five of the best red Bordeaux from the very good 1971 vintage are coming along! Notice that four of the same châteaux are reviewed above, among the 1979s.

Château Mouton-Rothschild 1971 Tightly knit, of imposing size and high tonality—quite simply, a great bottle now at the stage of its life where it can fully display all those details and complexities that make it a classic French Cabernet Sauvignon. *Best drinking: for the next 3–4 years. Aeration: 10–20 minutes. $70–$75.*

Vieux Château Certan 1971 A delight from start to finish, this Pomerol of moderate body is an extraordinarily lovely wine featuring a vivid fruit constituent that culminates in an enchanting sweet finish. *Best drinking: for the next 2–3 years. Aeration: 5–10 minutes. $30–$35.*

Château Pétrus 1971 Immense, mellow, deep in tonality, and possessing the ultimate finesse that any wine is capable of—a superlative Bordeaux at the very summit of its powers. *Best drinking: for the next 3–4 years. Aeration: 10–20 minutes. $115–$125.*

Château Palmer 1971 Vital, graceful, well-integrated and fairly large-bodied—a wine so ravishing that it almost deprives one of words! *Best drinking: for the next 4–5 years. Aeration: 25–35 minutes. $45–$50.*

Château Montrose 1971 As is invariably the case with this Bordeaux in a superior vintage, Château Montrose 1971 seems extremely reluctant to grow old. At the present moment in its career, it is robust, of middle taste tonality and important size—tremendous in all ways. *Best drinking: for the next 8–9 years. Aeration: 1½–1¾ hours. $25–$30.*

ENDNOTE: In my wine descriptions, the term "best drinking," followed by a time-span measured in years, represents the period during which I am utterly confident that the wine in question should not only build to its peak but—equally important—*maintain itself there,* and provide, with the aid of judicious aeration, immense satisfaction to all who drink it.

The aeration time given for each wine applies to now, October, 1983. With every passing year of its life, you may confidently anticipate a decrease of thirty minutes to an hour in the amount of aeration a wine requires. Moreover, when periodically drinking these splendid 1979 red Bordeaux in the years ahead, you should be able to perceive, even more clearly than I can now predict, just how far your wine has traveled along the route of its life cycle—and thus avoid the unhappy consequences of holding it too long and, alas, drinking it too late.

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4 Longer Means Straighter. We've made our overnight hangers two inches longer, (our jumbos already were). Now suits and dresses hang straighter. The end of the crumpled bottom?

5 The Open Door Zipper. Our main hanging compartment has always been accessible. Now our new zipper lets you open the door so wide, it's like a closet. You can even snap the door out of the way.

6 Fast Pockets. Our new fastener lets you bypass the buckle and open the outside compartments with a quick snap. Yet you can still use the strap and buckle to adjust for fuller pockets.

7 Full-Access Pockets. Our clever new zipper opening lets pockets open so wide you'll say ahhhh. You can get even bigger items in. And everything's faster and easier.

8 Inside/Outside Pocket. It starts out inside, but you can snap it out. And though some call it a shoe pocket, it's waterproof. So who's to know if you use it for toiletries?

9 Solid Brass Rivets on Handle and Strap. Most of us tend to overpack. Which overstresses handle and shoulder strap fasteners. So we put in solid brass rivets that can handle more. Seemed sensible.

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By Richard Alleman

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INSIGHTS!

Insight Guides--known for well-written, lusciously photographed and illustrated guidebooks to exotic Asian locales--are now focusing on the Western Hemisphere. New volumes--Florida, Mexico, Jamaica--include excellent background articles on history, culture, daily life. To come in 1984: New England, The Rockies, Northern California, Southern California, Southwest, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands, French Antilles; $14.95, at bookstores.

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A perfect plot: two days in historic Charleston, South Carolina (*above left*), staying at a charming nineteenth-century inn—coupled with two days of sun, sea, and sports at the luxurious Kiawah Island resort (*right*). The new "Towne & Country Affair" package from Kiawah Island sets up these idyllic four days—and provides delicious extras such as wine, Champagne, cocktails, breakfasts, morning newspapers, bicycles, sightseeing. The package is offered year-round. Prices: $230 per person, double occupancy, through November 15; $165, November 16-February 29; $246, March 1-June 16. See travel agent or page 451 for further details.

THE ULTIMATE SPA This fall, one of Venice's poshest places—the ultra-private Hotel Cipriani, *above*—becomes the splendid setting for a series of special health and fitness programs. Under the direction of the renowned Shrubland Hall Clinic in England, three-, five-, and ten-day spa plans of massage, hydrotherapy, yoga, diet, exercises, and beauty treatments will be offered from October 21 to November 30. Prices—from $434 for three days to $1250 for ten—include meals. See travel agent or page 451 for additional information.

HOT TICKETS/HALF PRICE

In New York City, the new Music & Dance ticket booth in Bryant Park behind the NY Public Library at Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street has same-day seats to some of Manhattan's best opera, ballet, and concert events—for half price! Lincoln Center, Carnegie Hall, Radio City Music Hall, Brooklyn Academy of Music are all at the booth—open daily from 12:00 to 7:00 P.M.

***Flash!* Next summer, the world's largest cruise ship, the glamorous S.S. *Norway (left)* exits the Caribbean—where she's been cruising comfortably since 1980—to begin a series of brand-new one- and two-week European cruises. Hitting the fjord country plus major Scandinavian ports, the new sailings are set for July 28-September 1.**

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The perfect pool—at L'Oustaú de Baumanière in Les Baux

Provence: a garden of earthy delights—in the South of France

Provençal pleasures: Cézanne-style locales, grand cuisine, a potent past

BY BARBARA KAFKA

In the South of France, there is the Riviera and there is Provence. The first is a brilliant blue strip of self-indulgence, Ferraris, and grand white hotels and villas that stretches from Spain to Italy. This is pleasure but lacks passion. For passion, one must turn away from the coast and head inward . . . toward the harsh rocks, rich cuisine, and lusty history of Provence.

I have been to Provence many times . . . and have my own little set routines there. If I were sending you as a first-time traveler, I would insist that you read M. F. K. Fisher's *A Considerable Town* on Marseilles and her *Map of Another Town,* centered on Aix-en-Provence. I would hope you would have the patience for Ford Maddox Ford's *Provence.* A little Mistral and Mirabeau could not hurt. A few Pound translations of Provençal poetry, Elizabeth David on Mediterranean food, and a quick trip to a good museum to look at some Cézanne landscapes and Van Gogh effusions should complete the preparation. To carry with you, buy the yellow Michelin maps that cover the area, the green Michelin *Provence,* the red Michelin *France,* Gault-Millau's *The Best of France,* and if you want information on good family places and less expensive places to stay, Hilary Rubinstein's *Europe's Wonderful Little Hotels and Inns.*

Throughout Provence you will find two kinds of food: traditional Provençal and Classic, usually *nouvelle*-ized these days. The traditional Provençal food is heavy on olive oil, garlic, and fish; *bourride* and *bouillabaisse,* the two great fish stews of Provence, bring them all together. Inland, the festive dish is the *grand aïoli:* a great steaming of foods—sometimes with sausage, cod, or chicken as well as all the vegetables available—served with a garlic and olive oil sauce, bound either with egg yolks (like a mayonnaise) or with mashed potatoes or softened bread. *Tians* of vegetables and the constant aromas of herbs are also typical. (A nice side trip is to go to one of the towns that become, a few times a year, herb markets.) Provençal food is direct, earthy, and peasanty.

To best see Provence, you will need a car. Pick it up in Marseilles where, if you have some extra cash, the place to stay is Résidences le Petit Nice et Marina Maldormé. The choice is not only for the sea and garden views, the luxurious rooms, and the very good meals; it is because, having studied our M. F. K. Fisher well, we know that Marseilles is very noisy and this hotel is air-conditioned as well as a little way out of town, thus ensuring sleep.

You will either love Marseilles or hate it—which will determine how long you stay there. It is a large town—the second largest in France—raucous and rambunctious. There is nothing odd in the fact that the "*Marseillaise*"—the revolutionary song of France—is named for it. In Marseilles, you can roam the ports—or take the hour-and-a-half boat tour out to and around the historic Château d'If prison. The views are marvelous. There are also many good places to eat in Marseilles—traditional to *nouvelle.*

From Marseilles, drive north to Aix . . . through the *(Continued on page 446)*

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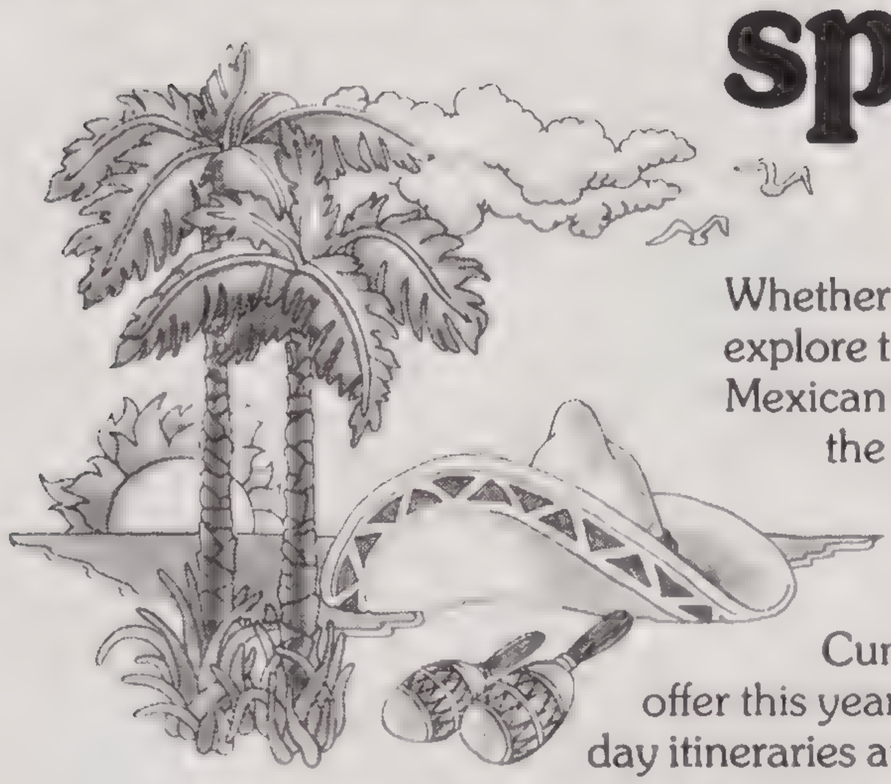

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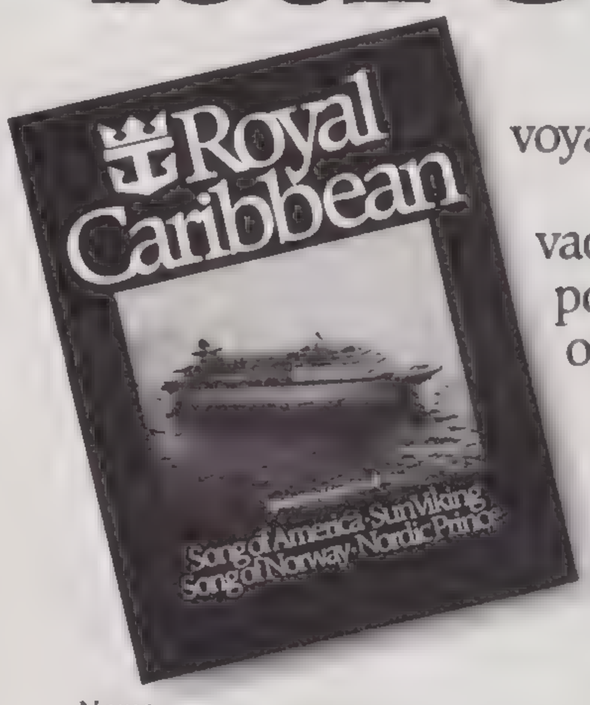

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PROVENCE

(Continued from page 444)

countryside of the great Cézanne landscapes. Aix has nice places to spend the night, unless, of course, you are here for the summer music festival in which case you will need to reserve your rooms many months ahead and locate your own favorite café on the Cours Mirabeau. If you are staying for any length of time, you might want to reserve at the Mas d'Entremont. A *mas* is an old Provençal-style farmhouse. This one sits in a garden and has a pool, good old furniture, and a rather respectable restaurant.

From here, you will head west into "my" Provence—the rocky part with the remains of the great Roman towns. What you must not miss are Nîmes, Arles, Les Baux, and Aigues-Mortes. Being extravagant, I would suggest doing the region from two hotel bases: L'Oustaù de Baumanière in Les Baux and Les Remparts in Aigues-Mortes.

In Aigues-Mortes, I feel the past as an ever-present dream. The town rises out of flat salt marshes ringed by thirteenth-century ramparts no longer needed to protect it from Saracen marauders that once came from across a now retreated sea. The great Crusades that spawned the town are gone, too—leaving only ramparts, a great tower, and a vague sweet sadness. The hotel Les Remparts, named for the town's ancient walls, is thick with historic stone and softened by Provençal antiques and extremely edible food.

Les Baux used to be a great town. From the eleventh through the fourteenth centuries, its Counts—sitting on their white rock promontory and protected by high walls—ruled over eighty towns and villages in Provence and their influence spread as far as Avellino and Sicily. They were great warriors. The line must have died out just a little too late as the last Count was known as the "Scourge of Provence." Louis XIII eventually destroyed the walls and the castle and the influence of the town. Today, walk through it with charming memories of medieval power and the Courts of Love. From Les Baux, you can see clear to the sea as well to the weird white rocks—bauxite, the source of aluminum—that look as if some wild conceptual artist had installed them.

Provence contains many charming old *mas* reconstructed into delicious country inns with swimming pools. L' Oustaù de Baumanière is the granddaddy and perhaps still the best of these. Created by M. Thuilier, it is furnished with impeccable antiques standing on cool waxed cordovan-leather-tiled floors. A three-star restaurant (that my friends tell me has lost a little of its *éclat* since M. Thuilier's grandson has taken over the *fourneau*) still has one of the world's most charming outdoor settings.

Nîmes is the most complete of the remaining Roman towns of Provence and it's worth a brief stop to see its Roman buildings as well as its splendid eighteenth-century gardens.

Arles, on the other hand, is worth a whole day. It is totally charming and lively—with two first-rate hotels: D'Arlatan (the fifteenth-century residence of the Counts of Arlatan, redone with good eighteenth-century furniture) and Hôtel Jules César (a seventeenth-century convent with cloister and gardens).

If I were on a Christmas tour, I would choose Arles for Christmas Eve mass—to see the typical Provençal crêche of eighteenth-century figurines. Don't let the rumor that, to-

day, all *santons* are mass-produced stop you from buying these beautiful crêche figures on your roadside travels. My favorites are the small terra-cotta statues that portray traditional peasant and urban figures of nineteenth-century Provence who come to pay their respects to the Infant. Years ago, I indulged myself by buying a whole terra-cotta Provençal village complete with a company of *pétanque* players. Although it was a feat of transportation, I have never regretted it.

Arles is also a good shopping town. Look for work clothes, espadrilles, and olive-wood objects. Olive trees were brought by the Greeks and have supplied the oil that has been the base of Provençal cooking ever since.

At Avignon, we leave Roman times for the beginnings of the fourteenth century. Pope John XXII followed his predecessor, Clement V, to Provence; but John decided to do the thing up brown and created in Avignon a papal palace and town. The town grew rapidly with the addition of buildings for many religious orders. By 1403, after a tangle of schismatic popes and apocryphal ones such as Pope Joan, the popes moved back to Rome. They left, in their wake, an extraordinary town, beautiful to see. The famous bridge, St.-Benezet, was the last bridge across the Rhône on the route from Paris; built in the twelfth century, it was enough to make a town important in that time.

Avignon's most attractive hotel is The Europe, in a restored sixteenth-century building. It is conveniently close to the Palace of the Popes. Dine at Hiély-Lucullus and be sure to drink a Rhône wine. This is one of those parts of France where it is almost always safe to drink the local wine. Just watch out for the sweet whites like Beaumes-de-Venise. They are gaining in popularity, but they will ruin a meal if drunk as a normal white would be.

There is no end to the joys of wandering Provence; but if I had just one more trip to take there, I might be tempted to find one of the boats that follow the Rhône from Lyons all the way to Aigues-Mortes. That way, I could see the strange red rocks of the region . . . disembark for leisurely strolls of the great towns.

Or I might do something totally different, go down into the Camargue—that strange wild land formed by the Bouches-du-Rhône. I would stay at Le Pont des Bannes and ride the white horses of the Camargue and swim. I might time my arrival for the great gypsy festival in Stes.-Maries-de-la-Mer—held on the 24th and 25th of May. Gypsies from all over the world attend. If desire were all, I would come to Stes.-Maries-de-la-Mer the first Sunday in December to watch the saints carried to the sea attended by gypsies, Camarguais cowboys on horseback, and Arlesians in costume. Then I would make the rounds of the nearby towns and get swept up in their pre-Christmas celebrations, terminating in Arles to have a fabulous Christmas feast of *grand aïoli* and a parade of traditional desserts. So many possibilities . . . in Provence. ▽

L'Esprit de Provence . . . Through November 6, the best of Provence can be found in the U.S.—at Bloomingdale's in New York, Connecticut, Washington DC, Dallas. Saluting Provence—as part of its "Fête de France"—Bloomingdale's stores are exhibiting Provençal arts, crafts, culture—and offer, for sale this month, Provençal floral-print fabrics, terra-cotta figurines; luscious pâtés, jams, chèvres, chocolates. *Bon voyage! (For more on Provence, turn to pages 542 through 549.)*

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Ready For Rio?

The Point: the wilderness at its most luxurious

Deep in the Adirondacks a very civilized retreat

BY ANDREA CHAMBERS

Main lodge of "Camp Wonundra"—1930s Rockefeller outpost, now The Point

STEVE BECKER

In a land of towering conifers and ice-cold glacial lakes, Vanderbilts, Morgans, and Rockefellers once partied with an almost proud disdain for the harshness of nature around them. Arriving via private railroad and stagecoach, they set up wilderness "camps" large enough for one hundred and staffed by fifty or sixty servants. In this sylvan setting, servants inquired of guests whether they would like squab or perhaps cold filet mignon packed in their picnic baskets. Come evening, the band played, the crystal tinkled, and ladies in flowing gowns danced with their gentlemen beneath sloping hewn-log roofs.

This was the Adirondacks during their heyday in the early twentieth century, an era before America's royalty discovered the watering holes of Europe. To this sparsely populated wilderness came such mainline Philadelphia families as the Biddles, Wisters, and Bodines, as well as New York financial giants like Adolph Lewisohn and John Loeb. Marjorie Merriweather Post, too, set up a thirty-building outpost in the region and ordered local workmen to upholster her private fleet of mahogany runabouts in a soft "Post" blue.

Today, the old families are mostly gone. The camps are closed. The Adirondacks are once again a preserve of simple North Country pleasures. Almost. On a promontory in the middle of Upper Saranac Lake, a well-bred entrepreneur named Edward (Ted) G. L. Carter is reviving the style and sensibilities of a bygone era. He is the proud owner of nine Paul Bunyan-style buildings constructed in the early 1930s for William Avery Rockefeller, a taciturn and reclusive nephew of John D. Rockefeller, Sr. Carter, who had spent many boyhood summers at his grandfather's camp in the Adirondacks, returned for a visit in 1979 after years of working as an international financier in Europe. Hearing that "Camp Wonundra," the old Rockefeller property, was on the market, he walked in, looked around, and

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said: "I must have it."

Soon, after extensive modernizing and redecorating, Carter began inviting friends and business associates for weekends. They sat lazily in front of the fire, or went cross-country skiing on trails traversed mainly by deer and snowshoe rabbits. One day a friend made an intriguing suggestion to his host: "Why not take in a few paying guests as they do in the grand houses of Europe?" Carter liked the notion of the "paying guest," or "P.G.," as the custom is known abroad, where the gentry sometimes find that this is the only way to pay the taxes or repair the roof on the quaint but crumbling family castle. To Carter, the idea seemed not only profitable but entertaining.

One of the earliest P.G.'s at The Point was Prince Egon von Fürstenberg, a scion of European nobility and now a presence in the Manhattan fashion trade. "When I was a child in Europe," recalls Von Fürstenberg, "I remember my parents sending me to one of the Hapsburg castles in Austria as a paying guest. The Point was rather like that. Ted Carter knows how to make you feel at home. He's a man of the world, and his home is a very nice one."

For those who have not frequented Hapsburg castles, vacationing at The Point requires a spirit of adventure and a willingness to toss out all preconceived notions about how to behave at a resort. Carter and his staff of ten *do* carry luggage, serve fine gourmet meals, arrange recreational activities on request, turn down beds, and leave dainty chocolate-covered mints on the pillows. They *do not* offer a choice of menu at any meal except breakfast, provide room service, or outfit the quarters with televisions or telephones. Staying at The Point is rather like attending a private house party at a count's hideaway in the woods.

The host is duly selective. If callers seem overly concerned about the set menu or lack of room service, Carter may issue a telephone warning: "Hey, you might *hate* it here." If they carp about the prices (steep), he is not above harrumphing: "In *my* family, it's not considered polite to talk about money." In rare instances, he has offered a guest a refund and encouraged the person to leave. The most celebrated case was a sixty-five-year-old blond woman of supposed royal ancestry who arrived in gold lamé pants and demanded: "Where is the disco? I left my three boyfriends at home, and I am here to meet men!" Eventually, quarters more to her liking were found in nearby Lake Placid.

Most guests, however, are hooked the moment they turn into The Point's private road, which meanders beneath tall balsams and hemlock trees. Arriving at the main lodge, a gabled structure of cedar and pine with casement windows imported from France, they step into an octagonal anteroom. Eight stern-faced reindeer stare at them from on high. The two eighteenth-century French gargoyles guarding the entrance to the thirty by fifty-foot living room/dining room appear benign enough. Inside this massive hall, the vaulted ceiling seems to ascend forever. A fire crackles at each end of the room. Huge grey sofas, custom-made, invite the guest to settle in. Black lacquer coffee tables add a sophisticated touch, and Adirondack "twig" chairs convey a feeling of rusticity.

"Would you like a drink?" asks the host, gesturing toward *(Continued on page 454)*

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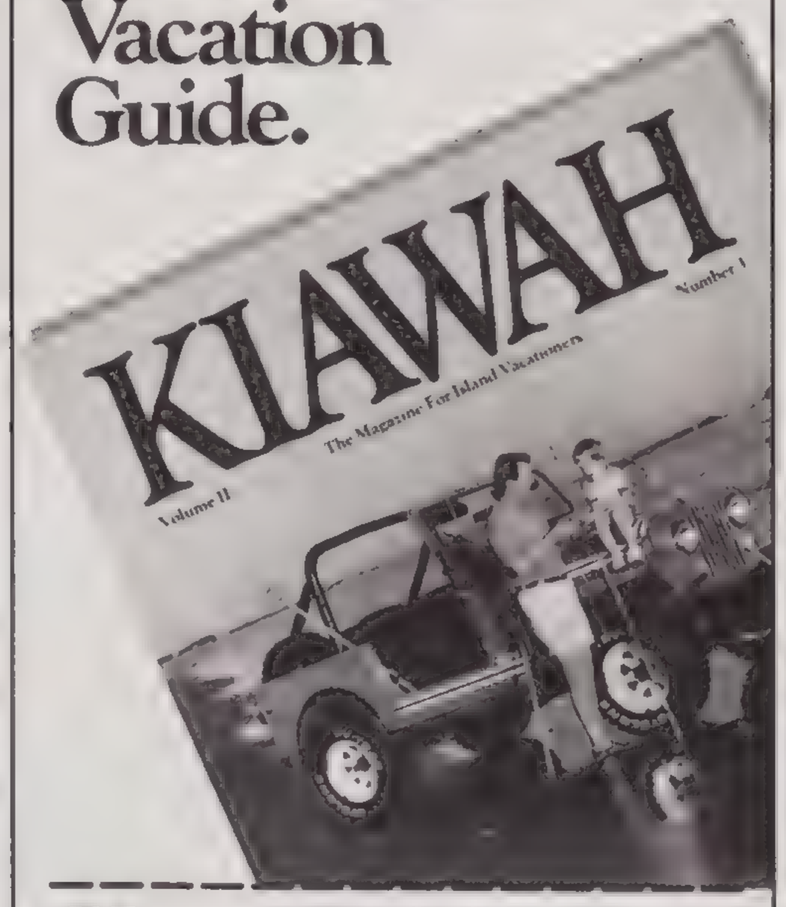

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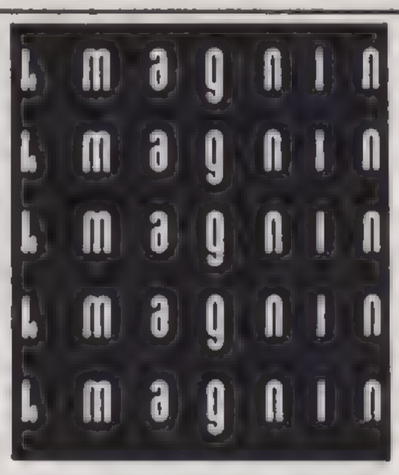

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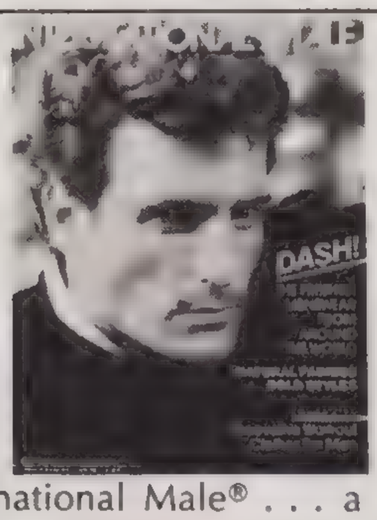

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SPORTPAGES

4. Sportpages, the action catalog for you and your active lifestyle. Sportpages features exciting fashions, accessories and gifts, designer beachwear and warmups, plus the newest decorating ideas for indoors and out! $2.00.

5. Winterthur Museum and Gardens, the premier collection of American antiques, offers by mail a choice selection of high quality Winterthur Reproductions and gifts. The exciting variety includes elegant and finely crafted porcelain, silver, brass, jewelry, miniatures, folk art, and Christmas presents. Special combination: Gift Catalogue sent now, Garden Catalogue sent next January. $1.00.

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THE POINT

(Continued from page 451)

an antique wagon that serves as a twenty-four-hour open bar. "Some people are on the wagon. Here, we are *in* the wagon," he quips, eyeing his visitors for their response. All business once again, Carter shows his guests to their quarters and lets them know that lunch will be about 1:30, drinks in the waterside pub about 7:30, and dinner when it is ready. Carter will gladly explain, depending on the season, that the lake is fine for swimming and boating, and that six hundred miles of accessible trails are available for cross-country skiing.

To the host's everlasting amusement, most people do none of this. They sit endlessly by the fire in the main lodge, or read quietly in one of the eight private rooms. Come mealtime, the guests sniff around the kitchen like hungry Adirondack black bears. When dinner is served, they all assemble at one big table. The host, impeccably attired in coat and tie, sets the unspoken dress code, and most guests comply. Women tend to wear dresses, and even gowns on nights such as New Year's Eve.

As the tapers burn down in Carter's Georgian silver candlesticks, his dinner partners address a three- or four-course feast that is meticulously planned. Carter and his partner and executive chef, Jim Myhre, operate on the same entertainment principle used by a savvy hostess giving a dinner party: "Will everybody like it?" They do not serve liver, sweetbreads, or anything gamier than duck. Mostly, they stick to the basics—roasts, tournedos, sautéed fish—beautifully sauced and served on eighteenth-century Meissen china.

The atmosphere around the dinner table is as unpredictable as a mountain wind. On a given evening, a Houston oilman, who drove to The Point in his Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow, finds himself next to a Philadelphia socialite. A Nashville dermatologist turns inquiringly to the New York lawyer on his left. Soon they are discussing who has the bigger boat. "Everyone makes it quite clear at the beginning that they are sophisticated and successful," remarks a stockbroker's wife. "It's rather like dogs sniffing each other. Then it's forgotten."

On good nights, the talk moves easily, as it would at any self-respecting dinner party. Carter is delighted when diners argue good naturedly about books or theater. "I love to have a *salon*," he smiles. On bad nights, and they do occur, guests can nod off, lulled by the endless supply of wine. Or, they may carry on in questionable taste. One summer evening, a stag party of lawyers who had come up to go horseback riding at a nearby stable actually threw the tournedos around at dinner.

The host expects anything, from a touch of Mme de Staël's salon to the Mad Hatter's Tea Party. He diplomatically steers the conversation away from trouble spots. He also, when the mood hits him, plays raconteur. As a bon vivant and world traveler who has supped with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor and attended Queen Elizabeth's garden parties, Carter has endless stories to tell. He might also choose to talk about his illustrious relatives, like archaeologist Howard Carter, co-discoverer of King Tutankhamen's tomb in Egypt, or William Bradford, five-time governor of Plymouth colony. (Carter pays homage to Bradford each Thanksgiving by inviting a few Mohawks from a local tribe to share his turkey.) Or, Carter might mention financier Bernie Cornfeld, for whom he worked selling mutual funds before setting up his own shipping business, the Carter Container Company.

Now that he has left the high-pressured business world behind, Carter, better than most, appreciates the serenity of his mountain retreat. There is a timeless quality to the glacial lake and to the slender evergreens. Carter purposefully does not keep newspapers at The Point. "Once, I considered ironing five-year-old copies of *The New York Times* and putting them outside people's doors in the morning," he recalls. "The news would have been more or less the same. Nothing changes." ▽

Dinner style, The Point: Meissen china, Georgian silver

— Fireside chic: The Point's sitting room

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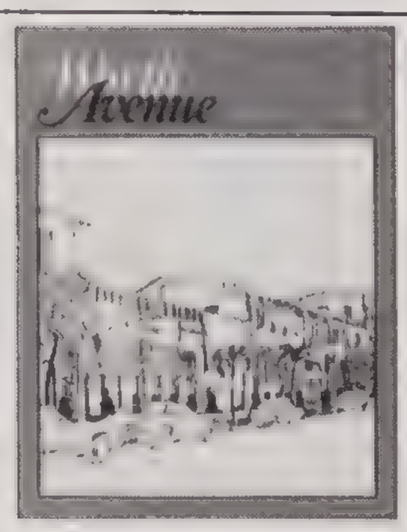

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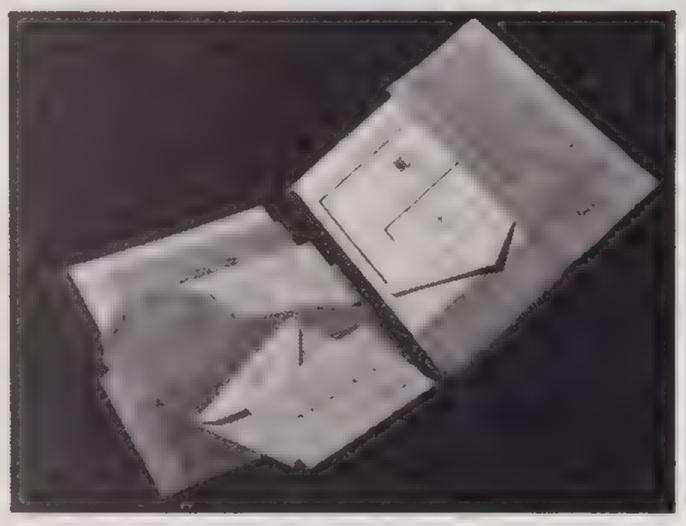

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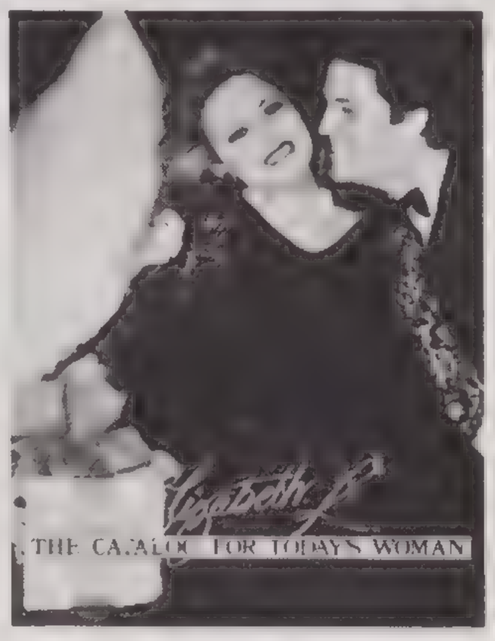

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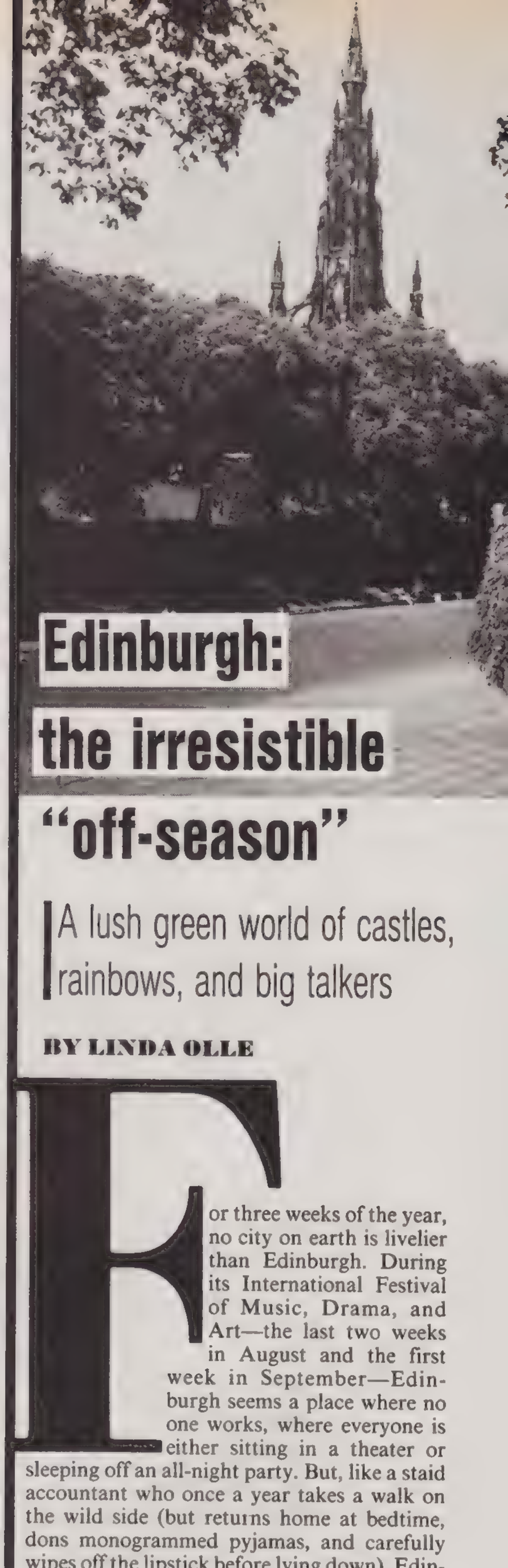

Edinburgh: the irresistible "off-season"

A lush green world of castles, rainbows, and big talkers

BY LINDA OLLE

For three weeks of the year, no city on earth is livelier than Edinburgh. During its International Festival of Music, Drama, and Art—the last two weeks in August and the first week in September—Edinburgh seems a place where no one works, where everyone is either sitting in a theater or sleeping off an all-night party. But, like a staid accountant who once a year takes a walk on the wild side (but returns home at bedtime, dons monogrammed pyjamas, and carefully wipes off the lipstick before lying down), Edinburgh recovers very quickly from the frenzy of the Festival. In fact, Edinburgh's off-season could be considered one of the longest of any city in the world: only three weeks of the year is Edinburgh truly alive—and for the rest of the time, it is lusciously "off-off season."

Edinburgh has the look of a classic British film. A storybook castle—where, in fact, Mary Queen of Scots once lived—rises from the center of the city on its own hill, surrounded by a park that is green all year. Beside it is a clutch of tall, ancient, spiny buildings. Drop a veil of rain over this romantic setting (for you will have some during your off-season visit).

The sun breaks out abruptly, urgently, and clouds race overhead as if cranked on a contin-

Glorious gardens—in Scotland's capital

uous reel. Cobblestones shine after a rain, and the black slate roofs all over the city sparkle. Rainbows are frequent. Under the glow of street lamps on long winter nights, downtown Edinburgh is magic: The steeple of St. Giles looms on the skyline—its shape that of a big crown. Another fantasy silhouette is created by a "Parthenon" on Calton Hill.

North of here, the city is geometrically ordered; the streets are elegantly bent around gardens in the shapes of circles, crescents, and squares. A tribute to its inspired design, this half of the city, created in the late eighteenth century, is still referred to as the New Town.

People here live in rooms two stories high with plasterwork wedding-cake icing on the ceilings, heavy double doors, giant fireplaces. Inhabitants exhibit a refreshing indifference to their surroundings: eggshell blue is the proper color for a room designed by Robert Adam, but the resident of Edinburgh will mock propriety with a coat of apple green or salmon pink. (The English, by and large, are more conventional than the Scots.)

Edinburgh society is a bit like New York City's—enlightened and passionate in its enthusiasms to a degree that strikes others as immoderate. Conversational skills get a good workout here. Topics change like a pebble skipping water—best to keep the pebble aflight, as it will sink on the sensitive subjects of weather and England. Apart from these, no subject is too outrageous or too mundane.

Many of Edinburgh's famous sons and daughters have been great talkers. Eighteenth-century Scottish philosopher David Hume contributed to the art of conversation (and, subsequently, psychology) by stating that we perceive not objects but ideas. Famous nineteenth-century Edinburgh wit Sydney Smith included among his Rules of Life: "Make no secret of low spirits to your friends, but talk of them freely—they are always worse for dignified concealment"—an idea that certainly affected the course of conversations for later generations. And this is the city Muriel Spark chose for her sublimely outspoken character Miss Jean Brodie.

A restaurant in *(Continued on page 460)*

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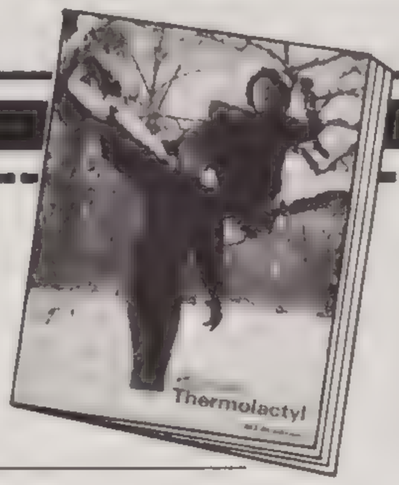

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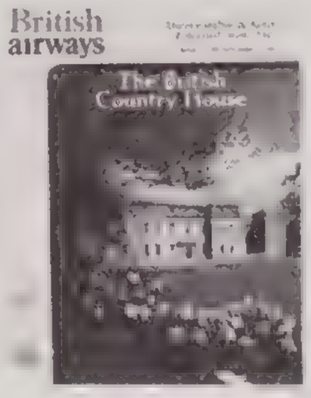

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EDINBURGH

(Continued from page 457)

Elegant bend of Edinburgh street

Edinburgh is therefore a delicious place to eavesdrop. However, the Oyster Bar at the Café Royal, tucked away on West Register Street, also provides one of Britain's most opulent dining experiences. If, when you look up at the magnificent ceiling and the cathedral windows, you have a sense of déjà vu, it is because this was the setting for the restaurant scene in *Chariots of Fire.* The huge barren pub attached has a different personality—columns with pineapple capitals line the bar in the center of the room—and it is frequented by a congenial mix of Edinburgh intelligentsia and local characters.

In Edinburgh, a type of cuisine has been perfected over the years since its introduction in the 'sixties—vegetable, cheese, whole-grain, and fruit dishes; and the leading exponent is Henderson's, at 94 Hanover Street. The decor has suffered a reverse evolution from white austerity to neo-hippie, but the food is superb, especially the Scottish oatcakes and scones baked in Henderson's own ovens. The Wine Bar, next door, is a place to see fashionable people in shabby-elegant surroundings.

High Street—"The Royal Mile"—is anchored, visually, by two castles: Edinburgh Castle—chiefly a military museum . . . and the Palace of Holyroodhouse—open to the public, except when certain members of the Royal Family turn up and check in (usually late May or June). The Queen's palace windows view an extinct volcano that resembles a library lion. Roving sheep keep its grass closely clipped.

The Royal Mile also has a silver and glass museum, a literary museum, a wax museum, and a toy museum where dolls inhabit the top floors (their proper place in the toy hierarchy). "Barbie" resides here among her ancestors. And resting in the graveyard of nearby Canongate Kirk lies the recipient of a famous Scottish love poem: Robert Burns's "Clarinda."

The oldest Vermeer in existence is on view at Edinburgh's National Gallery of Scotland—as well as one of the best-loved portraits in Europe: "The Reverend Robert Walker" (on ice skates), by Sir Henry Raeburn. Britain's outstanding women artists—including Prunella Clough, Elizabeth Blackadder, Bridget Riley, Barbara Hepworth—are well represented at the Scottish Gallery of Modern Art, a former Laird's mansion in what is now the Royal Botanic Garden.

Activity on the campus of Edinburgh University duplicates *Brideshead Revisited*—in an updated version. Here, philosophy professors teach their students how to recognize judgment and yet remain nonjudgmental, thus throwing off the spell cast eons ago by dread moral reformer John Knox. Nearby, James Thin bookstore has Penguin paperbacks and beautifully bound blank notebooks with marbled edges.

Many desirable British products (Marks & Spencer crewneck sweaters and cotton underclothes, Laura Ashley frocks, and Liberty fabrics) can be purchased in Edinburgh—but perhaps the most interesting place to shop is St. Stephens Street. Ruffled Georgian and Edwardian nightgowns are available at second-hand clothes shops here; and, at the shop called Number 2, run by vivacious Judy Alexander, you will find, among her millions of *nouvelle* Fair Isle sweaters, the perfect gifts for about a dozen people you know.

Glasgow, to the south, provides a contrast to Edinburgh and makes a good day trip. For all its smoke and bustle, Glasgow has the best examples of the Art Nouveau architecture and interiors of Charles Rennie Mackintosh. A room from his Ingram Street Tearoom is displayed at the Kelvingrove Museum (also worth a visit for its Rembrandt self-portrait). The most inspired Mackintosh is the Glasgow School of Art on Renfrew Street—with watercolors by Margaret Macdonald, Mackintosh's wife. Another Glasgow sight: Pollock House, a great house with gardens near the edge of the city. Notice the Glasgow accent, which compares with the Edinburgh one like AM to FM radio.

When you return to Edinburgh, the ideal place to unwind is the pretty ladies' sauna at the Meadowbank Sports Centre. ▽

VOGUE, October, 1983

Steal a little thunder from a rose.

TEA ROSE

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VOGUE'S View

What's news: easy pieces, all-American resort…L.A. style, Broadway style… couture top sellers

VIVE LA CHEMISE

CLEAR COUTURE SIGNAL:

IN A STRONG YEAR FOR DRESSES,

THE DRESS TO WATCH IS THE CHEMISE

Big news at the couture: the number of dresses. In Paris, they came out again and again--on their own, under jackets, coats, furs, for every hour, every degree of fall/winter dressing. The show-stealer on most runways and--given the couture's ripple effect on fashion--the key shape to watch was the chemise.

From designer to designer, there were infinite variations. The common denominator: a line that started with more of a shoulder, narrowed from there, stopped short above the knee. The look, unencumbered and very attractive. When this dress shape had its birth--at Balenciaga in 1957--it generated a whole new approach to modern dressing. Some chemise dresses, in nighttime fabrics, are now an expected phenomenon at the couture; what made them different this year were the strong looks for daytime. Saint Laurent sent out a spare jersey chemise early on, kept jerseys and chemises coming. From there, came variations: At YSL, other houses, ruffled hems, bubble bottoms, draped backs.

"THE CHEMISE IS A DRESS THAT'S A SOLUTION—IT ANSWERS A VARIETY OF NEEDS"—Hélène de Ludinghausen, sales directrice, YSL

What's selling at the couture? The jersey dresses, at Saint Laurent, at Scherrer. In the first week after couture showings, women were reportedly buying coats—at Chanel, Dior—that came as a part of total coat dressing. Top-selling nighttime dresses—at YSL, Dior—also had jackets.

Who's doing the buying? About three thousand women worldwide. Their average age is about forty and it's getting younger, with clients at some houses between twenty-eight and thirty. Front rows at many of this season's shows were filled by young Americans. According to the Chambre Syndicale de la Couture Parisienne, '82 sales were up 40 percent over '81.

("View" continued on page 464)

Red silk at Dior with signature cable

The simplest jersey, at YSL: it set up the season

Ornamental black velvet at Givenchy

Givenchy's silk check for late day

The "winner" at YSL: black velvet, ruffled and bowed

Courreges' "classic": white wool and silver lamé

YSL's dropped-waist jersey

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view

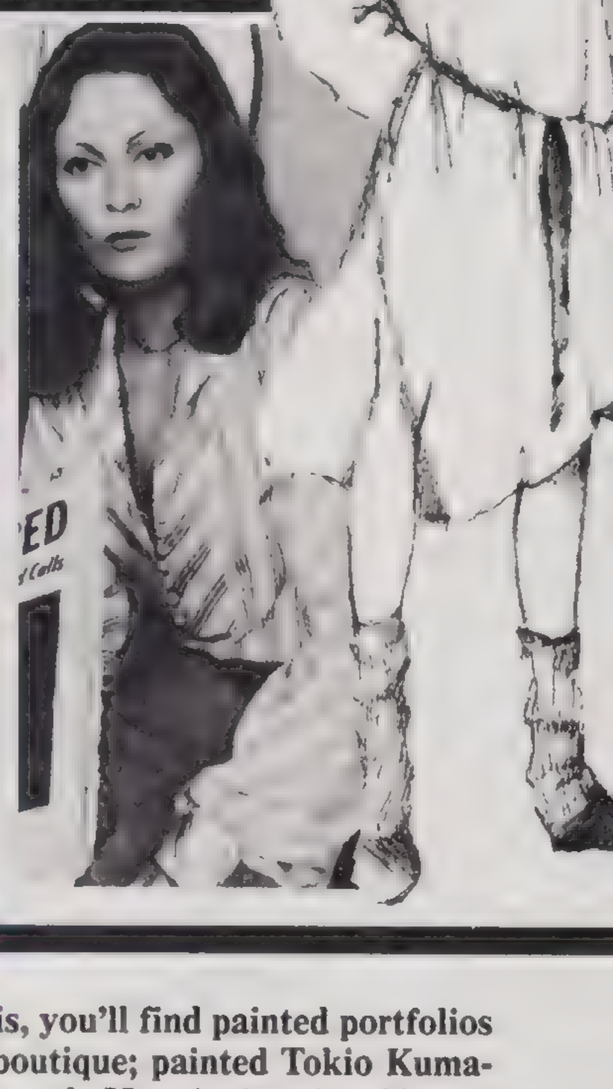
all about Theoni

The leading lady of costume design is making news: with "La Cage" and with Jane Fonda

Every week, like a solicitous mother hen, Theoni Aldredge makes the rounds: from *A Chorus Line*, round over to *42nd Street*, to *Dreamgirls*, most recently to the splendid spectacle of *La Cage aux Folles* ("It's a love story, not a drag show," she says firmly of her newest Broadway baby). Because once the sketches are accepted, the costumes sewn, once the actors are fitted and the curtain goes up—her job goes on. "There's an ongoing involvement," Theoni Aldredge explained. "People are replaced and designs have to be made to different bodies."

And, of course, the clothes have to hold up—through continuous rehearsals, nightly performances. That's one difference between designing for theater and for films (she did *Network* and *The Great Gatsby*). "Doing a film, the clothes have to last maybe a day—if that." Other on-stage challenges: dressing men as women in *La Cage, near right.* "Put a pair of hose on a man and you see what's missing: that curve of the upper thigh." Her solution to that—and other—differences: judicious, undetectable padding, bras that "shrink" male waists by contrast, tailcoats and full skirts hiding back views.

Because she's been most comfortable designing "for a specific character, a specific body," despite temptations, Aldredge has steered clear of designing for the general public—until now. Collaborating with Jane Fonda, she's turning her knowledge of dancers' bodies to a just-out line of classic workout-wear, *far right:* tights, leotards, robes, legwarmers, sweatsuits—and hoping for another long run.



Designing woman, *above:* from *Network* to *La Cage aux Folles* to workout-wear

Artful Changes

Trend to watch: fashion as art, or vice versa. Specifically, what people are calling "painterly fashion"—everything from belts, tunics, skirts and shawls to shoes and portfolios, all splashed with sophisticated daubings of paint. Who's doing it: in NYC, among others, artist/designer Douglas Ferguson—who turns his avant-garde brush to furniture—chairs, pianos!—as well as to fashion. In Paris, you'll find painted portfolios in the Rochas boutique; painted Tokio Kumagaï shoes; Philippe de Henning's painted leather shorts, skirts, big tops. An outgrowth of street art and graffiti, these painted pieces with their loose, light brushstrokes, applied, seemingly, with abandon, seem to be touching a fashion chord. And when they're worn one piece at a time and in cleaned-up shapes, they look modern, artful, not "arty."

Kamali's new OMO: *The trek isn't far from Norma Kamali's old West 56th Street shop to her new one—right across the street, housed in a hundred-year-old building that's been gutted, totally rebuilt. The look? Kamali asked her architect/designer, Peter Michael Marino, for "Stonehenge—but somewhat slicker." The new boutique-cum-fashion laboratory, conceived as a backdrop for her clothes, has surfaces in textured concrete, a front area fashion "gallery."*

"I think retailing and clothing presentation are up for some serious changes," Kamali has said; she's deeply interested in store videos "to make it easier for the customer to see what something is going to look like on, without bothering to change." She's working—quietly—with a computer firm for some new-store innovations.

("View" continued on page 466)

MARTHA SWOPE, MICHAEL ALEXANDER, CULVER PICTURES, SKETCH, THEONI ALDREDGE

Practice really does make perfect.

Without doubt, Chris Evert-Lloyd is one of the all-time great women tennis players.

Three Wimbledon, six U.S. and five French championships, as well as the Australian Open and five Italian titles, are evidence of Chris's unmatched will to win.

She has always played with metronomic precision. She drives the ball hard and deep with a consistency and accuracy that bear testament to years of practice. An increasing willingness to come to the net and volley with the same ruthless efficiency has raised her game to near perfection.

Chris Evert-Lloyd is a very strong competitor indeed. Those who know how tough the game can be have learned to appreciate her for it.

"For the first few years, I think the crowds were just waiting to see the Ice Queen melt," she says. "And, of course, eventually I lost some matches ... but when they saw I could take it ... that I was human ... then they liked me for it. Now crowds are usually on my side ... and that's nice!"

To Chris Evert-Lloyd, stamina and style count. In her game. In the watch she wears. A Rolex Lady-Datejust. "It's a strong watch," she says. "It's always surprising to me how tough it really is.

"Still, I know Rolex has been making watches for a very long time, and 'practice makes perfect' is something I've always agreed with."

Chris Evert-Lloyd and her Rolex Lady-Datejust. Both made perfect by practice.

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designer talk view

''Today, you can't wait for a store to discover you,'' says designer Ron Leal. ''You have to reach directly to the people and find your own clientele.'' He's voicing a sentiment shared more and more by a good many American designers. Leal's modus operandi includes sending a ''special'' customer sketches of personalized designs to shop from if he's not represented by a store in her area, staging 'round-the-country fashion/beauty clinics too. One this month takes place in Dallas.

The idea of closer designer/customer interaction takes its cue, in some part, from the French couture, where clients, quite rightly, have come to expect a good measure of attention. Interpreted American-style, in the past, that's mostly meant designer appearances at stores and charity events. Now, there are some differences. Zoran recently initiated a ''day'' out at his Washington, DC, boutique. There, customers--Nancy Dickerson, Muska Brzezinski, Helga Orfila among them--met with Zoran for fashion talk, haircuts by top stylist Christiaan; Zoran is doing a second one this month. Bill Blass even maintains a bond overseas: he's sent video tapes to a Europe-based customer to shop from.

Fast-paced dressing...with adaptability

Mary Lazar dashes from East Coast to West Coast in nonstop living/working style; her fast-paced dressing style goes from office to glittering dinners, anywhere

Mary Lazar's "year-round" style (clockwise from far left): In daytime St. Laurent jacket, pants; office pants-and-top; Kamali "sweats"—for a ball game with "Swifty." At night, her basics: short dresses. Bottom, far left: Mary in a favorite YSL "restaurant" dress with Wolfgang Puck, chef/owner of L.A.'s Spago

In a world of ringing telephones, transatlantic deals talked and made, Dodgers games, dinners, planes, Mary Lazar is a tall, dark-eyed center of calm in a public maelstrom. She inspires a belief that out of chaos anyone can somehow create cool order, a strong—and private—identity.

Mary Lazar (née Van Nuys—"a real Midwesterner," she says) is the wife of twenty-one years of America's most-known literary agent, Irving "Swifty" Lazar. She also—not inconsequentially—heads her own film production company, Juno Productions.

Mary Lazar's days are divided between East Coast, West Coast, New York and L.A., with a good dose of travel beyond and between. Evenings, invariably, mean restaurants, entertaining—highly visible, often business, occasions. In New York, for four or five months a year, Mary Lazar works from the Lazars' pied-à-terre apartment. For working days in California, Mary heads to her own office in Los Angeles.

Mary Lazar's style, as needs be, has become an adaptable—carefully edited—one; her best clothes choices, she says, are "cross-seasonal": "year-round silk dresses that work both in L.A. and New York"; for travel—anywhere—a long red-slicker raincoat, black leather pants and boots. When traveling, clothes go into a suitcase on small hangers, still covered with dry-cleaner's plastic bags. Large printed Saint Laurent scarves—she collects them—go in, too: to work as wrap dresses in hot weather or as lightweight covers in air-conditioned restaurants. For long weekend script-reading stints in the sun, she knots those scarves into good looking over-bikini sarongs or halters.

Mary Lazar, in California, spends days at her office, changes, heads to a screening, a dinner, a baseball game (it's the leisure-time activity her husband attacks voraciously—he must see them all). New York means "more formal" meetings with high-geared Manhattan publishers, black-tie affairs. "In California, clothes are so much more casual," she says, "you really don't have to 'dress.' In New York, though, I dress much more in the evenings."

Since time is of the essence, Mary minimizes shopping and accessorizing—"I don't spend time wandering through stores anymore; I've become very organized as to what I need, know instinctively what I like—and where to find it" (though like most women, she longs for a personal shopper). Something that she immediately likes—such as a small unstructured knit hat—she buys in multiples, in a variety of colors. And she heads to the designers who, by experience, have what she needs: to Oscar de la Renta for his "wearable and romantic clothes," to Blass, Ungaro, and Saint Laurent, to Anne Klein for "good at the office" clothes; to Perry Ellis, Kamali.

Her style? "Eclectic," she says, with thought. "In the 'seventies, I was more conservative, a conformist. In the 'eighties, I'm becoming more adventuresome." (*"View" continued on page 470)*

PAMELA BARKENTIN

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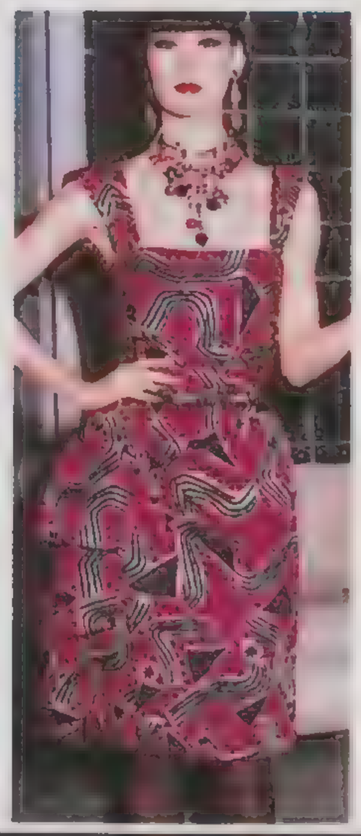
view

AFRICAN BEAT

Japanese fashion may be in the spotlight, but something new, a bevy of "African" designs—lush prints, tie-dye patterns, and wood-bead trim—are garnering their own share of fame. The two, *right,* are from YSL's resort collection, but "African" prints are also at London's trendiest boutiques: Demob is packed with tribal cottons; and the look is a frequent sight on Paris streets. With several major fabric houses filling U.S. orders for tribal patterns of various sorts, this could be a signal of a new feeling for color, bold pattern, a tip-off of what's ahead.



NEWEST EYE-OPENERS—*sunglasses, it seems, in a distinctly "resort" frame of mind. The newest sunglasses coming are flippant, funny, in unabashedly neon-bright colors: nearly fluorescent yellows and pinks, hot stoplight reds. . . . And, spotted in and around NYC—often on fashion people—the unexpected revival of chain-held specs. Looped with tortoiseshell links or plain chains, they're a look that's anything but discreet: sported with tongue-in-cheek humor, they take on a playful kind of charm.*

all that glitters.....

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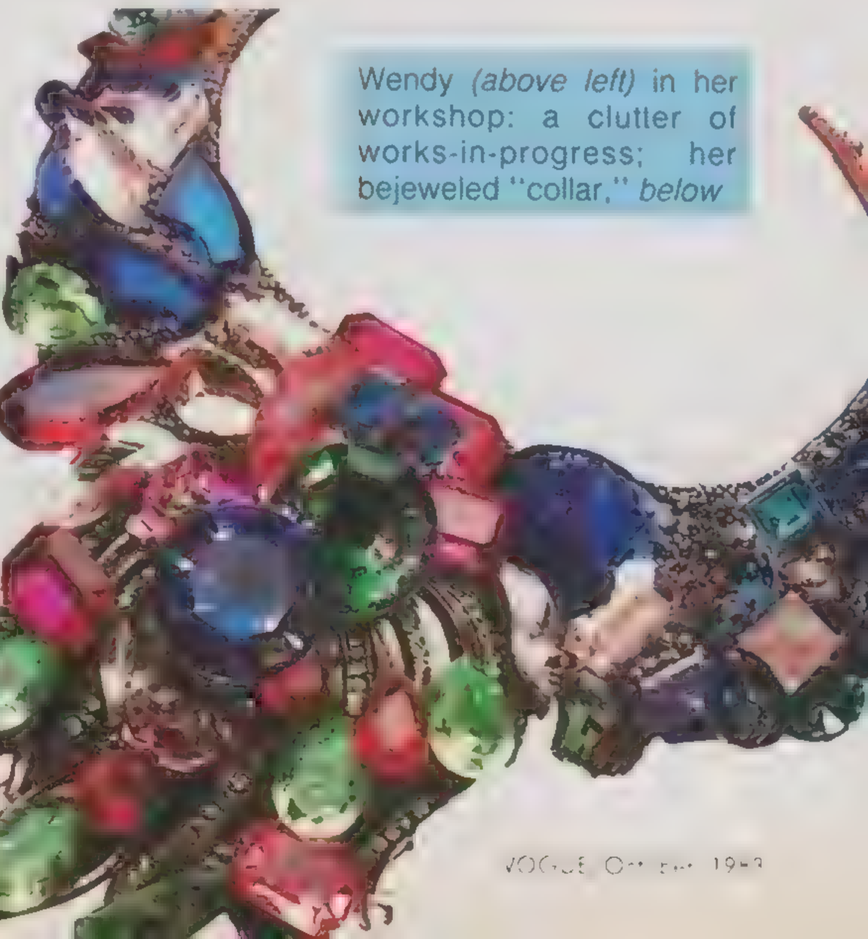
One Wendy Gell bracelet may contain: six gold leopards reclining in a glass forest of shiny green leaves, hundreds of black caviar beads, luminous white hearts, pink "moon" rocks: Wendy Gell is not a minimalist. Wonderful, whimsical excess—crafted by hand into giant one-of-a-kind cuffs, collars, and earrings—is what she creates. In a year of glitter-and-shine faux-jewels, her pieces have become collectors' items—some at collectors' prices: "glass" on a high level, her "stones" handblown or antique.

It wasn't always this way. In the past, Wendy Gell wrote "sweet rock" songs (for five years) for Columbia Records, sold her own barrettes at Fiorucci in New York; now, her fantasy-jewels have shown up on runway models, for the past two seasons, at Oscar de la Renta's collections; clients range from a Spanish duchess to a rock group. To get out-of-the-ordinary looks, Wendy airmails sketches to a family in Italy who handblow glass stones to her specifications: "Colors should vibrate!"

("View" continued on page 475)



Wendy *(above left)* in her workshop: a clutter of works-in-progress; her bejeweled "collar," *below*

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View

ALL-AMERICAN RESORT

What's news, what's coming: A first look at American resort collections. Paler colors, easygoing pants, pyjama pieces—indications of an attractive turn to dressing that's softer, prettier

More—and more—attention is being paid to resort collections—by designers, by customers and press. These are the collections where many companies do their most successful warm-weather business—stronger than with summer lines; thanks, in large part, to the financial clout and year-round warm-weather needs of women in the Sun Belt, some American designers sell almost as much for this "minor" fashion season, now, as they do for fall.

Increasingly, "resort" gives key indications, sometimes actual statements, of summer clothes ahead . . . and if the message, this year, can be summed up in one word, it's "pretty." One of the first signals is softer, paler colorings.

Black and white—and the classic resort navy—are still very much in evidence; the real newsmakers, though, are colors so soft they resemble Necco wafers, in everything from linens at Calvin Klein to leathers at Norma Kamali. They may appear on their own, or, to give black an edge, in an unexpected—and refreshing—mix of a pastel with black.

Walking shorts, a short top: two key points at Perry Ellis

Another reflection of the mood in the air is a general breeziness in design, seen in the number of short, loose tops coming up; pleated "swing backs" at Perry Ellis, waist-skimmers at Zoran, and flared midriff-barers at Anne Klein; and in a wider sleeve, long or short: loose raglan-sleeved jackets at Anne Klein and Marcasiano, and a practically unlimited use of short sleeves: on linen camp shirts at Ralph Lauren and pastel linen T-shirts at Calvin Klein, on Norma Kamali's fleecy coatdresses or chemises at Geoffrey Beene.

Another indication of this new prettiness is an ease and length in skirts—now slightly flared or gathered and ending just a few inches above the ankle. A very clear change is also taking place in the shape of pants, with a shift from the crisp lines of classic pleated trousers to something wider, looser: "sailor" pants at Kasper, walking shorts—for beach and city—at Ralph Lauren. Pants as softly shaped as pyjama bottoms are setting up a strong comeback of pyjama dressing. This time, with a cleaner influence: with menswear "chalk stripes" on crêpe de Chine at Ralph Lauren and with a play of wide and narrow stripes at Adele Simpson. Stripes run rampant throughout the collections—on a short little jacket at Gloria Sachs, on cropped silk pants at Perry Ellis: they are the pattern of the season.

Zoran's statement: short top, softer pants

Prettiness even extends to the backbone of resort—swimsuits; and often those suits are coming with ornamentation that unexpectedly suggests eveningwear: fluid jersey draping at Norma Kamali, "gold" mesh and colored-stone bedazzlement at Anne Cole, and darkened animal prints creeping in here and there . . .

Two surprisingly body-conscious—and attractive—effects are a move towards wrapping, seen in a sarong-of-a-skirt at Zoran, "Balinese" skirts at Giorgio Sant'Angelo, sarongs in spades at Bill Blass and Andre van Pier, and a two-piece wrap dress at Oscar de la Renta; and in the prevalence of "cutouts": Geoffrey Beene covers his with translucent fabric that creates a sense of mystery, alluringly, very prettily . . . .

Beautiful body-wrapping: Norma Kamali's new jersey swimsuit

The cut-out chemise, with charm from Geoffrey Beene

("View" continued on page 480)

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Designer news... the best of men's... enchanting bits, evening bags like jewels... newest classics: new sandals

view

PEOPLE IN **FASHION** ARE TALKING ABOUT **WHAT'S COMING...**

What's coming? Maillot dressing, it seems: What's new—and attractive—is that it's gone a long way beyond traditional swimsuit cover-ups or leotard layerings. American designers, in resort collections, are showing highly polished looks that evolve from no more than an easy skirt or wide-legged pants over a maillot base: a soft ankle-length skirt over a halter-top playsuit in black wool jersey at Calvin Klein; at Norma Kamali, big jersey sarongs to tie over a bathing suit with the softly draped top of an evening dress. Ralph Lauren works a neat navy swimsuit like a tank top with white linen pyjama pants; Giorgio Sant'Angelo—an expert at such things—puts a black chiffon sarong over a bodysuit of black chiffon and Lycra.

Do women like the maillot approach? Gloria Sachs's maillot dressing was so successful last year, she's now making a series of sweater-knit maillots to swim in, to put under crêpe de Chine skirts or pyjama pants.

What's new? Some of the most enchanting bits of "fashion" to be found, these days, are some new evening bags: tiny, jewel-like, made with a style that's deliciously feminine. Judith Leiber covers jewelry-size flat boxes with neat Deco patterns of jet and rhinestone beads, sprinkles rhinestones over the smallest shoulderbag like pavéed diamonds; Gail Marcus lines tiny black velvet drawstring sacks with bright satin. There are pouchy evening bags, now, in modern-looking mesh, tiny black faille hatbox shapes—from Vittorio Ricci—sparkling with rhinestones: each as much a "jewel" itself as a remarkable nighttime cuff-bracelet or necklace. . . . Queen Victoria may have tucked her handkerchief into a small mesh bag for evenings out but she'd hardly recognize what's happened to mesh, today. Bits of fine metal mesh are being worked as modern drop earrings this fall . . . or being cut in long inch-wide strips—to loop at your neck as the slinkiest lariat necklace. Whiting and Davis, an established mesh firm, is putting new matte finishes on mesh, patterning mesh, shaping it into sleek bags. Some of the best metal-mesh: a very modern muffler silk-screened with tiger stripes.

"I wanted to do something different," says Barry Kieselstein-Cord. What's "different" is a new group—a dozen styles or so—of men's belts, just out this fall: "classic oriented," in traditional harness leathers, all with Kieselstein-Cord's silver bucklings and sculptural sense. Men have long bought his essentially genderless belts—"I'd never have expected to see the duck or heart buckle on a man," said Barry Kieselstein-Cord, "but I have." Now, it seems, what's fair is fair: The new "men's" belts have already been picked up on by women. . . . Norma Kamali's exercising . . . and the unsurprising—quite terrific—result is a brand-new (in stores this month) line of Norma Kamali bodywear in inventive shapes: sleek unitards, leotards cut with cap sleeves, leotards styled off-the-shoulder—some in big black-and-white checks. Newest-looking are Kamali's roomy leotards in light cotton knits: to blouse at the waist, cinch with a broad stretchy belt. . . . The big news at Zoran? A pair of pull-on pants—in, believe it or not, for the first time ever from Zoran, something other than a solid-color fabric. But don't expect a wild Zoran print: the pants are black with narrow charcoal stripes . . . and that's a true minimalist's pattern.

In Paris, last summer, girls bought men's boxer shorts in neat stripes or garish plaids, wore them out on the street as baggy shorts for hot weather. Next summer, they'll probably just go to Calvin Klein. His new underwear line for women runs the whole gamut of men's underwear shapes: deep-seated boxer shorts in crisp cotton, cotton-knit bikinis, "jockey"-style briefs, crew- or V-neck T-shirts, undershirts. The appeal? Twenty-four underwear colors for starters: everything from apricot to hottest pink to sweatshirt grey. Knit shapes are streamlined, modern. And male observers are already talking fondly of the good old days when women wore French lace. . . .

"From designers, polished looks from no more than an easy skirt or pants over a maillot"

For Geoffrey Beene fans, good news: Starting this spring, there's a new collection, "Geoffrey Beene Part Two"—new Geoffrey Beene-designed dresses, at considerably less than couture-level prices, for day and evening. . . . Halston began his career making hats; now Paris's Jean-Charles Brosseau is on a somewhat similar path. This maker of whimsical hats—long a favorite with the French fashion press—is now bringing the U.S. a new collection of knits. The pieces—of "boiled" wools, in subtle colorings—are made to layer: cozy sweaters, skirts, knit tops, coatings. . . . Overheard at Ungaro in New York: "I'm going to have challis slips made so I can wear these silks all year"—a bit of logic from a Northerner. . . . Even better logic? Says Giorgio Sant'Angelo, explaining why he invariably designs clothes not on a mannequin but on a living body: "I'm interested in things that adapt to shape. And a woman is much more truthful than a wooden model."

Something's up with sandals:
With longer, fuller skirts
in resort collections--often, too,
with broad-legged pants or
shorts--designers are showing new
--good-looking--flat-flat
sandals, some decidedly sturdy
looks. Some of the best?
At Calvin Klein, in basket weaves
or with rugged strappings.
The season's ''classic'' comes
in saddle-brown leather crossed by
black. . . . And in a terrific
year for gloves--when the most
imaginative gloves may be
in something as glamorous as
lamé leather or snakeskin--
now there's even a ''video game''
glove. (''Glove'' in the singular
--you buy just one, and it's
a bit odd-looking.) Californian
Nancy Heck has cropped some
glove fingers (for mobility), padded
palm, thumb, and third finger.
That's where video-game mavens
get blisters. --KATHLEEN MADDEN

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THE KEY CHANGES TO WATCH

WHAT COMES FIRST, WHAT REALLY COUNTS

IN FASHION AND BEAUTY...

This issue is about unexpected changes . . . about differences in attitude, in mood that create a new climate in fashion and beauty. The first difference—the most fundamental—a change in thinking; a change reflected in a new set of priorities. Today, we're all aware enough, sophisticated enough to realize that the things that are important are the things that really work. It isn't only a question of what looks good, what's attractive; more and more it's a question of what's good for us, what keeps us fit, active, energetic; what satisfies different kinds of needs.

The words that count today in a beauty sense have changed. Attractiveness, strength, vitality, confidence: new terms in a new beauty vocabulary, along with a new emphasis on living up to your potential, on doing more—doing the most—for yourself. The reason is simple: the more we learn, the clearer it becomes that your looks and your health are in your own hands. Something else we've learned: that it's never too late to start—you can make real differences at any age.

Age, in fact, is becoming less and less a factor in any number of things, fashion among them. If "looking" and "acting a certain age" are no longer meaningful concepts—as the evidence later in this issue suggests—then the idea of "dressing a certain age" is no longer meaningful. The fashion in this issue, in any issue is not geared to a particular-age audience. The clothes shown are for women of all ages who are interested in looking good and who have maintained the kind of healthy, in-shape body that allows for that possibility, that allows for the widest range of fashion choice. And in choosing fashion today, nothing has to be excluded solely on the basis of age—that fact alone is one of the biggest changes in modern dressing.

In a fashion sense, October always presents an interesting moment of change. A moment when you start to see things a little differently, when certain fashion themes start to evolve in other directions. An evolution that was unmistakable in the couture collections—collections that fill in the last pieces of the fall/winter fashion picture.

This year, the strongest couture message was in a different approach to fashion—much gentler, much more feminine. There was a movement away from the strictly menswear world of dressing with all that implies to something much more romantic, something much softer—a softness in tailoring, in coloring, and in fabric.

The other unmistakable difference in the couture—the strength, the charm of a new chemise. No question, it's the dress, the shape to watch. A dress that's narrow, but softer; gently skimming the body, touching on the hip. A dress that exists for day, late day, and evening in a variety of fabrics (jersey being the standout). And a dress that becomes—in a season of coats and coat-dressing—the perfect under-coat "answer."

Also striking at the couture, the evolution of the season's best evening themes. The idea of narrowness at night—narrowness in a short dress (and there were short dresses with all the presence, all the glory you could want) or in something longer—is a constant. . . .The whole idea of a beautiful jeweled top—sweater-easy, but beaded, sequined, all-out dazzling—is taken to a new level of ornamentation, a new level of luxury. Equally provocative, the shift in bareness at night—the low-cut, softly-draped chemise . . . the slit of bareness on a narrow tunic or on a narrow skirt . . . sleevelessness . . . straplessness—some part of the body is always revealed.

Look for lace at night—the most romantic expression of this new gentle attitude. Lace in perfectly beguiling dresses—mostly black, often re-embroidered, or jeweled, often combined with velvet or with a stroke of bright color to heighten the effect. Dresses that take seductiveness that much further.

As the season goes on, the continuing predominance of black and darker colors . . . and the continuing appearance of bright color in a key "accessory" role, color that comes into play in many ways. Color in a belt—the newest, in muted, subtle shades of carnelian to oxblood . . . color in an unexpected bright print muffler or graphic patterned stockings . . .color in jewelry from chunky bright-color faceted stones on black to the rich lacquer shades of a bold sculptured cuff worn one at a time. Color in "real" clothes—a brilliant fuchsia cardigan or knitted jacket in red to complement black, navy, dark grey. And at the couture, color with an even greater impact when it highlighted the new shape of a coat or jacket—with a different kind of bigness—designed, controlled, not merely oversized.

There are new shapes—a new softness—to skirts and pants. The beginnings of which went throughout the couture, with more to come in the resort collections. Skirts that are gentler, longer; skirts that hold and slide off the hip, softening near the hem. And in the world of pants dressing, an evolution of the perfectly tailored trousers to pants that are softer, fuller on top, tapering at the ankle. For warm-weather dressing ahead, look for an even softer version—with fullness all the way.

In fur this fall there's a definite voluptuous quality—symbolized over the last few months by the bigger, more dramatic scale of fur coats. This month, you'll see it in a series of bigger, longhair foxes, luxurious by nature. At the couture, a sense of luxury in fur all the way . . . in beautiful, big, rounded furs, always over something narrow—usually a sweater and narrow skirt, or a sweater and pants. In fact, one of the most memorable looks in Paris was that of a big rounded mink coat over a black ribbed turtleneck, black trousers . . . with masses of spectacular jewelry.

What's memorable, what's exciting in fashion at any time—exactly those unexpected, provocative elements that add a twist, a certain charm. Elements of delight often based on subtle differences in color, in shape. Small changes with far-reaching effects. Today, change is not something to be wary of; rather, it is something to be welcomed. In fashion, there is a range of choices that allows us to make—and enjoy—only those changes that we want. It is no longer a matter of everything's changing, all at once. And where fitness, health, and beauty are concerned, we have the kind of sophistication and knowledge that allows us to make meaningful changes; indeed, we have the ability to make changes that allow us to not only live longer but to live better, to feel better—at any age. And you'll find everything you need to do just that later in this issue. . .

It was a couture season that generated high excitement, a high level of interest. Beyond the luxury—which was never more apparent, never more truly luxurious—beyond the spectacular effects that you expect at the couture, there were real fashion changes. Changes to keep your eye on—things that happen in the couture have a rippling effect; they signal differences-to-come in fashion. The points to watch now: the dress—especially the chemise, especially in jersey . . . the new shape, the new bigness of coats and jackets—designed, controlled, not merely oversized . . . narrowness achieved in a variety of ways—all of them, softer, fluid . . . color—real color—used for definite impact. In the end, what was most pervasive: the romantic feeling everywhere—laces and velvets, tulle and taffeta, a treasure of sequins and jewels. At its most glorious—our starting point—at Saint Laurent.

For the shape, the color, the all-out charm, *left:* Yves Saint Laurent's new dress-and-jacket at night: a big red satin "smock" jacket with a dropped shoulder, rounded sleeves, all lined in black satin. Over the narrowest sleeveless black wool jersey dress held by a brilliant violet silk-satin cummerbund. Jacket, Taroni fabric; dress, Racine. . . In a season of romance, the most romantic "gestures" at Saint Laurent, *right*—his satin rose on a jeweled black veil, long jewel earrings—a hint of the provocative delights in Paris. . . . *Beauty Note:* Provocative, romantic color from Yves Saint Laurent Beauté—sapphire and emerald eye-shadow (#41); a brilliant fuchsia mouth (#19). Hair all these pages, Garren of Garren, New York.

AT THE COUTURE

new

IN FASHION

Penn

mood

AT THE COUTURE, A NEW MOOD

AT SAINT LAURENT: NEW

DEFINITIONS OF SHAPE—IN A JACKET, IN A DRESS

(A DRESS THE WHOLE WORLD WANTS!)

The strong new design—new shape—of a suit, *left*—his square-shouldered jacket in an irresistible shocking-pink wool—almost top-coat weight—narrowing to the hip, and belted; with black buttons, a straight black wool skirt. A perfect reflection of the very "dressed," very sophisticated approach to day that went throughout the couture. . . . The best example of the best new dress in Paris, *right:* the wool jersey chemise at Saint Laurent. Here, in navy, buttoned on one shoulder, yoked, center-seamed. A dress that's soft, but narrow—it hits the body in a gentle way . . . it makes the idea of a dress extremely appealing. Makeup, these pages, Tyen. Accessories, last pages.

Penn

AT THE COUTURE, A NEW MOOD

FROM SAINT LAURENT, DIFFERENCES IN SHAPE. A NEW SCALE TO COAT DRESSING. AND, FOR EVENING, THE NARROWNESS, THE ROMANCE OF A NEW SHORT DRESS...

At Saint Laurent, it wasn't only the fact of coat dressing—something repeated again and again. It was the new proportion, the new "bigness" of coats—tailored, controlled. *Left,* his golden-brown wool coat with bigger, shaped shoulders; full, full sleeves banded at the cuff. And underneath, one of his star wool jersey chemises (fabric, Racine). Coat fabric, Agnona. . . . One of the biggest "little" evening dresses in Paris, *right:* Saint Laurent's short, bare-top black silk velvet with a bright-pink silk taffeta "overdress"—wrapped tightly on the body, held to one side with an enormous bow (Leonard velvet; Perceval taffeta). And with it, equally romantic accessories—you saw some of them close-up on the opening Paris pages. Here, a look at his ravishing evening gloves. Accessories, see last pages.

Penn

THERE WAS NO DENYING THE IMPORTANCE OF DRESSES, DAY AND EVENING. AT NIGHT, AT SAINT LAURENT IN THE MOST LUXURIOUS FABRICS, THE MOST

BODY-CONSCIOUS SHAPES...

The incredible narrowness, the sophisticated bareness, *left,* of Saint Laurent's long, bias-cut black velvet evening dress that fits very small over the hip. With a bow at the neck and a larger bow underscoring the bare back—it's body consciousness raised to a new level! Hurel silk velvet. . . . The chemise at night, *right,* in black velvet—a narrow, body-skimming dress with a soft, scooped-out neckline in back banded in satin, full sleeves banded in satin—it's perfect, simple, and—no question—the shape to watch. Moreau silk velvet. Accessories, last pages.

AT THE COUTURE, A NEW MOOD

AT UNGARO, A PREVAILING GENTLENESS, A SENSE OF WRAPPING, AN EXTRAORDINARY SENSE OF COLOR... ALL REALIZED IN A SERIES OF PROVOCATIVE NEW SHAPES

Penn

Glorious color!—and a wonderful new look to a coat, *left:* Emanuel Ungaro's rounded, 3/4-length, cocoon-shape coat in raspberry-red mohair, outlined in black, with large notched lapels, a curved hem, single-button closing. Underneath, one of his always-remarkable blouses—pearl-grey silk crêpe satin gently wrapped to one side, and a short, narrow black leather skirt. Coat, Gandini fabric; blouse, Besson. . . . In a beguiling jewel-color short dress, *right,* variations on key Ungaro themes—his bias-cut red silk jacquard, softly tied at the neck, draped to one side, wrapped over the hip, and held by a jeweled clip. And it slides under another rounded coat—this time, in black mohair. Dress, Gandini fabric; coat, Moreau. Details, last pages.

AT THE COUTURE, A NEW MOOD

AT UNGARO,

EXPRESSIONS OF GENTLENESS IN A NEW SOFT TAILORING, A NEW SOFTNESS TO PANTS DRESSING. MORE THAN A DIFFERENT LOOK, IT'S A DIFFERENT ATTITUDE

Everything is softer, gentler: the new short jacket at Ungaro, *left,* in purple-blue wool with black edging, black velvet lapels. Another of his bias-cut, side-wrapped blouses—in a shadow-dotted silk jacquard—held by a jeweled clip. And the softness of his new-shape pants—pleated in front, full all around from the hip to the knee, tapering to the ankle—in charcoal wool striped on the diagonal. Fabrics, Gandini. . . . The softest—most luxurious—pants suit anywhere, *right:* his beautiful black cashmere jacket with wide shoulders, tucked sleeves, and soft, charming,' deeply cut lapels in black and white taffeta stripes. Underneath, a sheer-and-striped black jacquard silk chiffon blouse with lace collar, satin bow . . . and his new full-cut pants in black silk marocain crêpe. Jacket and blouse fabric, Gandini; Abraham taffeta; pants fabric, Dormeuil. Accessories, see next to last pages.

THE ROMANTIC EVENINGS OF UNGARO—BLACK, LACY, NARROW. THE WORD THAT COMES TO MIND—"POETIC"

A romantic vision, *left:* Ungaro's strapless black dress in floral-patterned, re-embroidered guipure lace—very, very narrow, with a scalloped neckline, and long, shimmery, finely-pleated train . . . a dress that perfectly captures the new mood of Paris evenings. Guipure lace, Forster Willy. . . . The most beautiful short dress at Ungaro, *right*—lace, velvet, jewels, and narrowness all the way! Really, two dresses—one, sheer black silk chiffon lace with long sleeves and an "overdress" of black silk velvet, wrapped at the hip, held by "diamonds"—talk about romantic! Lace, Schlaepfer; velvet, Beaux Valette. Accessories, last pages.

AT THE COUTURE, A NEW MOOD

AT THE COUTURE, A NEW MOOD

EVERYWHERE, SEQUINS, BEADING, TOTALLY UNIQUE ORNAMENTATION. AT GIVENCHY, LEFT, AND AT VALENTINO, RIGHT, IN ALL-OUT EVENING DRESSES

At Givenchy, the evening effects kept building—sequins, beading, glitter, fur. *Left,* his evening dress of many splendid effects—narrow black silk organza striped in black sequins, shimmered with rhinestone raindrops, and a surprise of white mink "cap sleeves"—a knockout! Sequins and embroidery by Hurel; Lesage organza. . . . Extraordinary jewels—the sequined evening dresses of Valentino—narrow, dazzling, pure liquid shimmer. *Right,* a glorious, star-spangled example: his long black sequined dress, patterned across the top in silver-sequin and beaded stars, with black and silver bugle-bead fringe—truly one-of-a-kind. Sequins and embroidery by Clerici Tessuto. Accessories, see next to last pages this issue.

Penn

AT THE COUTURE, A NEW MOOD

a T CHANEL, KARL LAGERFELD'S WONDERFULLY ROMANTIC GESTURES...

A NEW LEVEL OF OPULENCE AT NIGHT

The ultimate Chanel dinner suit—a way of looking that Lagerfeld "elaborated on" throughout the collection . . . all the way to the remarkable example you see, *left:* a strapless black panne velvet dress embroidered in gold braid. And the matching jacket—with gold braid, an extravagance of jeweled embroidery. Moreau fabric. . . . Breathtaking!—in a season of jewels, of ornamentation, this stands out as a collector's item, *right:* Lagerfeld's embroidered and sequined white jacket, re-embroidered in gold sequins and beads (the design from an eighteenth-century snuffbox). Over an ankle-length skirt of silk satin. Bucol satin. Accessories, last pages.

Penn

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VENINGS AT

VALENTINO— ALL-OUT DAZZLING...

SEQUINS "DESIGNED" WITH A NEW

AUTHORITY...A STUNNING NEW IMPACT!

The effect is nothing less than spectacular, *right:* Valentino's slinky, skinny red sequined floor-length dress . . . sequins that are lighter, liquidy, totally different. And to heighten the effect—on the squared shoulders—roses of black, red, and white bugle beads, with silver and black bugle-bead fringe. . . .And a short dress in sequins, *far right,* with all the presence, all the "glory" of something longer—in two pieces from Valentino: a long, narrow pullover held by a rhinestone-edged belt and a pleated sequin skirt. Both dresses, sequins and embroidery by Taroni. Accessories, see last pages.

Penn

HE SPLENDOR AT NIGHT CONTINUES...

AND THE ALLURE OF A "JEWELED" TOP...

AT ANDRÉ LAUG, LEFT, AND AT DIOR

A rainbow of sequins, *left,* from André Laug—waves of beautiful color on a narrow, hip-length pullover, with a black pleated skirt . . . and, a boa of black tulle with gold-leaf and black feathers. Tunic, of sequined silk by Schlaepfer. Skirt, Taroni silk satin. . . . The jeweled jacket at Christian Dior, *right*—Marc Bohan's extravagant patchwork of bugle beads and stones in gold, silver, and black on silk, over black crêpe pants. Jacket fabric, Lesage; pants, Taroni silk. . . . *Beauty Note:* Makeup with a jewel-like gleam. Shades from Christian Dior's Blue/Violets palette for eyes; Antioch Brown on the lips shined with Fabuleux gloss. Makeup, all couture pages, Tyen. Accessories, see next to last pages.

enly...

It doesn't take a big "fashion" change. A color, a lipstick, a unique accessory, some small unexpected "element" can make you smile, give you a jolt of pleasure, suddenly change your whole look. The way you choose—use—these "elements" creates an image as personal as fingerprints

everything changes

Luckily, the choice, the number of "look-turners" is super this year. The best, on these ten pages. Starting, *opposite,* with two wonderful bracelets that symbolize the season's news—strong shapes, larger scale, and black or deep, rich color. The red bracelet, of Lucite, with Art Deco planes and pavé rhinestones. About $190. The black bracelet, of acrylic, with a strong sculptured look. About $190. Both by Pellini Bijoux. Each with enough presence to be the only jewelry you wear. Both bracelets at Bergdorf Goodman; Claire Pearone; Jere Scott at Stanley Korshak, Chicago. Red only at Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. . . . *Beauty Note:* More of the season's focus on strong color—vivid eye makeup, often asymmetric; balanced by pale cheeks, a pale mouth. The Elizabeth Arden colors, *opposite:* Alluring Eyes shadow on the left eye, Seductive Eyes on the right; Mauve Gloss on the mouth. Hair, Louis Alonzo for Pipino-Buccheri Salon; makeup, Alberto Fava. . . . And, in a knockout fuchsia, *this page,* the fastest-moving, raciest top—a big, V-necked lambswool cardigan sweater. From Anne Klein II. About $90. Bloomingdale's; L. L. Berger, Buffalo NY; Claire Pearone; Balliet's; Sakowitz; Bullock's. Hair, Garren of Garren NY; makeup, Alberto Fava. Forrest Meyers Furniture: Furniture of the Twentieth Century. Details, see last pages.

Suddenly...everything changes

One of the most unusual scarves of this—any season, *this page,* by Stephen Sprouse (remember the name!)—a graffiti design in cobalt and black silk/wool jersey that reverses to black. Another instant delight, a rakish little newsboy's cap in bright purple. Scarf, about $325. Bergdorf Goodman; Hattie; Pompian, Chicago; Lou Lattimore, Dallas. To order at Tootsies, Houston; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Hair, Louis Alonzo for Pipino-Buccheri Salon; makeup, Alberto Fava.... And, also, by Stephen Sprouse, *opposite,* a big, square-cut, strong-shouldered coat, in a versatile to-the-knee length... in neon-bright orange-red wool. To toss over a chemise dress, pants, anything. About $1720. Bergdorf Goodman; Hattie; Pompian, Chicago; Lou Lattimore, Dallas. To order at Tootsies, Houston; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Hair, Garren of Garren New York; makeup, Alberto Fava.... *Beauty Note:* Go for jewel-bright colors. *Left,* Ralph Lauren's Azure and Teal eyeshadows—swept up and over the brow. Details, next to last pages.

King

A "look-turner"
can be: something
small, quick,
out-of-context—
graffiti on a scarf,
for example. Or—
something big,
dashing, exuberant
—an overscaled,
neon-color coat

Just one "jewel"
with real presence...
is all the jewelry you need.
...Just one real difference
in shape, in line—
and "classic" has new verve,
a racier beat

Symbol of the season's accessory news—pieces that make a bold, strong statement in a very attractive way—the choker, *this page*—chunky, faceted citrines, in a simple sterling-silver setting. About $3000. By M&J Savitt. Bloomingdale's Culde-Sac; Terry at Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY; Diane Glynn, Elkins Park PA; M&J Savitt at Stanley Korshak, Chicago; I. Magnin; to order at Montaldo's Precious Jewels, Denver CO. Hair, Louis Alonzo for Pipino-Buccheri Salon; makeup, Alberto Fava. . . . Out of the perfect Chanel tradition, *opposite, far left,* the most engaging little sweater-jacket. In red cashmere, trimmed in black, cropped above the waist. About $310. Bloomingdale's; Saks-Jandel; Jacobson's; Neiman-Marcus, Houston; Bullocks Wilshire, Los Angeles; I. Magnin. Hair, Thom Priano for Garren, N.Y.; makeup, Linda Cantello. . . . Another exceptional little jacket, *opposite, near left,* from Mario Valentino—collarless, with a V-neck—in black suede with black shearling inside. Over slim black suede pants, the snappiest dinner suit. Jacket, about $960. Pants, about $500. Bergdorf Goodman; Suzy, Great Neck NY; Added Touch, Pittsburgh PA; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Ultimo, Chicago; Capriccio, Scottsdale AZ. Details, more stores, see last pages. Hair, Louis Alonzo for Pipino-Buccheri Salon; makeup, Alberto Fava. . . . *Beauty Note:* More un-classic eye

Suddenly...everything changes

makeup, *this page:* Chanel's "Neon" shadow brushed through the brows. The lip: Golden Currant, Creme Concealer.

Signature message
this season—
Whatever looks good,
looks better
...if it's black,
or black sparked
by white/color/shine.
...Even a
gold watch!

It's the right time—for a showstopper watch. *This page*, Piaget's 18-k white gold watch, plated in black chrome, set with stripes of pave diamonds. Here on a "driver's" glove in chrome yellow. Watch, about $25,000. Van Cleef & Arpels. Hair, Thom Priano for Garren, N.Y.; makeup, Linda Cantello. . . . Count on Norma Kamali for something unexpected, offbeat. *Opposite far left*, the kind of oversized check you expect to see in cotton or wool, transposed to the thinnest taffeta, in a long, boxy jacket (about $96), a shirt (about $64), skinny pleated pants (about $62). Mid-Oct. at Lord & Taylor;Hudson's; Marshall Field's; Sakowitz; Nordstrom, Seattle; Liberty House, San Francisco and Honolulu. Hair, Garren of Garren, N.Y.; makeup, Alberto Fava. . . . In the same "con brio" spirit, *opposite, near left*, Krizia's long smoking jacket, of silvery "chain mail" with black velvet lapels. Here, over slim velvet pants. Jacket, about $1800. Pants, about $530. Bergdorf Goodman; Krizia Boutique, Palm Beach; Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Krizia Boutique at Loretta Blum, Dallas. Hair, Thom Priano for Garren, N.Y.; makeup, Linda Cantello. . . . *Beauty Note:* More of the asymmetric eyeshadow news. The colors, *this page*, Maybelline—Emerald on one eye, Antique Gold on the other. Details, more stores, last pages.

Suddenly...everything changes

King

Color is always a "lift."
But in a primarily
black/dark season,
it has more punch,
more sizzle...Frankly,
even in a season of fresh,
unfettered ideas...
would you think
"jewelry made of rubber?"

From another new, worth-watching designer, David Raney, for Artcessorie— *this page*, a knockout, wave-of-the-future necklace—of industrial rubber, brushed with gold, set with clear faceted stones. About $130. Detail, NYC; Gazelle, Boston; 18 Carats Jewelers, Birmingham AL; Ultimo, Chicago; Hair, Garren of Garren, N.Y.; makeup, Alberta Fava . . . . In a brilliant red, thin as thin silk taffeta, *opposite:* Fernando Sanchez' notched-collar shirt (about $215) and pull-on pants (about $250)—a wonderful, upbeat look. Late October at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Leonard, Houston; Eleanor Keeshan, Los Angeles. Hair, Louis Alonzo for Pipino-Buccheri Salon; makeup, Alberto Fava. *Beauty Note:* Shimmer this season—is lighter, used

Suddenly...everything changes

sparingly. The lipcolor *this page*, Cover Girl's Shimmering Shell Luminesse. Details, more stores, last pages.

THE LOW-KEY AD

IN THE END, THIS SEASON, THE CLOTHES THAT LOOK BEST, THE CLOTHES THAT YOU REALLY GO FOR, REALLY WEAR DAY IN AND DAY OUT, ARE THOSE THAT ARE "SIMPLIFIED," UN"DONE" . . . THE BEST WAY OF SAYING MORE WITH LESS! THEY'RE WONDERFULLY ATTRACTIVE PIECES (MOSTLY SWEATER OR SHIRT DRESSING) WITH A HEIGHTENED SENSE OF STYLE, A CERTAIN SPECIALNESS THAT REFLECTS ALL THIS SEASON'S NEWS IN A LOW-KEY WAY . . . ON THESE SIX PAGES, THE CLOTHES THAT HAVE A QUIET APPEAL AND A SNEAKY ASPECT TO THEIR CHARM . . .

VANITAGE

The kind of sweater dressing you reach for again and again, *opposite page:* Luciano Soprani's terrific black angora sweater that wraps like a jacket, and charcoal-grey wool flannel pants. And, one of this season's special effects, one that you'll see throughout these pages—fabulous belts with low-key colorings—like this one in carnelian . . . Sweater, about $670; pants, about $300. Rita Jamie, NYC; Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Poupée, Palo Alto, CA. . . . One of the looks we liked most, a look as "dressed" as a one-piece dress or suit, *above:* Chanel's soft, very narrow, black cashmere skirt, black cashmere V-neck pullover that comes just to the hip—and a white silk blouse with flat collar, French cuffs. Skirt, about $430; pullover, about $190; blouse, about $380. Bergdorf Goodman; Saks-Jandel; Jacobson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. ***Beauty Note:*** The richest brick-tone lips for fall: Flame Glow's Earth Warmed Peach lipstick. These six pages: hair, Louis Alonzo for Pipino-Buccheri Salon; makeup, Linda Mason. Details, last pages.

Arthur Elgort

THE LOW-KEY ADVANTAGE

Two wonderful blouses, two indispensable elements of this "low-key" kind of dressing . . . One of the most subtle ways to work in color—the palest, palest mauve—with black, *opposite page,* in Fernando Sanchez's moiré button-front, long-sleeve blouse—it's great for evening, but a knockout with pants or a suit for day. Blouse, about $215. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Marie Leavell, Dallas; Eleanor Keeshan, Los Angeles. . . . A perfect white linen blouse—but what sets this apart, makes all the difference—the newness of the shape: square shoulders, carefully notched collar, a controlled fullness—from Perry Ellis, *above.* Blouse, about $120; skirt, about $190. Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus; Perkins Shearer, Denver; Bullock's; Macy's, San Francisco. *Beauty Note:* For fall's new "finished look": Corn Silk Oil Absorbent pressed powder. Details, last pages.

Arthur Elgort

THE LOW-KEY ADVANTAGE

A new way to look at the sweater "set," *opposite page*, in Zoran's long ribbed cotton cardigan and skimpy sleeveless cotton turtleneck to wear with a new kind of "basic black skirt"—a very prophetic narrow shape that you step into and tie like a sarong at the waist. It's of black velours. Cardigan, about $165; turtleneck, about $125; skirt, about $55. Saks Fifth Avenue; Filene's, Chestnut Hill MA; Zoran, Washington DC; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Jackson Graves, Minneapolis MN; I. Magnin. . . . Another prophetic look, the kind of sweater-and-skirt dressing for night that's "in the air" this season, *above:* Calvin Klein's beautiful black cashmere, long-sleeved, scoop-neck sweater with rhinestones and a black silk taffeta full skirt. Sweater, about $290; skirt, about $450. Altman's; Montaldo's; Frost Bros.; The Denver, Denver CO; I. Magnin; Frederick & Nelson. Details, more stores, last pages.

Arthur Elgort

the big foxes

IN A STRONG SEASON OF FURS: SOME OF THE STRONGEST – ALL FOX WHAT HITS YOU FIRST: THE WONDERFUL BIGNESS OF LONG HAIR. A LONG LENGTH AND OF A DEFINITE. AND DEFINITELY OVERSIZED SHAPE THEN: THE FOX ITSELF. NOW WITH ARRESTING NEW COLORINGS AND MARKINGS. INCORPORATED AS PART OF THE TOTAL DESIGN – TOTAL IMPACT HEIGHTENING THE EXCITEMENT OF A FUR THAT'S ALWAYS PLUSH. ALLURING. COZY. ALWAYS CAPABLE OF GOING EVERYWHERE. OF GOING OVER ANYTHING...

A masterful—knockout—example of the intricate interplay of color, pattern, and voluminous shape, *this page:* Oscar de la Renta's sweeping coat of variously patterned fox—the white worked to highlight the markings, delineate the shape. For Wagner Fur. About $12,500. The Revillon Boutique at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Godchaux's, New Orleans; N.H. Rosenthal Furs, Chicago; Alaskan Fur Company, Kansas City MO; John Freeman, Tyler TX; Bullock's. . . . *Opposite page:* More of the added dash—and added magnitude—of fox that's been knowingly "worked"—a jacket of natural red fox dyed in a tiger pattern, held at the waist with a drawstring—innovative, and very sauvage. By The Revillon Collection. About $10,200. To order at The Revillon Boutique at Saks Fifth Avenue. Zoran cowl-neck sweater. These eight pages: Hair, Ludovic for Dessanges; make-up, François Nars. Details, last pages.

Loose, luscious, long-haired: fox at its best; and now, even better, thanks to more sophisticated handling, handling that can be as subtle—as effective—as the outstanding depth of natural coloring, *this page,* in a midnight silver fox coat, worked with an intensity of darkness at the shoulder that gently lightens all the way to the ankles. By Andre and Lisa Bisang for The Tepper Collection, about $17,500. To order at Bloomingdale's; N.H. Rosenthal Furs,

the big foxes

Chicago, Neiman-Marcus; Houston

Or it can be color as compelling as a flowing, generously-shaped, full-length coat, *opposite page,* of silver-blue fox, dyed ruby—the two colors combining to create a warm "desert" glow. From the Evans Collection. About $9500. Jordan Marsh, Boston; Rosendorf/Evans, Washington DC; Shillitos Rikes, Cincinnati OH; Robinson's, California; Macy's, San Francisco. Fashion details, last pages.

Hans Feurer

the big foxes

Fox at its fullest, furriest . . . in the biggest and most dashing shapes—the power behind Geoffrey Beene's enveloping crystal dyed silver blue fox coat, *this page*, that extends to the ankles from dolman sleeves. For HBA Furs. About $13,000. Saks-Jandel. Roberts-Neustadter Furs, Boston. Robert Mann Furs, Southfield MI. I. Magnin, San Francisco. Holt Renfrew of Canada. And from Yves Saint Laurent, *opposite page*: a winner—a perfect square collarless cardigan that's one straight drop of natural cross fox. What gets you the sheer magnitude! For Alixandre. Approximately $14,000. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Saks-Jandel; I. Magnin, Chicago; I. Magnin, San Francisco; Suzette International, Santa Fe NM. Norma Kamali skirt. Details, see next to last pages.

Hans Feurer

the big foxes

The impact—of a bigger shape, of striking markings and colors—continues, with Claude Montana's one-of-a-kind cocoon of a coat, *opposite page*, in a beautifully marked natural cross fox, mixed with black leather at the collar and cuffs: a very gutsy, unexpected combination. About $25,000. For Bergdorf Goodman . . . . And, *this page*: the epitome of volume, of dash—Christie Brother's square-shouldered sweep of a natural silver fox greatcoat. About $13,500. Christie Brothers, Atlanta; Godchaux's, New Orleans; Swansons on the Plaza; Neusteters, Denver. North Beach Leather jeans. OMO Norma Kamali shirt. Belt, Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Details, see next to last pages.

Hans Feurer

Philip Roth, Claire Bloom—at their New England farmhouse, the novelist and the actress trade secrets of the imagination . . .

A MEETING OF

She tells about playing a Roth heroine, he about the art of "making things up"—and his new novel, excerpted on the following pages . . .

Inge Morath

ARTS & MINDS

BY CATHLEEN MEDWICK

It is a soft, breezy day in northwestern Connecticut. There is an old farmhouse, fronted by a sea of tall grass; beyond that, deep woods. Philip Roth walks quietly in his meadow . . .

Philip Roth? In his meadow? The writer who gave us Portnoy and Zuckerman, those anguished urbanites—Roth, the kid from Newark, strolling now alongside stone fences, his sneakers wet with dew? Roth, whom critics insist on confounding with his characters—narcissistic men with embarrassing "complaints"—this same Philip Roth, it turns out, has been living a pastoral idyll for eleven years. True, he spends some time in London; but this eighteenth-century dairy farm is home. While Nathan Zuckerman was bruising his soul in Chicago (in *The Anatomy Lesson,* the final volume in Roth's just-completed trilogy), Roth was curling up before the fireplace in his grey shingled house. "In the winter," he says fondly, "the smoke curling from the chimney looks like a child drew it."

A simple life, but not a solitary one. Roth lives here with British actress Claire Bloom, a friend for many years—another worldly, displaced spirit, although, unlike Roth's, her fame has never verged on infamy. If anything, she has had to battle the world's vision of her as "the English rose"—a dark, delicate beauty who seemed born to play Ophelia, or Juliet, but has bared her thorns in roles ranging from Blanche DuBois, in *A Streetcar Named Desire,* to Lady Marchmain in *Brideshead Revisited.* In January, Bloom appears as a New England woman married to a famous and temperamental author in a BBC/PBS co-production of Roth's novel *The Ghost Writer*—a role she felt supremely competent to play.

"I was so rich, you know. I knew so much. . . . It was, in a way, our house—not our happiness, but our quiet life, recreated out there in Vermont. Very strange. But I'd lived it. I knew what to do in the kitchen, and I knew the attitude of a writer when he doesn't want to be disturbed by the telephone. . . . And then, I'd had the advantage of talking to Philip about it. . . ."

Claire Bloom is sitting on the long wicker sofa in a room of the house that was converted from a woodshed and is now a sort of sunporch. She looks decorously exotic here: the way she is dressed—in a flowing cotton skirt striped with burgundy, blue, and black; and her jewelry—amber beads from Marrakesh (a gift from Philip), silver bracelets and rings. She is always quietly moving and twisting her hands in her lap as she speaks. Her legs are perfectly still.

She is one of those women who can imperceptibly enter or leave a room: part discipline, part grace. She is never obvious. When she brings the coffee and tea, you never hear the cups clink, and you can't remember how she got past you and sat down.

Philip Roth, on the other hand, is rather sudden—he can move fast. No hurry; he just seems to like getting from one point to another, like any good administrator. He shows the house, pointing out this added-on window, that original roof; that cartoon on the wall of his study (he also writes in a log cabin on the grounds), a friend's drawing of a writer knifing a rotund and prostrate critic; the custom-made writing board that the author uses on plane trips. Not pointed out (no need): the poster of Kafka; the photos of Claire—as the Queen in *Richard II,* and with Chaplin; the large picture of Tolstoy; the alphabetized books; the paperback edition of *Portnoy et Son Complexe.*

Roth seems to take pleasure in his house and grounds, which he describes as "manageable." He is not playing the gentleman farmer: no puttering in the garden, no tilling of the soil. He is here to write. When Philip and Claire sit outside, in a screen-enclosed dome, it is not to commune with nature—or with each other. They both bring books and, explains Roth, "I say *ssh* a lot."

Right now, he is making his way past the yellow daisies, past the chorus of crickets in the meadow, toward the old house. He is laying some ground rules for the interview—everything's under control. He is also making jokes, for his own amusement: he is a man who likes to laugh. You would also guess that he likes to brood. He especially enjoys punting questions (Interviewer: "How did you and Claire meet?" Roth: "At the senior prom. Claire was there with another guy, but I had the car.") He has an uncommonly distinctive profile—you would know him immediately in silhouette—suggesting some bird of prey, an eagle. He is probably amused by his looks.

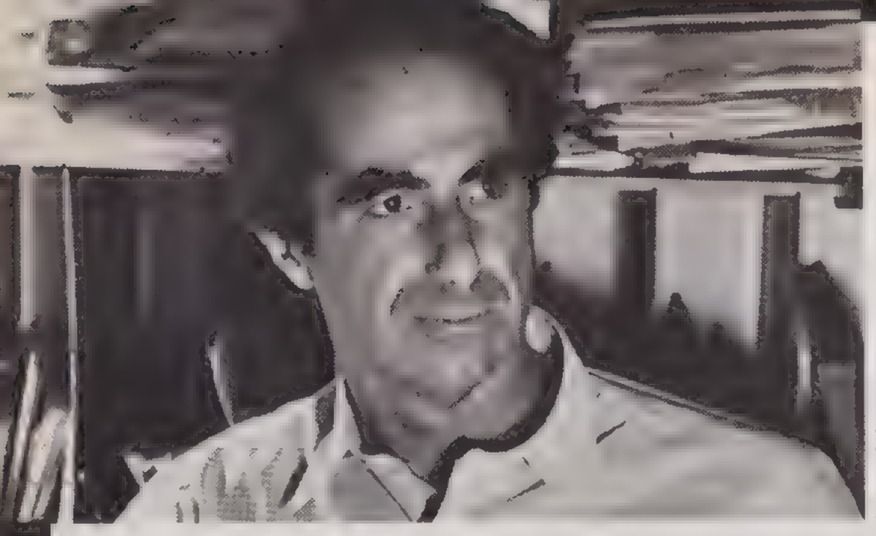
The television version of *The Ghost Writer* is Roth's first attempt at translating his fiction into film. He wrote the script. He also suggested Claire Bloom for the role of Hope. Beyond that, Roth says, he had little influence. "Once the writing was finished, I was sent off to pasture. People were very courteous to me. I was treated like a nice old gent. 'Put Mr. Roth into a taxicab. Be sure he doesn't fall.' " Expendable—and that was, perhaps, a new experience for Philip Roth.

"The point about being a novelist is that you're absolutely in charge. You're the director, and you're the casting director, and you're the cast. I think I prefer that."

The Ghost Writer, the first novel in Roth's trilogy, is the story of Nathan Zuckerman, a rising young writer who has come on a sort of pilgrimage to the isolated rural home of E.I. Lonoff, an aging literary giant who has removed himself from his admiring public in order to write. As Zuckerman learns, Lonoff's noble vocation is a torture to his wife, Hope, a white-haired Boston aristocrat, and an inspiration to one Amy Bellette, an enchanting girl-woman who helps Lonoff organize his work with a passion that distresses Hope still more. But who is Amy, where is she from? She has an accent ("from the country of Fetching," as Lonoff cavalierly remarks). For Nathan, she becomes a fantasy: She is Anne Frank, miraculously alive and in her late twenties, hiding herself from the world in order to keep her legend intact.

When this scenario evolved in Philip Roth's brain, it made one kind of sense. Onstage—that was another matter. Roth: "When you write a book, no matter how much you 'see' it, you don't see it—the force of actuality is not present." For example, the character of Hope—she turned out to be rather stronger in person than she did on the page. Stronger than Roth knew.

"When Philip wrote about her," says Bloom, "one saw her as a rather passive, beaten-down woman, interesting because of her relationship to her husband. I didn't realize that she was interesting in herself. But when you, as an actress, start to bring her to *(Continued on page 603)*



Inge Morath

The writer Nathan Zuckerman comes down with a mysterious physical affliction—pure pain, beginning in his neck and shoulders, invading his torso, and taking possession of his life. Zuckerman, whose work was his life, is unable to write. To add to his suffering, he's going bald. In this section from Philip Roth's forthcoming novel, "The Anatomy Lesson" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), Zuckerman has become a customer at Anton's, a hair clinic at the old Commodore Hotel in New York City. He is assigned for treatments to the Polish refugee, Jaga. It is 1973.

THE SORROWS

Jaga, during his opening hour at Anton's Trichological Clinic, had looked to him first, in white bandanna and long white smock, like a novitiate in a nursing order; then she spoke, and the Slavic accent—along with the clinician's get-up and the dutiful weary professionalism with which she worked her fingers across his scalp—reminded him of the women physicians in *Cancer Ward,* another of the works from which he'd taken stern instruction during his week in traction. His was the last appointment of the day, and after his second session, as he was leaving the Commodore and heading home, he caught sight of her ahead of him out on Vanderbilt Avenue. She was in a weatherworn black felt coat whose red embroidered hem was coming loose at the back. The shoddy look of a coat once stylish somewhere else subverted somewhat that aura of detached superiority that she affected alone in a cubicle with a balding man. The hurried agitated gait made her look like someone on the run. Maybe she was: running from more of the questions he'd begun to ask during the pleasant fingertip massage. She was small and fragile, with a complexion the color of skim milk and a tiny, pointed, bony, tired face, a face a little ratlike until, at the end of the session, she undid the bandanna and disclosed the corn-silk sheen of her ash-blond hair, and with it a delicacy otherwise obscured in that mask so tiny and taut with strain. The undecipherable violet eyes were suddenly startling. Still, he made no effort on the street to catch up. He couldn't run because of the pain, and when he remembered the heavy sarcasm with which she'd spit on his few amiable questions, he decided against calling her name. "Helping people," she'd replied, when he asked how she got into trichology. "I love helping anyone with a problem." Why had she emigrated to America? "I dreamed all my life of America." What did she make of it here? "Everybody so nice. Everybody wishing you to have a good day. We do not have such nice people in Warsaw."

The next week, to his invitation for a drink, she said yes—curtly, as though she'd said no. She was in a hurry, could stay for no more than a quick glass of wine. In the booth at the bar she drank three quick glasses, and then explained her American sojourn without his having even inquired. "I was bored in Warsaw, I had ennui. I wanted a change." The next week she again said yes as though it were no, and this time she had five glasses of wine. "Hard to believe you left simply because you were bored." "Don't be banal," she told him. "I don't want your sympathy. The client needs sympathy, not the technician with her full head of hair." The following week she came to his apartment, and through the prism glasses he watched as by herself she finished off the bottle he'd given her to open. Because of the pain he could no longer uncork a wine bottle. He was sipping vodka through a bent glass straw.

"Why do you lie on the floor?" she asked.

"Too tedious to go into."

"Were you in an accident?"

"Not that I remember. Were you, Jaga?"

"You must live more through people," she told him.

"How do you know how I should live?"

Drunkenly she tried to pursue her theme. "You must learn to live through other people." Because of the wine and because of her accent, two-thirds of what she was saying was incomprehensible to him.

At the door he helped her into the coat. She had stitched up the hem since he'd first spotted her hurrying along Vanderbilt Avenue, but what the coat needed was a new lining. Jaga seemed herself to have no lining at all. She looked like something that had been peeled of its rind, exposing a wan semitransparent whiteness that wasn't even an inner membrane but the bare, pallid pulp of her being. He thought that if he touched her the sensation would make her scream.

"There's something corrupt about both of us," she said.

"What are you talking about?"

"Monomaniacs like you and me. I must never come here again."

Soon she was stopping by every evening on her way home. She began wearing eye shadow and to smell of a peppery perfume, and the face tightened up like a little rat's only when he persisted in asking the stupidest of his questions. She arrived in a new silk blouse the same pale violet as her eyes; though the topmost button was left carelessly undone, she made no

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move toward the playmat. She stretched instead across the sofa, snuggled cozily there under the afghan and poured out glass after glass of red wine—and then ran off to the Bronx. She climbed the library ladder in her stocking feet and browsed through the shelves. She asked from the topmost rung if she could borrow a book, and then forgot to take it home. Each day another nineteenth-century American classic was added to the stack left behind on his desk. Half contemptuously, satirizing herself, him, his library, his ladder, deriding seemingly every human dream and aspiration, she labeled where she piled the books "My spot."

"Why not take them with you?" Zuckerman asked.

"No, no, not with great novels. I am too old for this form of seduction. Why do you allow me to come here anyway, to the sacred sanctuary of art? I am not an 'interesting character.' "

"What did you do in Warsaw?"

"I did in Warsaw the same as I do here."

"Jaga, why not give me a break? Why not a straight answer to one lousy question?"

"Please, if you are looking for somebody interesting to write about, invite from the clinic one of Anton's other girls. They are younger and prettier and sillier, they will be flattered that you ask lousy question. They have more adventures to tell than I do. You can get into their pants and they can get into your books. But if you are looking at me for sex, I am not interested, I hate lust. It's a nuisance. I don't like the smells, I don't like the sounds. Once, twice with somebody is fine—

OF JAGA

beyond that, it's a partnership in dirt."

"Are you married?"

"I am married. I have a daughter of thirteen. She lives with her grandmother in Warsaw. Now do you know everything about me?"

"What does your husband do?"

"What does he 'do'? He is not a graphomaniac like you. Why does an intelligent man ask stupid questions about what people 'do'? Because you are an American or because you are this graphomaniac? If you are writing a book and you want me to help you with my answers, I cannot. I am too dull. I am just Jaga with her upskis and downskis. And if you are trying to write a book by the answers that you get, then you are too dull."

"I ask you questions to pass the time. Is that sufficiently cynical to suit you?"

"I don't know about politics, I am not interested in politics, I don't want to answer questions about Poland. I don't *care* about Poland. To hell with all those things. I came here to get away from all that and I will appreciate it if you will leave me be about things that are the past."

On a windy November evening, with rain and hail blowing up against the windows, and the temperature down below freezing, Zuckerman offered Jaga ten dollars for a cab. She threw the money at him and left. Minutes later she was back, the black felt coat already sopping wet. "When do you want to see me again?"

"Up to you. Whenever you're feeling resentful enough."

As though to bite, she lunged for his lips. The next afternoon she said, "The first time I kissed anyone in two years."

"What about your husband?"

"We don't even do that anymore."

The man with whom she'd defected wasn't her husband. This was revealed to him the first time Jaga undid the remaining buttons of the new silk blouse and knelt beside him on the playmat.

"Why did you defect with him?"

"You see, I should not have told you even that much. I say 'defect' and you are excited. An interesting character. You are more excited by the word 'defect' than you are by my body. My body is too skinny." She removed her blouse and bra and threw them onto the desk, by the pile of unborrowed books. "My breasts are not the right size for an American man. I know that. They are not the right American shape. You did not know that I would look this old."

"On the contrary, it's a child's body."

"Yes, a child. She suffered from the Communists, poor child—I'll put her in a book. Why must you be so banal?"

"Why must you be so difficult?"

"It's you who are difficult. Why don't you just let me come here and drink your wine and pretend with borrowing books and kiss you, if I feel like it. Any man with half of a heart would do this. At moments you should be forgetting about writing books all the time. Here"—and after undoing her skirt and raising her slip, she turned around on her knees and leaned her weight forward onto the palms of her hands. "Here, you can see my ass. Men like that. You can do it to me from behind. The first time and you can do anything you want to me, anything at all that pleases you, *except to ask me more of your questions.*"

"Why do you hate it so much here?"

"Because I am left out here! Stupid man, of course I hate it here! I live with a man who is left out. What can he do here? It's all right that I work in a hair clinic. But not for a man. He would take a job like that and he would crumble up in a year. But I begged him to run away with me, to save me from that madness, and so I cannot ask him to start to sweep floors in New York City."

"What did he work at before coming here?"

"You would misunderstand if I told you. You would think it was 'interesting.' "

"Maybe I misunderstand less than you think."

"He saved me from the people who were poisoning my life. Now I must save him from exile. He saved me from my husband. He saved me from my lover. He saved me from the people destroying everything I love. Here I am his eyes, his voice, his source of survival. If I left, it would kill him. It isn't a matter of being loved, it's a matter of loving somebody—whether you can believe that or not."

"Nobody asked you to leave him."

Jaga uncorked a second bottle of wine and, seated naked on the floor beside him, quickly drank half of it down. "But I want to," she said.

"Who is he?"

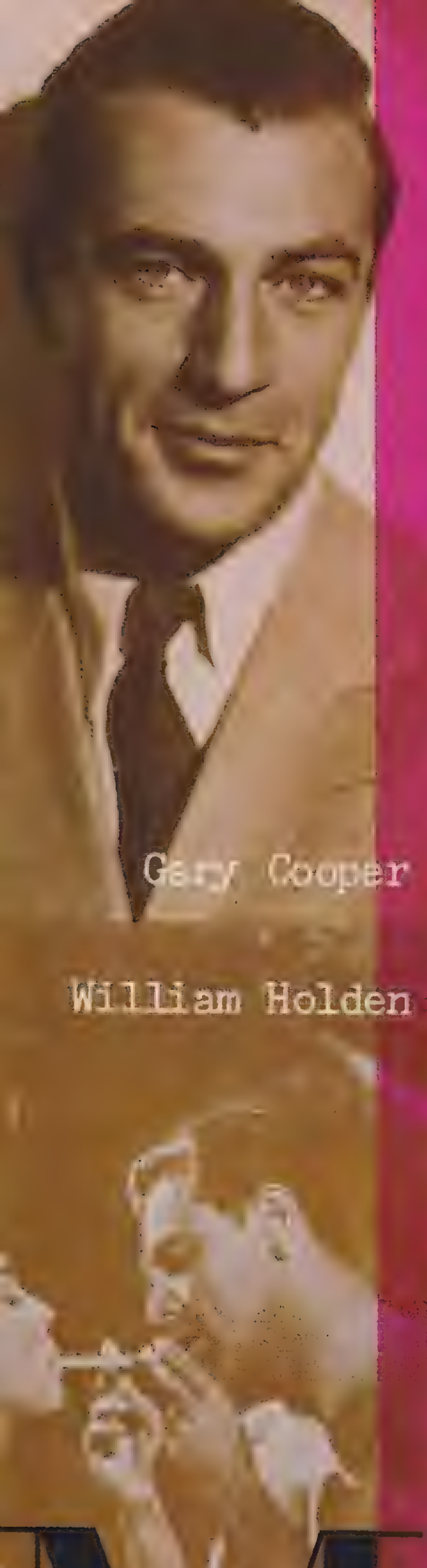
"A boy. A boy who did not use his head. That is what my lover asked him in Warsaw. He saw us in a café and he came up to him and he was furious. 'Who are you?' he shouted at the boy."

"What did the boy answer?"

"He answered, 'None of your business.' To you that does not sound so heroic. But it is, when one man is half the age of the other."

"He ran away with you to be a hero, and you ran away with him to run away."

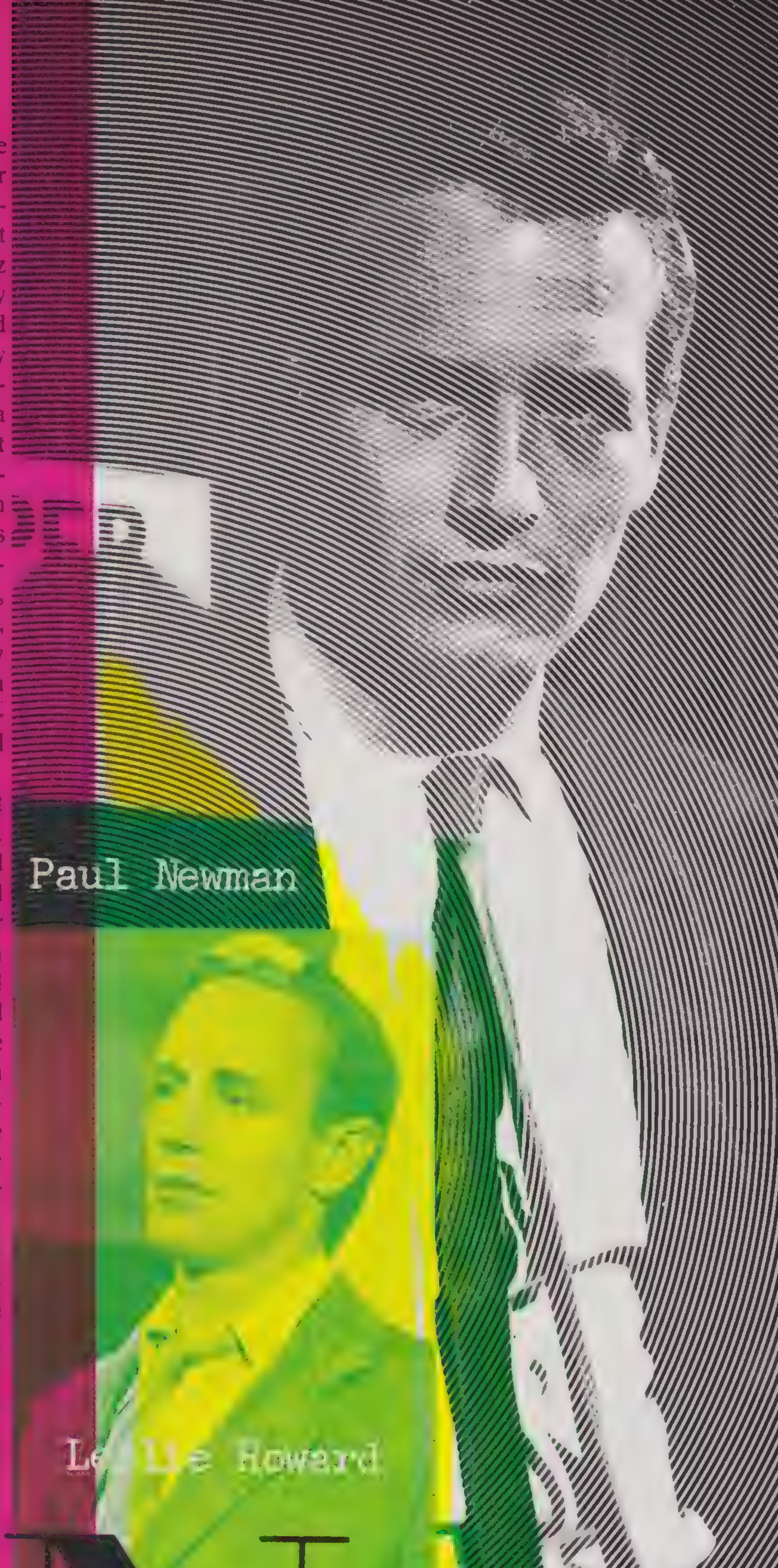
"And now you think you under- *(Continued on page 597)*



BY MOLLY HASKELL

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways. I love thee for thy petulant mouth; thy snarling lips; thy coolly indifferent eyes; thy smooth, peach-fuzz skin; thy rippling biceps; thy cute ass; thy thighs, trim and tensile from working out; thy narrow boyish hips; thy stumbling speech; thy wiggle of a walk. . . . Elizabeth Barrett Browning might not have expressed it that way, but then she didn't have such paragons of male pulchritude as Richard Gere, Christopher Reeve, Matt Dillon, and Mel Gibson, or such insinuatingly sexy studs as Michael Paré, John Travolta, and Sly Stallone parading their bodies beautiful across the screen.

Now gorgeous men are not exactly a novelty in movies. Think back on Barrymore and Valentino, Errol Flynn and Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power and Gary Cooper, all men whose dazzling profiles and delicacy of feature entitled them to object status as love idols. But they didn't seem aware of the havoc they created, or what the mirror on the wall plainly told them. They continued to play out their roles as pursuers of women, however much we—and they—might know, in our secret hearts, that *they* were the pursued. The attraction until recently, was cerebral and romantic. We yearned for them from the neck up, so to speak—at least officially. And



MEN

the bad, the beautiful

spoke of our crushes, when we spoke of them at all, in sublimated and passionately ethereal terms like "Divine" and "Dreamboat."

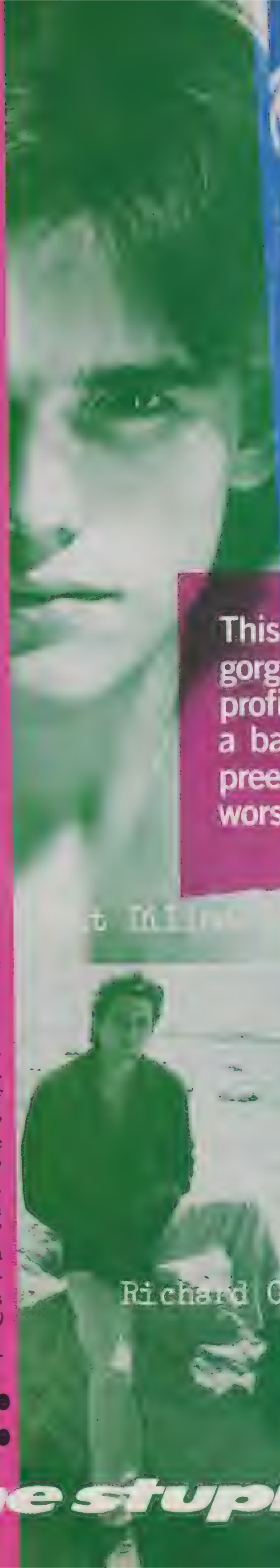
Now the attraction is out-and-out physical. In *American Gigolo*, in which he plays a body for hire and thus the ultimate male narcissist, Richard Gere is the most delectable *objet d'art* in an apartment stocked with exquisite accessories of the trade. As he reaches out for a tie, his hand rifling through a closet full of European silk imports, the camera takes a pleasure no less sybaritic—and materialistic—in Gere's body. In *Breathless* (does he have a clause in his contract requiring so many inches of chest exposure per picture?) his Hawaiian-print shirts seem always to be bursting at the buttons, signaling both the promise of brawn beneath, and the rounded tummy of the junk-food addict as befits the new slob chic.

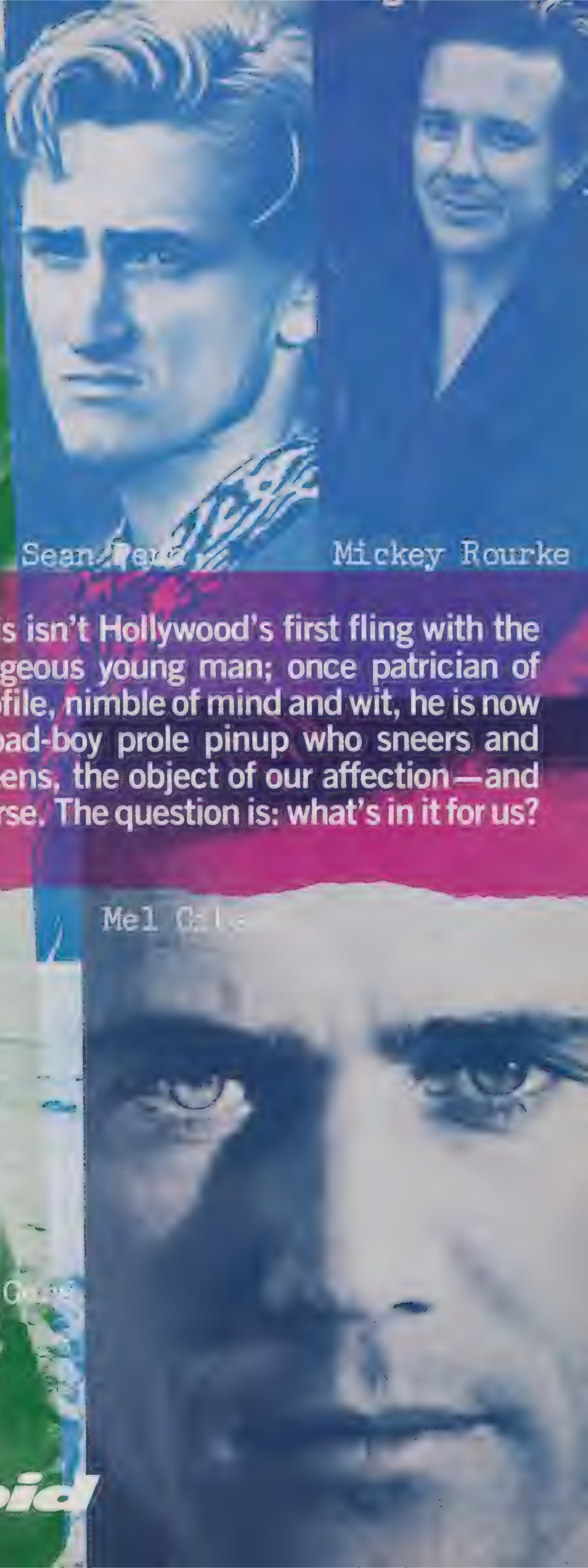
While they don't have Gere's insolence, Eric Roberts and Matt Dillon have a similarly brooding and even more feminine beauty. Each is partnered with women who are less "pretty" than they are: Roberts with Sissy Spacek in *Raggedy Man*, Dillon with the feisty Meg Tilly in *Tex*. In both films, they are, in effect, the pursued, the love objects, and the camera treats them accordingly. No less tenderly caressed is the beefcake body of Sylvester Stallone in the *Rocky* films, or the gracefully lithe John Travolta in *Saturday Night Fever* and *Staying Alive*. When the adorable Tom Cruise, alone in his parents' house in *Risky Business*, does a romping rock-'n-roller impersonation wearing only his

(Continued on page 595)

REEN:

and the stupid





Sean Penn

Mickey Rourke

This isn't Hollywood's first fling with the gorgeous young man; once patrician of profile, nimble of mind and wit, he is now a bad-boy prole pinup who sneers and preens, the object of our affection—and worse. The question is: what's in it for us?

Mel Gibson

Richard Gere

Two by Snowdon, from Sittings: 1979-1983 his book of portraits published this month

The jockey togs can't quite disguise the fact that it's the Prince of Wales who lurks within. He's poised, yet uncomfortable, his face caught between royal dead pan and something more amused. A self-conscious laugh? Or has his uncle just gotten off a good one? We'll never know. Future kings don't tell.

Snowdon's Thatcher: Here's the face that launched a hundred ships, staring down the camera as if it were an Argentine junta. Her lips betray a woman of flesh and blood, but the image is far more royal than parliamentary; Elizabeth I should have gazed so confidently.

The RULING CLASS

By Miles Chapman

It looks comfortable enough, the chair on the front of Snowdon's new book. Solid, polished, traditional, it is the chair in the photographer's London studio, the chair many of the illustrious "sitters" in *Sittings: 1979-1983* (Harper & Row) actually "sat" on. But it also brings to mind another, less comfortable piece of furniture. Stare hard enough into their eyes and some of Snowdon's subjects seem to be aware of it. He certainly is. He uncovers the thought in his revealing introduction: "Being photographed is a bit like being in the electric chair. . . ."

This may come as something of a shock, especially to those who sit on it.

These portraits, mostly commissioned by British Vogue and the London *Sunday Times*, are of actors, sportsmen, artists, politicians, the occasional royal—"people," he told me, "who have been in the news." Some are so much so that one name suffices: Olivier, Nureyev, Thatcher, Diana. They, of all people, should be used to, less discomfited by, being photographed. Particularly in the comforting knowledge that this photographer has himself "been in the news."

Snowdon's studio is tiny, deliberately unimpressive, unintimidating. And he doesn't go in for fancy lighting. He achieves that level, unsmiling gaze with daylight. Everything is stripped, laid bare, "within the emptiness, the terror, of a plain background." As he works, there is no encouraging chatter, no distracting disco music. Instead, there are disconcerting nervous pauses, *longueurs* of "agonizing slowness and silence" until the sitter's public mask melts or cracks. "Often the only way that one can break through someone's prepared face is to make them slightly uncomfortable, physically or mentally." So the pictures may have the formal simplicity of the emperor's face on a Roman coin, but Snowdon interposes his ground-glass lens between the sitter's eyes and our eyes, refracting something unexpected, something human in the clear light of day. ▽

Miles Chapman *is Executive Editor of England's "Tatler."*

Jazz

Jazz smolders with a new vitality today, and aficionados of the art are once again jamming the clubs and festivals. Here—the experts' guide to the best people, the greatest sounds

BY STANLEY CROUCH

Jazz is the most vital and significant music being made in the United States. In more ways than one, jazz projects the earthiness, the majesty, and the optimism of the American spirit as no other art quite does—expresses a world of experience that stretches from the alley to the penthouse, from the room full of roughnecks to the gala thick with royalty.

Jazz's roots are African, Latin, and European, but its melodies, rhythms, harmonies, and moods

Left: Jazz trombonist Craig Harris, of the adventurous David Murray Octet. Right: Jazz for the eye . . . an improvisation using paper, scissors, paint, from Henri Matisse's book "Jazz," first published in 1947, now in a gorgeous new edition, almost facsimile size (George Braziller)

Sylvia Plachy

are all-American. I say all-American because great jazz and musicians have come from the South, the Southwest, and Midwest, the East and West coasts, giving the music the many tints and accents of this country's people.

Much of this music's excitement comes from the fact that it is often improvised, that the performer must make something happen at the moment you are listening; and, as one musician pointed out, there is little as thrilling as hearing a group of sensitive musicians create immaculate art in the whirlpool of the moment.

But exaltation is what jazz is mostly about—it is good-time music and an art "in the service of happiness," as Louis Armstrong said. Melancholy lyrics and melodies are almost always counterpointed by dancing, tail-twitching rhythms, forming a double consciousness that well reflects the sweet and sour soul of our century.

Unlike rock, jazz is not a music of trivial rebellion and unearned cynicism but one of victory and celebration. Its great composers have been men like Duke Ellington and Thelonious Monk, its great improvisors players Armstrong and Sonny Rollins. Though it has long maintained its quality, jazz rises and falls in popularity like all arts—more because of trends than anything else.

What now amounts to a golden age has come with the waning of a ten-year trend called "jazz-rock," where musicians like Miles Davis imitated the music and the dress of rock and roll performers. In the process, rock musicians and fans began to condescend to jazz artists in the way teenagers do to those adults who fear missing the fashion boat and ape their clothes, slang, and arrogantly uniformed opinions. But many of the *(Continued)*

Stanley Crouch, *one-time jazz drummer, writes on jazz, books, and theater for "The Village Voice." He is currently working on "Bird, The Life of Charlie Parker."*

BY KATE NOLAN

WOMEN AND JAZZ

players who had cashed in on jazz-rock have now come back into the fold, the popularity of period musicals has rekindled interest in real songs as opposed to electric ditties; and jazzmen, long symbols of glamour, have ceased coming on bandstands looking as though they are rehearsing in somebody's basement. There is a great deal of club work in New York especially, domestic and international jazz festivals, and the fine work of small recording companies that parallel "little" literary magazines.

It is not that jazz is about to storm the barricades of enormous popularity, but that there is again an audience for the high, romantic, jaunty, and visceral spirit that is the character of the music. It is an art being served well by the young and the old, making for a sweep of revelations that extends from a classical master to the surging curiosity of a prodigy.

THE SINGERS

Jazz singing is rooted in the blues, where women first made erotic declarations that ushered in a new level of sophistication in popular singing. From that source have come singers who can improvise improvements on popular songs and insert levels of experience and expectation that make listening to a jazz vocalist so fascinating.

Sarah Vaughan's command of an instrument that has conquered time in a way no opera singer's has is one of the true miracles of the age. Her range crosses registers that seem impossible—baritone to soprano—and the triumphant assertion of selfhood, from the giddy to the sensuous to the stately, explodes into a universality of such overwhelming gifts that the highly respected Gunther Schuller of the Berkshire Music Center calls her "the greatest singer of our time." Whether performing with her own trio or interpreting Gershwin with an orchestra under the baton of Michael Tilson Thomas, Sarah Vaughan uses a breadth of expression equal to her peerless virtuosity.

Ella Fitzgerald has been a professional singer for almost fifty years and her artistic teeth were cut in the band battles of Harlem's legendary Savoy Ballroom. She easefully maintains her position as "the first lady of swing" with a beat and a way of phrasing that immediately create an atmosphere of artful exuberance, while her poetic emotion imbues ballads with an unforced tenderness and her blues renditions bubble with a soaring jauntiness. As *Ella Fitzgerald Sings, Count Basie Plays* (Pablo) proves, she can still provide that unique mix of naive sorrow and seasoned celebration. *(Continued on page 600)*

've been attached, for close to ten years, to a three-record set called *Escalator over the Hill,* by composer-arranger-pianist Carla Bley. It's a meaty, jazzy, opera-like thing with only the vaguest story. At first listen, Bley's chord progressions and the bigness of her arrangements put me in mind of the late Charles Mingus.

Mingus was a big sexy bear of a man. Ten years ago, I attributed the robustness of his music to what I then called "maleness." When I first played *Escalator,* I leafed through its accompanying booklet seeking a picture of Bley to find out what kind of bear/woman wrote it. And there she was—a cute ingenue with the sassy look of a Swarthmore soph summering in Florence. Her music reminded me of Mingus?

Don't blame me. Jazz has been credited with breaking down barriers. It's been called free form, liberated, and the music of sex. So, how come the gender roles of its players have been set like cement until now? The boys got to play horns and drums and shake the leader's stick; the girls got to sing and some (Mary Lou Williams, for example) got to play the piano. A woman who wanted to play a horn had to start her own group or join a gimmicky all-girl band where a string of pearls was as essential as the right note. Think Marilyn Monroe in *Some Like It Hot.*

No one can dispute the hard work and musicianship of the great so-called "thrushes." It's not as though they just opened their mouths and a song fell out, although Betty Carter has worked her entire adult life to make us think so. But there's the impression that women got to sing because the guys couldn't duplicate the sexual innuendo of the female voice. And women pianists were okay because they sat down.

As elsewhere in society, those old limits no longer apply. Women who lead and play standing up are making major moves on the bandstand. That's where the Carla Bley lesson comes in: the gender of the player really doesn't matter to the music. You can't say anything collectively about women players; in fact, women jazz players vary as much as their male counterparts. It would be fatuous and probably sexist to go looking for that female touch that has been missing until now. Women instrumentalists only wish that some of the older male musicians would listen to them with their eyes closed.

The music is heaving with female muscle these days. Here are a few women with great chops. And we're not talking "pretty good . . . for girls" either.

Carla Bley—Since *Escalator,* she's become famous as a composer and as a character. Her live sets are rare but wonderful. Her style of conducting is right out of a Looney Toon. Her latest album, *Social Studies* (ECM) features the "Reactionary Tango"—written at the time of the Reagan election.

Toshiko Akiyoshi—Like Bley, she's highly acclaimed as a composer and arranger. She and her husband, Lew Tabackin, lead the best touring big band in the business. Seven albums are out; the first was *Insights* (RCA AFL), the latest, *Finesse* (Concord).

Vi Reed—A terrific tenor sax player in the mold of Charlie Parker, one of her contemporaries. She tours as a headliner. Look for her on *Lady Soul* (Atco).

Joanne Brackeen—Composer-pianist leads her own groups, playing her own compositions. Her album: *Ancient Dynasty* (Columbia).

Melba Liston—One of the few women to get on the bandstand in the 'forties and 'fifties with Dizzy Gillespie and Gerald Wilson, this trombonist came out of retirement to start her own band in 1980. Hear her on *Bebop Revisited,* Vol. I (Xanadu).

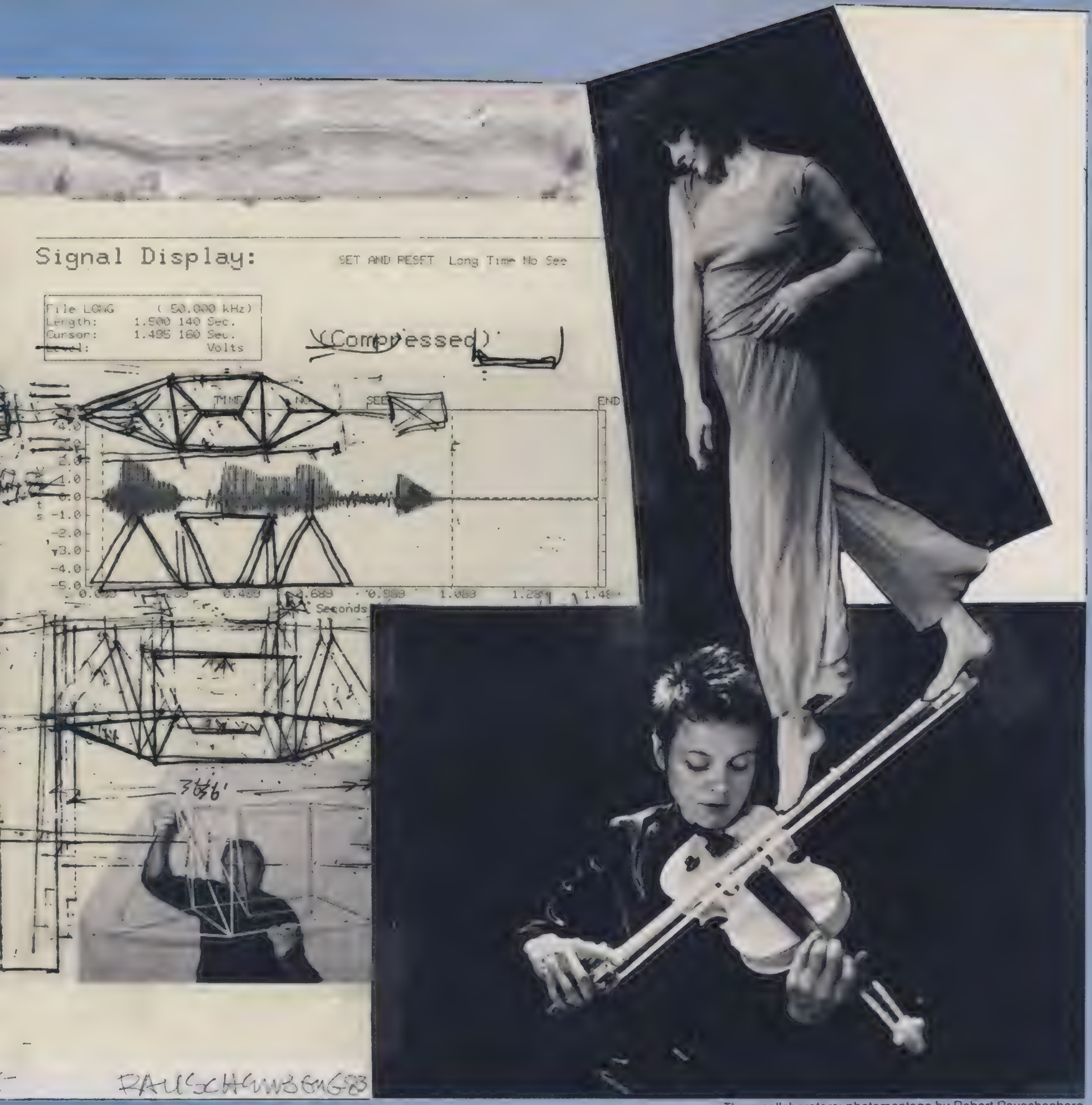
Ann Patterson and Maiden Voyage—Patterson is a reed player who started her jumping West Coast all-female band to create jobs for women. They were a big hit last year at the Playboy Jazz festival but haven't yet recorded their music.

Emily Remler—A guitarist whose only peers are the most revered male players such as Kenny Burrell and Charlie Byrd. Album: *Take Two* (Concord).

Janice Robinson—A trombonist who has played with the best big band in the country and also headlines her own groups. Hear her with the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis Orchestra on *The Suite For Pops* (Horizon).

And to close, here's some news for anyone who wants to hear the hottest new vocalist in jazz: it's a boy. Check out Bobby McFerrin and you won't worry about the future of jazz singing.

Kate Nolan, *a great fan of women's jazz, writes from Chicago about music and several other subjects.*



Three collaborators: photomontage by Robert Rauschenberg

COLLABORATION

Everybody—who is anybody in art, dance, music, fashion—is getting into the act. The "collaboration," a great collage of sound, motion, spectacle attracting the most adventurous major artists, is being celebrated now through December at the Brooklyn Academy of Music's Next Wave Festival. In these all-star events, the dance does and doesn't move to the music; costume doesn't have to reveal any character but its own. "This is what I'm doing," declares one collaborator to the others. "And you?" Robert Rauschenberg, veteran of mixed-media events, designed visuals and costumes for *Set and Reset.* His photomontage (*above,* constructed for Vogue) is part sketches of the set and part images of himself, his collaborators: Post-Modernist choreographer Trisha Brown and composer, performing artist, violinist Laurie Anderson. Says Brown, "What we three can count on is that the other two will be independent and successfully irreverent." Also in the series: composer Philip Glass's opera *The Photographer.* . . .Minimalist choreographer Lucinda Childs's *Available Light,* with set by architect Frank Gehry, costumes by fashion designer Shamask. . . .And *Hemispheres,* an exploration of the brain's left and right sides, as well as of the fusion of East and West: with Molissa Fenley's athletic ballet-*cum*-Balinese dance; the voluminous designs of Rei Kawakubo of Comme des Garçons, wrapping dancers who move through Neo-Expressionist Francesco Clemente's idea of a set—while Anthony Davis' jazzy music plays on.—J.C.

In Provence–the most magical province in France–
succumbing to the lure of light and stone

Provence . . . seduced by the sun

Provence . . . the region of Southern France where fields of poppies, lavender and rosemary create sense-reeling fragrances, "most magical of provinces" sighs Waverley Root in *The Food of France*, and over "the luminosity of its skies and the noble proportions of its houses to the landscape" become part of the landscape and blend into it by the synthesizing power of the Provençal sun.

To visit Provence is to dream of somehow staying on. An American designer, Dick [illegible] some years ago and learned how to live life so that he now spends the good—the best—four to five months of the year in his refashioned seventeenth-century *mas* (Provençal for farmhouse) in a small village in haute Provence.

Walking down the hot, dusty road that winds along the ancient crumbling wall, one might never guess what refreshment lies behind the heavy wooden door set into its handsome stone frame. *Right.* Open, this is the doorway to Provence at its most intensely beautiful: beyond the pebbled courtyard and the *mas* lie plains of scarlet poppies stretching for miles to the smoky blue Luberon mountains, *left.* *(Continued)*

David Massey

In Provence . . .
the ancient and the exotic,
the brutal and the sleek

When Dumas found this *mas*, it had been owned for generations by the same peasant family, and before that was a parcel of the farm belonging to the town's ancient monastery. Dumas retained the rugged integrity of the house—its heavy wood and plaster beams, crude stone walls—and played rough against smooth with his choice of gleaming white tile floors. He washed the whole house with unifying cool whiteness, then warmed it with deep earth and coral tones.

As his private symbol for the house (Dumas is fascinated with symbols as design), he took the triangular niches along one wall of the courtyard, where the monks kept their beehives. In abstract, these niches appear on the quilted cotton coverings that Dumas designed for the large sofas in the living room, *left*, and as a kind of pediment in the library, *above*. This room, now a hive of books, was the only one inhabited by the farm's family; the living room was where the animals were housed, and is justly dominated now by a sweet-eyed bull atop a carved wooden chair (nineteenth-century Scottish) and a fiercely grimacing Chinese Fo dog. Scenting the air with the fragrance of Provence: potpourri made by Dumas from lavender, orange, and lemon zests, geranium petals. *(Continued)*

David Massey

In Provence . . .
outdoor living, indoor repose

In this soft-aired climate, a white graveled courtyard, *above*, becomes living room and dining room, open to the sky—a navy-blue pool at one end (not shown) and, at the other, a series of summer sitting rooms shielded from the dazzling brightness by curtains. The plantings here—all the dusky, muted, silvery greens that charm the eye in Provence.

Left: A collection of nineteenth-century brass-framed mirrors, from French cafés and restaurants, burnishes the bathroom's immaculate whiteness. The splendid island of a tub is wrapped in stone from the quarry near the neighboring town of Gordes.

Opposite page: In the bedroom, Dumas jests with a pair of Louis Quinze *fauteuils*—covering them in a bold, primitive batik from Africa's Gold Coast—and stretches rough stripes on the great grandfather of modern reclining chairs, a Louis Seize *fauteuil des malades* ("sick peoples' chair").

David Massey

9
1
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13
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12

All sun, garlic, charming rogues,
and wine turned into geography
—the soul and spirit
of Provence captured
by novelist Anthony Burgess

Love to-and from-

"O for a beaker full of the warm South," yearned John Keats. He got that beaker, whose name was death, in Rome in 1821. But while he was merely listening to the nightingale in a Hampstead garden, it was a vaguer location he had in mind. He longed for "dance and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth." He never went to Provence and, like most people, was probably unsure where exactly it was, but his yearning was typical of hordes of Northerners freezing in a wet summer. Provence, all sun, garlic, charming rogues, and hotblooded girls, is wine turned into geography. It's a place in the mind, like the Middle Ages. What is the reality?

The reality on the map of France looks a bit like a sitting duck that has had its head blown off. The tail is on the Italian border and the neck is stuffed, appropriately, with the town of Orange. The duck's breast is stroked by the river Rhône and the webbed feet are hidden in the Mediterranean. Hidden in the backfeathers is the northernmost town of Barcelonette (so named on the insistence of its inhabitants, who originated in the big Barcelona). Provence contains—for the sake of administrative ease—the whole of the Côte d'Azur, but it is not just a matter of administration. The province—which the Romans called *Provincia Romana*—is defined by its language.

If you read Dante's *Purgatorio*, you will get a sudden shock when the poet Arnaud Daniel shoves sounds like the cries of a wounded bird into the steady flow of the Florentine Italian. "*Ara vos prec,*" he calls, "*nel temps di mi dolor. . .*" (I beg you, in the time of my grief. . . .) This is the great language known as Provençal. Note, it is not a mere dialect. It is neither French nor Spanish nor Italian. It contains its own dialects—including Niçois and the tongue of the principality of Monaco, where I am at this moment writing. You can push the continuum of the language as far west as Catalonia (the people of Barcelona do *not* speak Spanish) and as far east as Genoa, where they do *not* speak Italian.

There used to be three varieties of the big European language which subsisted after the fall of the Roman Empire, the language that originated from Latin. These three were differentiated by the word they used for "yes." *Oui* in the north, *si* in Italy and Spain, but in Provence the word was *oc*. Hence, comes the term *langue d'oc* or Occitanian. You don't hear *oc* much nowadays, but you can still find Occitanian poetry that thrusts like a fist between French and Italian. Provençal was the tongue of the troubadours. It was a very great language with a very great literature. It is struggling, after centuries of domination by the *langue d'oui* that they speak up in Paris, back into the light. But who cares about Occitanian when there is *Dallas* to watch?

Provence, even today, is best considered a territory both culturally and temperamentally very different from Paris. It is in France, true, but it seems to be a rather unwilling colony of it. Marseilles is the second city of France and a great capital in its own right, as ancient as the Phoenicians, and it insists on naming the French national anthem. Toulon is a vast, proud port. Nice is a cosmopolitan town of pleasure crammed with crime and roguery. There are Aix-en-Provence and Arles. There is Avignon, once a papal seat and the center of Western Christianity. What is called the spirit of Provence is enshrined in certain works of art or subart contrived for the benefit of Paris—*Marius*, *Fanny*, Bizet's music to *L'Arlésienne*, some of the works of Darius Milhaud, Daudet's *Lettres de Mon Moulin*, film characterizations by Raimu and Fernandel. But the real spirit goes deeper than pastiche and kitsch. It is a very ancient spirit.

Provence

Provence feels Roman. In places it looks Roman even though it is modern. Following the Provençal coastline in a train from the Gare de Lyon, the very configuration of the flat blocks and villas, interspersed with palm, oleander, and fig tree, seems to go back to the time of the imperial settlement. The colors are white and the white reflects strong sunlight. There are bullfights that owe more to the old cult of Mithras—brought in from Persia and beloved of Roman legionnaires—than to the Hemingwayesque corrida. The bull is not slain. Young men dressed in white—the *razeteurs* and the *cocardiers*—merely have to show skill in not being slain themselves. The only killing ever performed in a public entertainment is purely emblematic. At carnival time, the *Caramantran*—a big mannequin of straw that is dragged through the streets—is judged, condemned, finally burnt at the stake. This may be akin to the northern rite of killing the god of winter, but Provence has no strong sense of wintry oppression. There is an echo of the Roman Saturnalia in this sacrifice.

The Romans celebrated the Calendes at the beginning of the month, and the term *Calendo* survives in Provence for the Christmas ceremonies, which seem more pagan than Christian. The *Cacho fio* mixes up Roman libations to the gods with the celebration of the Mass. The *santons* are intended to be Christian saints, but they are really the Lares and Penates who protected Roman households. Men of Marseilles are traditionally christened Marius, a fine old Roman name.

The Greeks were in Provence six hundred years before Christ, and they survive chiefly in Provençal music. The *tambourin*, a deep drum made of walnut and kidskin, goes back to that ancient settlement, as does the *galoubet*—a flute of boxwood. Traditionally, both instruments are played by the same man, and their sound—heard on both secular and sacred occasions—is the true sound of Provence. The guitar is there too, accompanying those Provençal songs known as *cantaires*. I heard one once in which the singer implored a lady to let him put his little saint in her chapel. There is the final fusion of the act of faith and the act of pleasure, hard to separate in Provence.

Let us come now to food. Eat in Provence and you will know you are not in Paris. This is not butter territory; things are cooked in olive oil. You eat your fish soup—which in Marseilles is exalted to the *bouillabaisse*—with *rouille*, whose main ingredients are olive oil and garlic. The great fish here is the *rascasse* or scorpion of the sea, without which (and it is becoming rare) no *bouillabaisse* is traditionally possible. The red mullet or *rouget*, superb here, is called sea woodcock. Dry though Provence is, scoured by sun and the fierce mistral, there are innumerable clear streams which yield splendid crayfish. The sheep of Sisteron and Savournon, the hares and wild boar of the hinterland provide fine roasts and *civets*. The Haut-Var has truffled pâtés. *Aïoli*, however, is the true speciality of the region—a cream made of garlic, egg yolks, and olive oil that typically is mixed with pounded boiled cod (which sounds better when called *morue bouillie*).

Olive oil, garlic, and the herbs of the Provençal hills—these characterize the cuisine. Thyme, rosemary, sage, fennel, laurel, basil, savory are not merely seasonings but magical essences, means of communicating with the earth. Each herb has its special use: sage makes pork more digestible; thyme clears the toxins from roast wild boar. Garlic is thought of as a sweet herb, not as an acetylene blast. The herb and vegetable world is most typically celebrated in the great *soupe au pistou*—compounded of beans, carrots, zucchini, tomatoes, leeks, and a little vermicelli. That sounds bland enough, but the incomparable Provençal flavor springs from the compound—sage, basil, garlic—you pound in a mortar. And, of course, you do not forget the olive oil.

Wine? The beaker full of the warm South is not, alas, all it is cracked up to be. The wines of the Côtes-du-Rhône—the papal wines—will do well enough, but I am not too happy with the Côtes-de-Provence commercial wines that you will be offered all along the Mediterranean coast. You need, these days, to avoid the commercial products, with their damnable chemical doctorings and excess of tannin. You need to cultivate somebody who cultivates a private vineyard. I am lucky. I get admirable Provençal wine free by the case from a wealthy baron who asks in exchange no more than an occasional handwritten message for his labels. But your stomach may be less delicate than mine (meaning that you may have abused it less). No wine is bad. Wine in Provence is potable history, legend, and myth. And so far as France is concerned, this is where wine began. It flowed from our mother Greece along the Rhône into the Saône, the Rhine, the fields of Champagne.

Love to Provence? Certainly. You will be robbed, seduced, but finally enchanted. Love *from* Provence? Provence loves only itself. Here is pure Southern narcissism. But there is a lot to love. ▽

Confidence in your looks—what all these pages are ultimately about—goes deep; but what you see counts, too. In this case, left, it's makeup from Orlane: on eyes primed with new Line Smoothing Eye Makeup Base, Les Automnoles eyeshadows in Cognac plus Soleil/Aique Marina, Noir pencil liner—for softly defined eyes that shift the emphasis to a mouth strongly colored (in Grenadine). The rest: Norma Kamali's wide-brimmed derby for Stetson Hats; Robert Lee Morris brooch; Calvin Klein winter white coat. Details, last pages. Makeup artist, Linda Mason; hair by Louis Alonzo for Pipino-Buccheri Salon.

The confidence that she's lived up to the best in her looks—that she projects the image she's happiest with—is central to a woman's attractiveness. Assisted by science-backed skin care, by makeup that more and more implies skin caring in itself, the beauty "set up" is always, of course, health, and never more so than right now, when new and more evidence confirms that changes we make, at any age, can make real differences in our health—the difference, in fact, between simply living and thriving.

When attractiveness is in large part attitude, its vocabulary changes, and new words describe it: words such as *thriving...vibrant, competent, sharp.* And—even when it isn't strictly true—the word *young* and all it implies. Because that's the beauty of a new attitude, too: when attractiveness encompasses confidence and fitness and health (and it seems inconceivable today that it wouldn't), it lasts a lifetime. And that's precisely the scope of these twenty-four pages

Any-age beauty and health: new beauty vocabulary

Being in shape is its own reward; but there's another: Nothing is more appealing than a firm line and smooth muscle in something body-revealing. Today, designers make clothes for women who are fit and trim (left to right, by Azzedine Alaïa, Thierry Mugler, Giorgio Sant'Angelo for Marjer). Another real delight of fitness: if your body's in shape, you can wear almost anything. Details, see last pages.

A new definition of fitness: a healthy mind/body attitude...

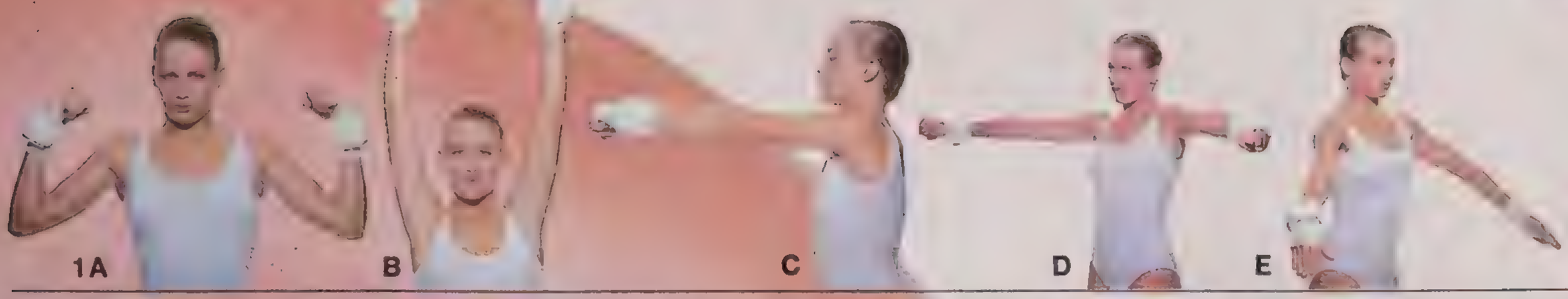
Today, the woman who's fit enjoys a healthy advantage: her interest in having a body in shape is pervasive, influencing all her habits. Her body-awareness has become automatic: she reaches for her dental floss nearly as often as her lipstick.

Women who care for themselves, who move their bodies, are most likely not only to lead productive, useful lives but to achieve individual potential. The new "heros" who exemplify this energy among women: astronaut Sally Ride and Olympic contender Mary Decker—both milestone female achievers, the former going farther, the latter faster than any other women in America.

The means to this fit life is exercise—a top health priority. Performed regularly and aerobically, exercise significantly affects stamina, weight control, hypertension, heart disease, osteoporosis...and goes beyond physical improvement to include the mental tranquility needed to deal with one of our bodies' chief health-robbers: stress. The good news: the time necessary to reap exercise's rewards, say experts, is only twenty minutes daily. The most cheering news: at any age, any fitness level, it's never too late to make real improvements in your body's appearance and performance.

On the next pages, with the help of NYC movement therapist Marianne Battistone, we've cut through routines to provide the only strength basics you need, followed by a test to help you determine your fitness level. Five years ago, smart women exercised to improve their shapes; today they know that having the kind of body that turns heads is a reward, not a goal...

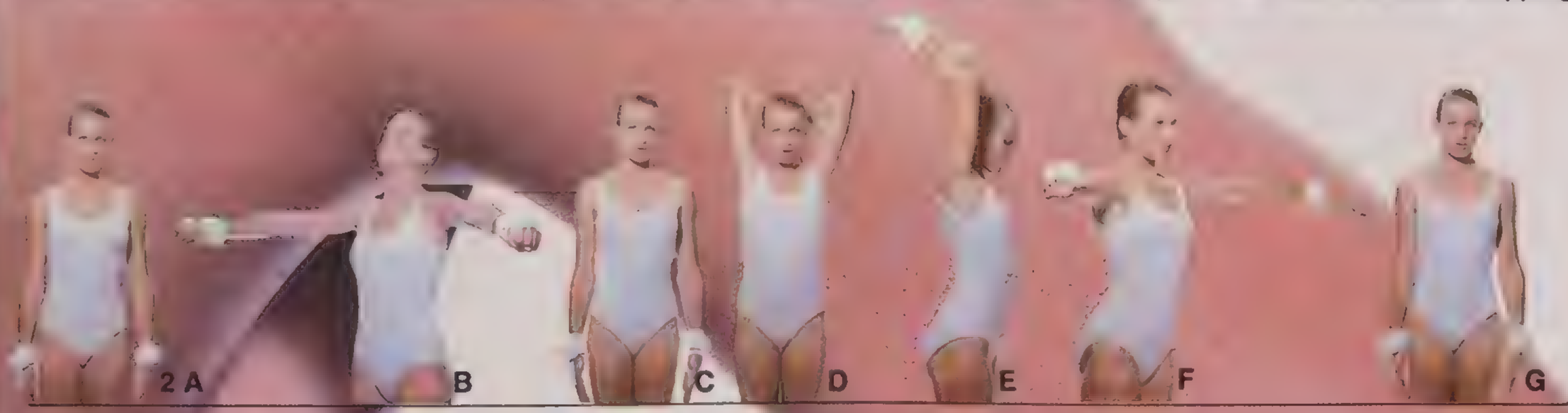
Helmut Newton



Instructions: The 10 exercises here comprise a total-body strength/toning program. The basic upper/lower body program calls for using 1- to 5-pound strap-on weights with 10 to 30 repetitions, depending on individual ability, after getting your doctor's okay. (For reps/weight your muscles need, turn the page.) Goals: to increase reps and resistance, and to perfect alignment, which helps improve posture. You've mastered this program when you can do each exercise at least 30 times using 5-pound weights in correct alignment. . . .

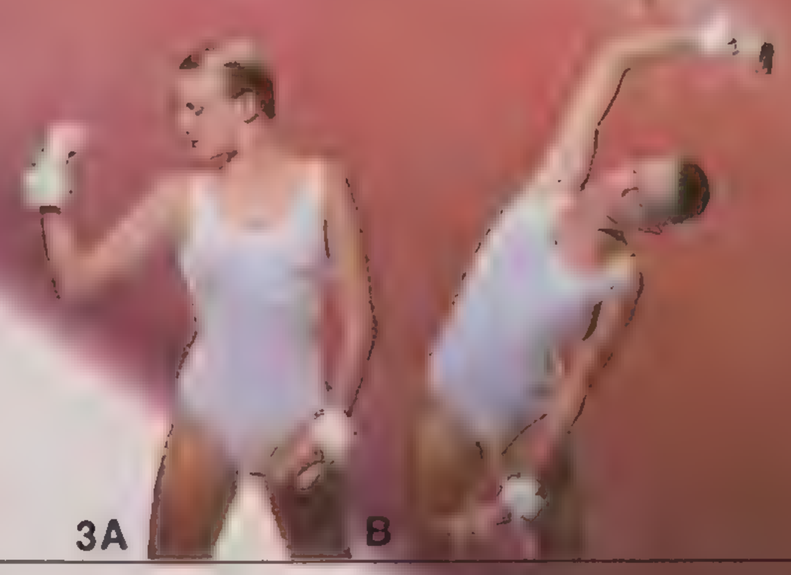
Exercise # 1: arms, shoulders, upper back, chest. Alignment: Stand tall, legs apart, knees bent. Keep back straight, abdomen lifted, head up. Movement: Begin with elbows bent, fists clenched at shoulders (A). In one sequence: push overhead (B), return to start (A), push forward (C), return to start (A), push to sides (D), open hands and press palms down to sides (E). (Repeat 10-30 times without stopping.)

upper body



Exercise # 2: arms, shoulders, backs of upper arms. Alignment: Same as # 1. (Try to keep your back even straighter than our model's.) In one movement: Start with arms straight down at sides (A), lift them diagonally (B), return to start (C); lift arms with palms facing back and touch fingertips to shoulders (D), lift arms slowly overhead (E), rotate palms down, and arms straight out to sides (F), press straight arms down (G). (Repeat 10-30 times without stopping.)

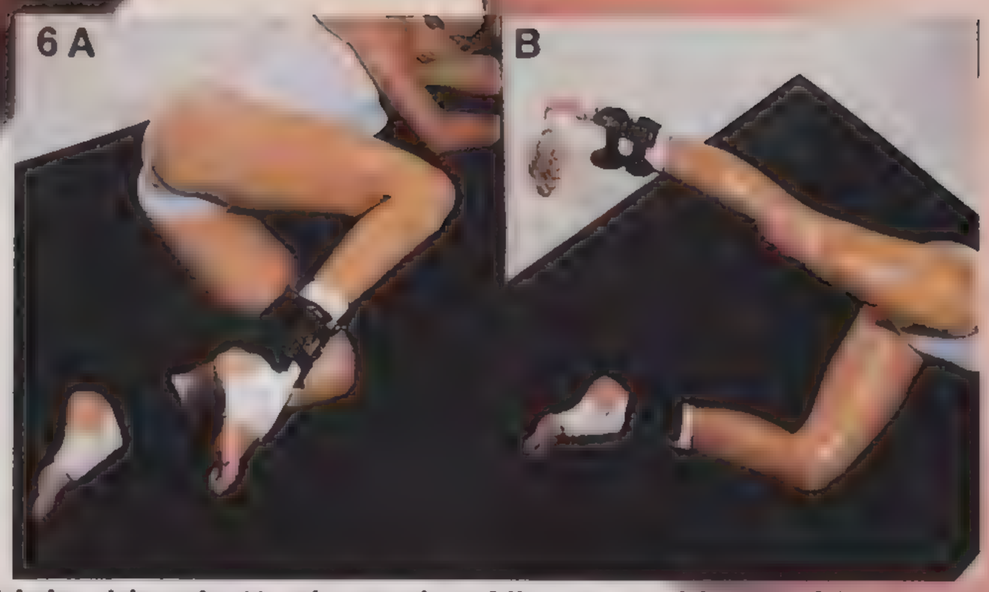
The only strength exercises you'll ever need



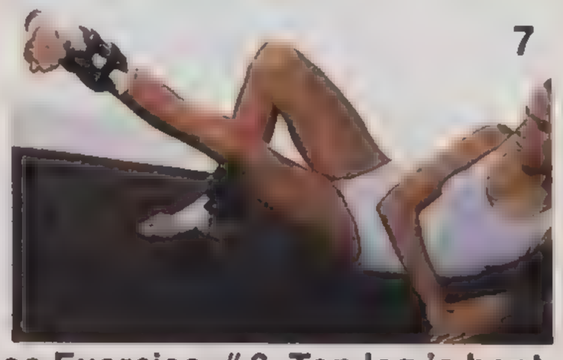
Exercise # 3: arms, trunk muscles. Alignment: Don't move lower body/hips or lock knees. Movement: With right arm bent, hands as shown (A), reach diagonally to opposite side with arm overhead (B). (Do not go into a full side bend; be sure head moves as shown: ear toward shoulder.) Return to start. (Repeat 10-30 times, each side.)

Frank Schramm

lower body



Exercise #6: outer thighs, hips, buttocks, waist. Alignment: Lie on side, torso straight (this exercise is easier if you prop up on one elbow; keep other arm in front for support). Keep waist on floor, do not arch back. Bend lower leg to a 90° angle. Movement: Bend top knee, foot pointed; keep leg parallel to floor throughout (A); straighten leg (holding it slightly behind body line, with buttocks, abdomen tight), flex foot; lift, then lower leg (B). Return to start. (Repeat 10-30 times, each leg.)



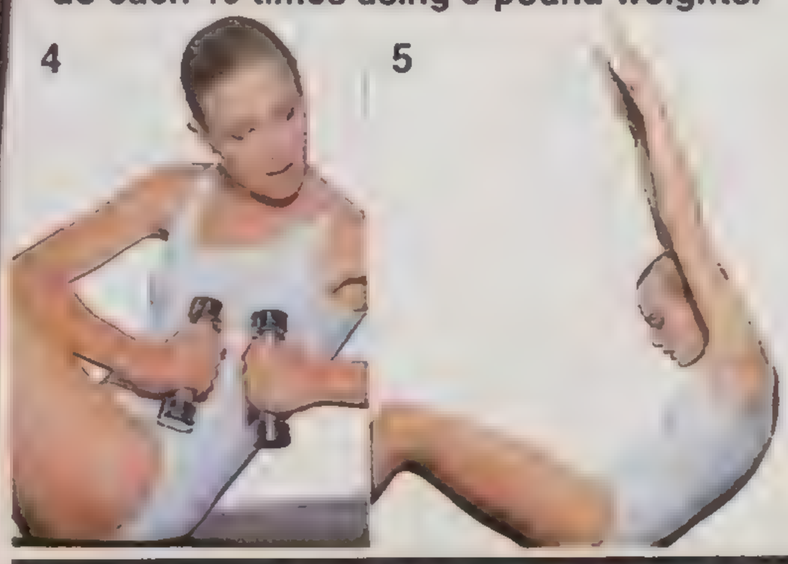
Exercise #7: inner thighs. Alignment: see Exercise #6. Top leg is bent. The moving leg (lower one) is turned out, so inside thigh faces ceiling at all times; foot remains flexed. Keep waist on floor, top hip back slightly. Movement: Lift leg to height of bent knee; lower leg without letting it touch floor. (Repeat 10-30 times, each leg.)

Exercise #8: fronts of thighs. Alignment: Back remains flat on floor; use hands for support. Movement: Bend knee to chest; keep calf parallel to floor and foot pointed (A). Straighten, then lower leg to just above floor, flex foot, and lift leg as high as other knee (B); abdominal muscles should be contracted during second step. Repeat exercise, never touching leg to floor, never going higher than bent knee. (Repeat 10-30 times, each leg.)

Exercise #9: buttocks, hamstrings. Alignment: Head and arms are in tripod support. Head-to-lifted-knee forms a straight diagonal line; abdomen is lifted to prevent lower back from arching. The moving leg *(here, left)* stays bent throughout entire exercise. Movement: Drop leg halfway between the high position *(above)* and floor; lift it back again. (Repeat 10-30 times, each leg.)

Exercise #10: fronts of thighs and inward/outward rotators—commonly neglected muscle groups. Alignment: Moving leg never rests on floor, foot remains flexed; back is on floor, abdomen supports pelvis. Movement: Turn leg out, lift as high as bent knee (A), lower to just above floor, rotate leg inward, lift as high as bent knee (B), lower to just above floor. This will be difficult, so start slowly. (Repeat 10-30 times, each leg.)

Exercises #4 and #5: strengthen abdominals. #4. Alignment: Keep knees bent, feet flat on floor. Roll back into a slight pelvic tilt, round spine. Movement: Holding weights, with elbows out, twist trunk; hold 6 seconds. Twist to other side, hold 6 seconds, return to center, sit upright. Repeat 10 times. As you improve, increase weight resistance not reps. #5. In same alignment as #4, but with arms overhead. Movement: lower body in a pelvic tilt approximately 45° off floor. Hold for 10 seconds. Sit back up. Repeat 10 times. For increasing difficulty: use weights held at navel. Contract abdominals during both exercises. Note: These are very difficult exercises. You've mastered both when you can do each 10 times using 5-pound weights.



abdominals

TEST YOURSELF: The goal of this test is to help you "tailor" the exercise program on the preceding page to your body's specific fitness needs. The test scores two basic components of fitness—flexibility and strength—and helps you to analyze the most important, your posture. After taking the test, you should be able to figure out which body parts need strengthening, which stretching (see **SCORING**, page 598). "The idea is to work toward making muscles as strong as they are flexible or vice versa, so that all muscle groups are balanced," said movement therapist Marianne Battistone, who developed this test for women and the exercise program, preceding page.

alignment

POSTURE is key to fitness and is a real giveaway to muscle condition; because how you stand is connected both to *muscle tone* and to *habit.* How does your posture stack up? Draw a straight line on a mirror. When posture is good (*near right*): shoulders are level and rotated outward, chin parallel to floor, pelvis upright, abdominals contracted. From the front: Are head, shoulders, and hips straight?

Your posture is bad (*far right*), if you have any of these common postural errors: forward head, sagging chest (if this is your problem, do exercises 1, 2, one page back); condensed rather than elongated spine—a result of giving into rather than fighting gravity and easily reversed by lifting abdominals, keeping spine *long* in all exercises;

flexibility

1. SHOULDERS/TRICEPS In position shown, try to clasp hands. A full handclasp (2 points); fingers touch (1); fingers can't touch (0). Repeat/score other side.

2. NECK In position shown, ear parallel to shoulder (2); halfway (1); less than halfway (0).

3. TRUNK ROTATION With hips still, look behind you. If you can move shoulder 45° (2); less than 45° (1); no ability to twist (0).

4. TRUNK FLEX With hips still, tilt to one side. 45° from upright (3); less than 45° (2); head tilt only (1).

5. UPPER/LOWER SPINE In position shown, shoulders on floor, drop both knees to one side. If both shoulders and knees touch the floor (3); if either shoulders or knees are 3 inches from floor (2); more than 3 inches from floor (1). Repeat/score other side.

6. OUTER THIGH Feet on floor, pelvis-width apart, keep shoulders on floor, drop knees to one side without moving feet; you will be in position illustrated. If top leg touches bottom leg (3); top leg parallel to floor but not touching bottom leg (1); top leg higher than parallel position (0). Repeat/score on other side.

7A. INNER THIGH With flat back, lift legs as shown. If you can keep back flat comfortably and maintain open legs at a 45° angle from floor (2); if position is comfortable at *less* than 45° (3); if you can't hold up legs (0). If

ANY-AGE BEAUTY AND HEALTH

are you fit? Test your flexibility and strength, see how your posture stacks up...

strength

11. SHOULDER/NECK STRENGTH Stand as shown. Apply resistance against a partner's hand placed on wrist. If you can maintain resistance in test position, for a few seconds, 2 points. If you can maintain only partial resistance, score 1 point. If you cannot maintain at all, score 0. Repeat other side.

12. TABLE PUSH-UPS FOR CHEST/UPPER ARMS If you can do 10, score 2 points; 6 (1); below 6 (0).

13. TABLE DIPS FOR BACK OF ARMS, SHOULDERS Begin as shown. Try to raise your body to a straight line. Score as for test 12.

14. TRUNK In position shown, try to raise your body off floor, while partner holds feet. Score as in test 11. Repeat, other side.

15. SIT-UPS In position, do 20 sit-ups (2); 10 sit-ups (1); less than 10 (0).

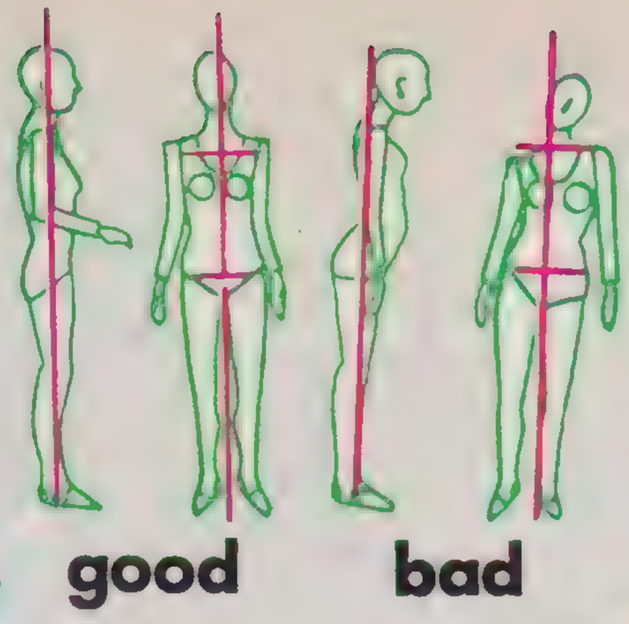
16. UPPER ABDOMINALS In position shown, try to do 10 ten-second holds (2); 5 ten-second holds (1); less than 5 (0).

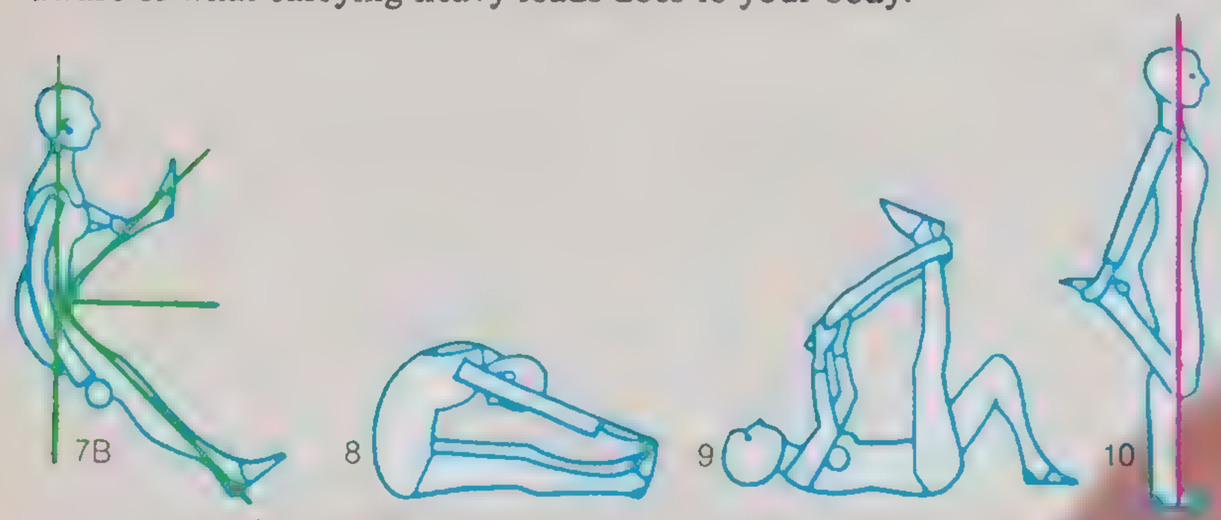
17. LOWER ABDOMINALS With hands under hips for low-back support, legs straight up, lower legs to about 45° above floor and lift them back again. If you can execute this exercise 5 times with back *flat on floor at all times* (3);

Frank Schramm

rounded shoulders (do exercises 1, 2, 3); lifted shoulders or rib cage (contributes to back tension; correctable through abdominal exercises, concentration on keeping spine *long*); swayback and sagging abdominals (do abdominal and buttocks strength and flexibility exercises). Locked or hyperextended knees can cause low-back/neck problems (do hamstring and buttocks strength and flexibility exercises). Foot points to check: rolling in or out? Toes pointed in or out? Improve both by keeping feet *straight* when you point/flex during exercise.

Do you carry a tote? A tilted head, raised shoulder or hip (*far right*) are common body distortions caused by carrying too-heavy totes. Be more aware of what carrying heavy loads does to your body!





you score 0, take test **7B**. Sit as shown, back straight, legs open to 45° (2); if you're comfortable and upright at *less* than 45° (3). If back rounds and chest sags (0).

8. BACK/HAMSTRINGS In position shown, touch toes or beyond (3); 3 inches from feet (2); more than 3 inches from feet (0).

9. HAMSTRINGS In position shown, use towel to pull right leg perpendicular to floor or beyond (3); 45° to 90° (2); 45° (0). Repeat other side.

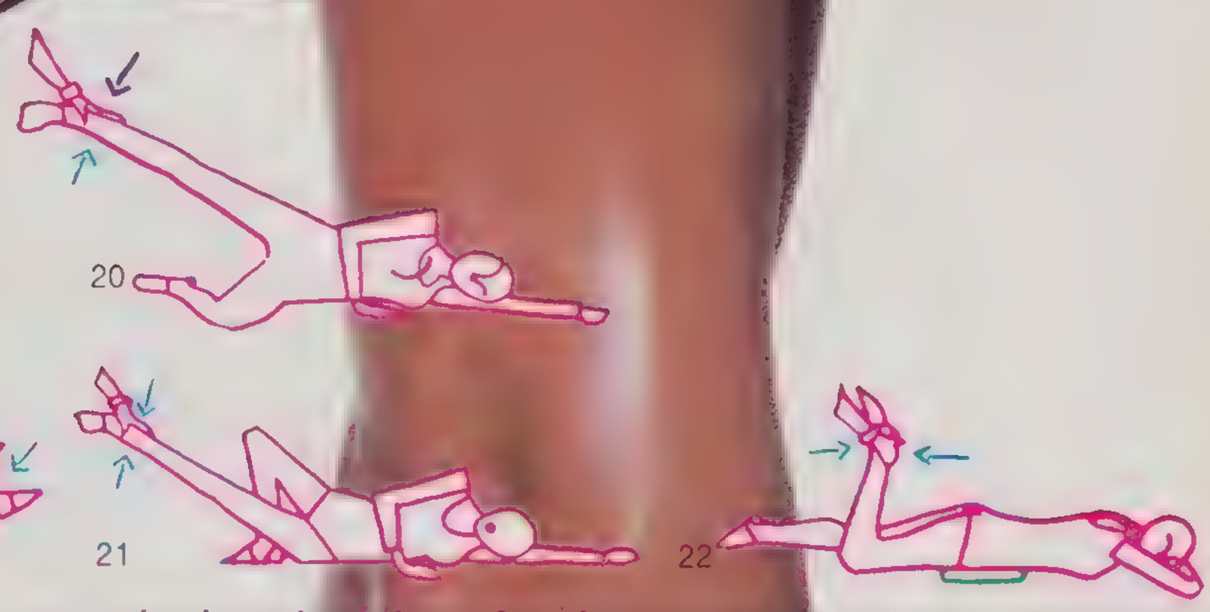
10. QUADS In position shown (back *must* be straight), bring heel to buttocks (3). If knee moves forward, heel is 3 inches from buttocks (2); more than 3 inches from buttocks (0). Repeat/score other side.

less than 5 times or if back comes away from floor (0).

18. OBLIQUE ABDOMINALS In position, twist body to left, then right. Six sets of 6-second holds (a set is 6 seconds to the left; 6 seconds to the right), score 3. Three sets of 6-second holds (2). Less than three sets (0).

19. FRONT OF THIGH *Note:* In the next 4 exercises, a partner applies resistance where shown. Sitting in a chair, holding sides for support, extend knee while pressure is placed on ankle. Score as for 11. Repeat, other leg.

20. OUTER THIGH In position shown, knee forward, spine straight. If you



can maintain position shown for a few seconds (2); maintain height parallel to floor (1); below parallel (0). Repeat other leg.

21. INNER THIGH In position shown, back straight, score as for #20. Repeat, other leg.

22. BUTTOCKS, HAMSTRINGS Lying as shown (pillow under hips for support): ability to maintain resistance as illustrated, for a few seconds, with thigh off floor (2); maintained resistance but thigh drops (1); no ability to resist (0). **SCORING,** see page 598.—DOROTHY SCHEFER

Sketches by Alice Brickner

Dance France leotard; details, last pages

IN HER PRIME: SIGOURNEY WEAVER

Call this first in a series of modern Amazons—Sigourney Weaver, who, at thirty-two, is one of a small number of actresses expanding the definition of what's feminine, what's appealing. She pulls herself out of a pool in *The Year of Living Dangerously,* and what you notice, besides the luxurious length of her—she's 5'11"—is the sculpting of her arms. The woman's *muscular,* the reward of mornings on Nautilus equipment. Smart, too—she has the energy of intelligence. (Maybe it took women flexing their muscles to prove that brawn doesn't rule out brains?) This month, Weaver exercises her triumphant vitality in William Friedkin's much-talked about new movie—a comedy, it is said, about nuclear arms—*The Deal of the Century.* It will be a stretch for her: "I play a wicked and single-minded woman."

Helmut Newton

Looking your age-what it means now

BY EDITH LOEW MYERS

In her novel *The Bleeding Heart* (Ballantine), Marilyn French describes the heroine. Dolores (a college professor, feisty, live-minded, mother of two, survivor of one disastrous marriage and several bruising love affairs, tallish, a trifle too thin, with grey-shot hair worn loose, lines in her face, no makeup, and a high capacity for moral outrage), as "a woman of forty-five who looked her age but didn't look middle-aged." Interesting . . .

Had her life been less stormy—or had she used makeup or had plastic surgery or dyed her hair or had it cut short in some soft, upturning way—would Dolores have looked younger than her age? Should we assume that a forty-five-year-old woman of easier temperament and gentler experience will look forty? Or possibly only thirty-seven? Even less? Does anyone actually know what these numbers *look like* today?

It's flattering, of course, to chop off five years from one's age and get away with it, or to say you are this age and be told you don't look a day over that age. But we rather expect that the reality of women in our time—a thirty-two-year-old shooting off into space, an eighty-four-year-old producing *(Continued on page 560)*

tails, next to last pages

If you're only as old as you feel, maybe you're also only as old as you look. But since we're all feeling and looking so much "younger" these days, it may be time for a new definition—revised and adjusted to our current state of fitness and health—of just what each age is supposed to feel and look like...

(Continued from page 559)
monumental sculptures, grandmothers (or women old enough to be grandmothers) running colleges, corporations, governments, marathons—tends to make mere numbers an increasingly inadequate, if not deceptive, guide to any age.

Apropos of this, a physician we know was discussing with the prospective surgeon the risks involved in performing a fairly extensive operation on his patient. "Tell me about her," said the surgeon. "She's seventy-four," said her physician. "Don't give me numbers," said the surgeon, "tell me what the woman is *like:* Is she a young seventy-four or an old seventy-four?"

In other words (if we may presume to read the surgeon's mind), are we talking about an old woman, or is this a person of zest and spirit, no more an old woman at seventy-four than the fictional Dolores was middle-aged at forty-five? Are we, in fact, talking about what has become almost a commonplace today: the woman who is young at any age—young in head, young in attitude, fit and resilient? She may or may not look younger than her chronological age, but if we think she does it's likely to be because that age no longer looks the way we remember it from old movies or magazines or our family album.

The pride of a local health club, for instance, is a woman of sixty-eight who has been coming to the club since it opened ten years ago. Three times a week she does the machines; every evening (she works days), she does forty-five minutes of calisthenics, followed by forty-five minutes of yoga and ten laps in the pool. Her body is not the body of the thirty-year-old at the next locker—but neither is it the body of the fifty-year-old who hasn't flexed a muscle since she cut her last gym class in high school. She is slim and neat. Her step is light and bouncy, her eyes sparkle, her skin is fresh. She looks terrific. Whether she looks younger than sixty-eight is another question . . . to which the answer may be (as it was for Gloria Steinem at forty): this is what sixty-eight looks like, now.

Certainly she looks young, in the same way that a fifty-four-year-old woman we know who recently took up roller-skating looks young, and another who got her pilot's license at sixty-two, and still another who started ballet lessons last year at forty-eight and is now at the intermediate level. All these women project an attitude that we associate with youthfulness: optimism, enthusiasm, and the nerve to try something new and challenging.

Lines are the last thing we notice in such women's faces but, sunscreens and collagen injections notwithstanding, some are bound to be there, since there is no known way to react to joy or pain or pressure or pleasure or a funny story without using one's facial muscles—except, perhaps, as we once heard a doctor advise women from thirty-five on: to forestall wrinkles, "reduce repeated facial expressions."

Frankly, we think that's a terrible idea. The most attractive face we know is a face with what Henry James called a point to it—full of life and feeling and intelligence. We've all seen the opposite (though less often than we used to, it seems to us)—grown women with faces as banal and empty of experience as a doll's, as if real life were too challenging to risk.

In a sense it is. It's also exhilarating, exciting, and deeply satisfying. And only in cloistered orders is there any way to avoid any of it. On the other hand, there is evidence lately that not all of life's trials are as harmful as we may have thought. A new study conducted at the Minneapolis Veterans Administration Medical Center, for example, suggests that in some people certain forms of stress—particularly those relating to fear and anger—may, by increasing the body's output of a natural opiate called beta-endorphins, stimulate anti-tumor lymphocyte cells that in turn help to activate the immune system and thereby may aid the body in fighting cancer.

The truth of the matter is that if we are going to live any length of time at all—and statistics tell us that we will probably live a great deal longer than any previous generation of women—it's best to face the fact that life is never likely to be (and perhaps shouldn't be), in the phrase of the day, "no problem." Inevitably, there are going to be situations that will demand of you at eighty no less energy and stamina than they did at twenty. Be smart about yourself. . . . As Adolph Zukor, Paramount Pictures head, is supposed to have said in his hundredth year, not entirely in jest, "If I had known I was going to live this long, I'd have taken better care of myself."

IN HER PRIME: MURIEL GARDINER

People who tie themselves up in knots wondering how modern women can have it all will marvel at Muriel Gardiner, an eighty-one-year-old psychoanalyst quietly living the life of an activist in Pennington, New Jersey. In her recently published book *Code Name "Mary"* (Yale), she reveals, with startling cool, how she spent her early thirties: raising a child alone, earning a medical degree, and smuggling dissidents out of Nazi-occupied Vienna—the only American woman in the pre-World War II Austrian Resistance.

If her story—crossing borders with false passports, risking Gestapo spot checks—sounds like familiar fiction, it's because Muriel Gardiner is most probably the model for Julia, Lillian Hellman's brave, unwavering golden girl in *Pentimento* (played in the movie *Julia* by Vanessa Redgrave). Their similarities, at the very least, are striking: both came from wealthy families, attended Oxford, went to medical school in Vienna, and gave away most of their money and possessions. Mainly, both were strong, clear-headed fighters, armed with ceaseless energy, vibrant spirit, and an instinctive impulse to rescue the endangered.

"I was scared to death a few times," Gardiner admits, "but it was something I had to do." Today, active on nuclear and environmental issues, Gardiner attends psychoanalytic conferences, travels, swims daily. As the world tumbles seemingly out of control, she remains bracing proof that the individual still makes an impact.

Kathleen Blumenfeld

Survival

Your lifetime health depends on the changes you make—from diet to drugs to snapping on your seat belt

BY SHARI MILLER

Science has proven it: you are in large part responsible for the length—and health—of your life. Heredity plays a part, certainly; but your own habits can add—or subtract—years. Starting the right behavior early on is the best idea; but our bodies have an almost endless capacity for self-repair, and changing habits at any age can make for real rewards, for visible improvements in health and energy, and can give you a longer lease on a *better* life.

The facts: a woman's average life expectancy has now reached 77.6 years—almost a full eight years longer than a man's. What we also have going for us: longer vitality, higher energy, and bodies better equipped to resist chronic stress. These natural advantages, however, do not change the facts: that major life decisions are really up to you. You choose what to eat and to drink, how much to move—how, in essence, to take care of yourself.

By educating yourself for survival—learning how your body works—you can make decisions that will keep it working better and longer. Some of the advice you've heard before, but all of it is the reality: there's no "magic"; you are it. Taking responsibility will help you to achieve and maintain a truly healthy "balance," and to enjoy all the different—and best!—times of your life

WORKING PARTS

Our bodies are constructed to last *more* than a lifetime—and some scientists are predicting that, if we take care of ourselves, we may someday expect to live to one and one-half times today's average life span and to die, not from disease, but from simple old age. And it appears the durable, wearable human body, with its high-quality cells, tissues, and organs, is built to stay the course.

YOUR HEART: A tough, fistlike organ that will beat more than three billion times in an ordinary lifetime, a healthy heart probably could go on for millions more, spared from circulatory diseases or lethal accident. And the heart news is good: heart-disease deaths have dropped by 20 percent in the past decade.

Like other body tissues, the heart changes—but very gradually—as life goes on. There is gradual loss of muscle fibers, gradual gain of fat and protein granules stepping in to replace muscle tissues. But advancing age does *not* diminish your cardiac fitness, recent studies show; not if you stay active and well. In vigorous exercise, younger people respond by increasing their heart rates. In older hearts, beats per minute do not increase as much, but the amount of blood pumped at each heartbeat is greater.

Atherosclerosis: build-up of fatty plaques inside blood vessels—a consequence of aging? No; on the contrary, it's a disease to be prevented and, if need be, treated by drugs or surgery. Good diet, exercise, checkups are well rewarded.

Blood pressure: gradual, moderate rising with age is usual in our country—but not an inevitable physical fact. In other cultures, blood pressures don't rise with age, may even decline. For such people, risk of heart attack plummets.

YOUR LUNGS: With reasonable care and freedom from disease, your lungs should last all your days without failing you. Their three hundred million air sacs of gossamer membrane one cell thick are a generous measure. You could get adequate oxygen on a fraction of their incredible surface area, the extent of a floor twenty-seven by thirty feet.

A gradual loss of vital capacity—the amount of air you can expel after filling lungs to the maximum—has been related to aging. But caused by aging? We don't know. Many age-associated factors reflect only what happens to most people, not what inevitably must happen. Lung problems with age are a cumulative matter: pollution, infection, smoking (see page 565).

YOUR DIGESTIVE SYSTEM: The performance of digestive organs tends to change very little as years go by, if not neglected or misused. Nutrients continue to be absorbed about as well in the elderly as in younger people. The stomach's secretion of hydrochloric acid and some other enzymes may decrease slightly. With advancing age, fat absorption may be reduced, a possible reason why people in their mid-eighties and nineties are thin. Another possibility: being thin initially may be one ticket to reaching ninety.

Digestive problems associated with but no fault of aging: constipation, from inadequate bulk or fiber in the diet; indigestion owing to bad teeth, from dental neglect; stomach distress and poor nutritional condition from bad eating habits and the habitual use of laxatives, of antacids, and of other digestive aids. *(Continued on page 598)*

FAT: "While some fat is crucial to life, if a woman eats more than two to four ounces of red meat three or four times a week, or has fried foods more than three times during that period, she's eating too much saturated fat for her health," said George L. Blackburn, M.D., Ph.D., associate professor of surgery, Harvard Medical School and director, Nutrition Support Service, New England Deaconess Hospital.

Substituting margarine for butter, using less salad dressing (if there's any left in the bowl when you've finished the salad, that's too much, said Dr. Blackburn), and always broiling, never frying food can cut out more fat than you'd think, and are simple health switches that can help you extend your life.

"One of the biggest sources of saturated fat in our diets is in the 'hidden' food group of sauces and gravies," said Dr. Blackburn. "If you're eating these at more than three meals during the week, you're overdoing it."

Can too little fat be dangerous? Yes, if you're on a strict Zen macrobiotic diet, for example. "As it is, most of us underestimate the fat—and its extra calories—that we currently have in our diet, and could easily reduce it," Dr. Blackburn noted.

SUGAR: "The typical American woman eats 100 grams of sugar daily, an amount that should be cut by at least one-third," said Dr. Blackburn.

The more sugar we eat, the more dental caries we're likely to have, and the less likely we are to keep our teeth—and the integrity of the bones of the jaw—intact.

Sugar also seems to stimulate our bodies to "lay down" fat, increasing the "aging" of our muscles, including the heart. A diet high in sugar is directly associated with adult-onset diabetes, a disease that impairs the body's ability to repair itself as we age.

"How much sugar a woman eats is also important as an indicator of what she is not eating. A high-sugar diet tends to be low in the 'good' complex carbohydrates and, as a result, unhealthfully low in fiber," said Dr. Blackburn.

"Also, sugary foods cause the body to retain water, a particular problem for women during their menstrual cycles. Limiting your intake of sweets can greatly increase your comfort."

SALT: The major concern over too much salt in the diet is its link to high blood pressure—a condition much more common in men than in women. Still, salt does play a part in uncomfortable water retention and poses more of a risk to women with a family history of hypertension, or those who are overweight or have passed menopause, when the protective effects of estrogen against heart disease have ended.

The major sources of salt in our diets: processed foods, more and more of which now list salt content on their labels. Low-salt versions of many prepared foods are now on store shelves, making it easier to cut back on salt without sacrificing convenience.

DIET MINUSES

Over-the-counter medications, particularly antacids, are sometimes also high in salt, so check labels.

VITAMIN "OVERKILL": "In healthy people in the United States today, we are seeing more health problems from vitamin oversupplementation than from vitamin deficiencies. Vitamins, taken in large quantities, act as drugs, and can be as dangerous as taking too much of any *(Continued on page 598)*

Eating a balanced diet, scientists are learning, could prevent more than half of the diseases in this country. The right diet could lengthen our lives, keep us slim and strong longer, help maintain our resistance to heart, kidney, colon diseases, and to cancer.

What is this "magic" anti-aging, anti-cancer formula? "*For women, two important factors are keeping your diet low in fat and high in calcium.* The most healthy diet also seems to mean eating a good deal less than most women eat now. In laboratory studies, animals who were underfed by as much as one-third lived longer than those who ate as much as they chose. It is likely that some caloric restriction also benefits human health," said Dr. Rivlin.

A diet low in fat has been shown to decrease risk of cancer (especially of breast and colon) as well as heart disease. Eating low-fat protein sources (fish, poultry, beans) makes it easier to keep weight down, another factor that may help you to live longer (although new studies suggest that *slight* weight gain with age may lower a woman's risk of osteoporosis and be better for her general health). Eating less fat means that the balance of your diet should shift to include more complex carbohydrates, more cereals, bread, pasta, and more fiber—to stave off constipation.

"Upping American women's calcium intake substantially may be one of our biggest health concerns," said Dr. Rivlin. Why? Osteoporosis—the thinning of bones that makes post-menopausal women so vulnerable to hip, knee, and leg fractures—could be prevented in many cases if women increased calcium intake and daily exercise early in life (*before* age thirty-five). Best calcium sources are milk products—a problem for older women who develop adult-onset lactose intolerance (milk allergy). For these, calcium supplementation, up to 1 to 2 grams daily, may be the answer.

Eating for your age means being aware of the special diet demands that pregnancy, nursing, and taking the Pill can make. Effects of exercise on diet are mainly beneficial, in that we use the calories we consume more efficiently when we are in shape. Exercise does not necessarily increase our need for protein, contrary to popular belief. What it may increase: our bodies' needs for B_2 (riboflavin), although this is now controversial, as research has shown that riboflavin *deficiency* inhibits the growth of certain cancers—and that increasing riboflavin in the diet in deficient animals *increased* the numbers of spontaneous tumors of the breast. What this means in practical terms: that moderation may turn out to be best.

After age thirty-five, subtle hormonal changes leading to menopause begin in a woman's body: "A woman should start decreasing her protein intake further, as the protein digestive process leaches calcium from the body. At any age, a woman should be aware that both phosphorus (found in colas, some meats) and dietary fiber can inhibit calcium absorption, so that a hamburger and soda may not be the best meal combination,"

DIET PLUSES

said Estelle Ramey, M.D., Ph.D., professor of physiology and biophysics, Georgetown University School of Medicine.

For many younger women, weight loss can become more than a concern and turn into an obsession. Estimates of the prevalence of eating disorders such as anorexia (self-starvation) and bulimia (the binge-purge syndrome) show that as many as one-fifth of all college-age women suffer from one of these problems. Knowing when to stop dieting, to seek professional advice, is crucial. ▽

MOVEMENT: Staying active is not only a way to stay young, it helps to maintain a woman's physical and mental well-being and to strengthen her heart, lungs, muscles, and bones. Exercise can also act as a natural "de-stresser," helping a woman to cope with the many demands of modern life.

What's more, scientists are learning that women may "need" exercise more than men do, as osteoporosis is mainly a woman's problem, and may largely be prevented with regular exercise and calcium intake (see "Diet Pluses"). "Physical activity can also help a woman to keep her weight down and avoid obesity-associated conditions like heart disease," said NYU's geriatric specialist Michael Freedman, M.D.

Exercise can also keep your body looking younger longer. "A woman who moves easily, who has a firm, erect body looks young at any age. And the good posture essential to exercise carries over to a woman's daily movements, helping her to stand, sit, and walk in a younger way. Also, physical fitness helps to maintain mental alertness," said fitness expert Marjorie Craig of the Elizabeth Arden salons, who works with women of all ages in her exercise classes.

Many women also find that setting goals and challenging their bodies makes them feel that there is "a lot of life ahead of them," said Lydia Bach of the Lotte Berk Method. "Pride in your body instills pride in yourself. And being physically fit at forty or fifty can make a woman feel younger than when she was twenty."

Just how much exercise does a woman need? "Most experts now realize that total fitness involves flexibility, muscle strength, and aerobic, or cardiovascular, health. Each week should include work in each of these areas; and if possible, a woman should work with a qualified instructor to develop a program that is right for her," said Kenneth Cooper, M.D., founder of The Aerobics Center, Dallas.

Past thirty-five, it seems, our bodies actually get *more* benefits from the same amount of exercise, so maintaining your fitness can improve your health as you age. Of course, past sixty-five, you may need to shift from strenuous aerobic activity to more stretching and flexibility work, although some women can continue the same workouts seemingly forever.

"The key at any age is to keep moving, and to do exercise that leaves you feeling better than when you began, more vital, and that makes you want to come back for more," said Marjorie Craig. "A woman should develop a love of movement, of fitness, at a young age. That way, she'll never be willing to stop being in shape." *(More on exercise and fitness levels, pages 552-557)*

CONTROL: A sense of being at the helm, of having power over the course of your life, is proving to be essential to women's survival—and to their enjoyment of their new longevity.

"For more and more women, reaching their forties is a time for a whole new beginning, in forging both personal and career goals. There is more flexibility today than ever before. A woman can have children in her thirties, go to college at fifty, start a new career in her sixties. Even if a woman today doesn't choose to compete in a so-called man's world, the knowledge that she can, and that other women are being successful at it, gives her a real sense of confidence. This sense of control, science is proving, is the real elixir of life," said Georgetown University physiologist Dr. Ramey, who points to studies of women in nursing homes that showed that women who were able to determine their own schedules, their own meal times and daily activities, had a lower death rate as a group than those women whose days were planned for them.

Many women today perceive of getting older as a chance to do more, not less. "At the age of sixty-one, I'm taking on more projects, am willing to risk more than I ever was even twenty years ago. I feel that I'm embarking on the most exciting stage of my life; I have a new confidence that comes from truly knowing myself, knowing my good points and my bad. I have also gained an awareness that aging is a myth, and one I don't want to participate in," said Deborah Szekely, founder of The Golden Door and Rancho La Puerto spas.

Another benefit women are reaping from staying active: a new interaction between different generations of women. The forty-five-year-old woman who is beginning law school has a new opportunity to interact with women who are half her age. "By the time you reach your forties," says Dr. Ramey, "you realize that there are experiences and insights that you would like to share. The new mobility of women makes it possible for much more of this valuable sharing to go on." *(For more on aging and attitude, see page 559)*

RELATIONSHIPS: "One of the reasons that women outlive men may be that they are better at maintaining lifelong friendships, both within and outside of marriage. Men, on the other hand, seem to rely primarily on their wives as their only close friends, with the result that, if they are widowed, men are left more truly alone. In laboratory studies, sociability was proven to be one of the factors that could help to extend an animal's life by threefold. So women, by maintaining friendships, may literally extend their lives," said Dr. Freedman.

"When a woman is young, it is easy to be independent," said Lydia Bach. "But once you reach your forties, having the right man behind you, encouraging your successes and your confidence, makes all the difference in the world."

Maintaining a satisfactory sex life means different things to different women—but it is clear that the sense of touch, of being touched, is vital. Some studies show that many women lose interest in sex after sixty; others, that a woman's sexual capacity peaks in the thirties and continues long afterwards.

"Sexuality continues throughout life, but goes through changes. At every age, human beings need physical closeness, touching and stroking, intimacy. The need for affection is a particularly human need—and one that is essential for physical and mental health," said Dr. Freedman. "More important than any particular interest in or frequency of sexual relations is that a woman continue to enjoy some form of intimacy throughout her life, whether with a friend or lover. The sharing is what keeps us alive."

SELF-HEALTH: "Perhaps the most important step that a woman can take to safeguard her health is to develop a partnership with her physician. Today, well over half of all cancers, the major causes of death in women, can be cured if caught early. How often each woman needs particular diagnostic tests can be determined by a physician who knows her family history and her personal health profile," said Dr. Freedman.

HEALTH POSITIVES

Evidence of the new awareness, both within the medical community and in the public, that a woman's habits, along with heredity, serve to determine her health: the computerized "health age" test used by the Indiana State Health Department and family *(Continued on page 599)*

HEALTH NEGATIVES

ALCOHOL: Research that points to benefits—decreased risk of heart disease, even longer life spans—from moderate amounts of alcohol (about two one-ounce drinks daily) is causing a great deal of controversy now. Even experts who accept these findings stress that they are *not* a reason for a woman who does not drink to start. The reason: alcohol is a drug, perhaps the most dangerous addictive drug—and one that as many as two and one-quarter million American women, primarily well educated and wealthy, currently abuse.

Also of real concern, the dangers of the alcohol/pregnancy mix: "While no danger has been proven from one drink a day, heavy drinking can cause severe psychological and neurological damage to a developing child," said Henry L. Rosett, M.D., director of the Fetal Alcohol Education Program, Boston University School of Medicine.

The most conservative advice: stop drinking as soon as you *think* you are pregnant, but even stopping or cutting down on alcohol consumption as late as mid-pregnancy, greatly increases your chances of having a healthy child.

As many as half of all automobile accidents are alcohol-related; don't drink—even lightly—if you'll be driving. Be aware, too, that even light drinking can be dangerous, even fatal, when combined with prescription or over-the-counter medications. And that "resistance" to alcohol, as to any drug, lessens as you age.

The "benefit" most women seek from alcohol is the feeling of calm, of happiness, that can follow a drink. The catch: within hours after drinking, your feelings drop, causing depression, anxiety, nervousness. A better way to unwind: with exercise, yoga, reading a good book, even going to the movies. They're not as 'instant,' but they'll help you live longer than will drinking.

SMOKING: The fourteen million American women who have given up smoking—and the forty-six million who've never smoked—have made a real difference in their health. Nonsmokers are twice as likely to live beyond age sixty-five as are smokers, and they have a fraction of the risk of developing lung cancer—which is about to surpass breast cancer as the number-one cause of death among American women, and the most preventable one.

Also apparent: "That smoking directly contributes to heart disease, and poses a serious risk for women on the Pill, who increase their risk of stroke some twenty fold by smoking a pack of cigarettes a day," said William G. Cahan, M.D., thoracic surgeon, The Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, NYC.

A recent study at Emory University adds cervical cancer to the list of smoking-related diseases, indicating that women who have smoked for twelve years increase their risk almost thirteen-fold. Studies also show that the more than twenty-four million American women who smoke spend 17 percent more days ill in bed than do their sixty million nonsmoking counterparts. Switching to low-nicotine brands, it seems, isn't any better, as smokers "compensate" by smoking more, inhaling more deeply.

Pregnant smokers increase their risk of miscarriage and stillbirth by up to 70 percent, depending on how much they smoke, and their babies are more likely to die within the first weeks of life. Frightening news: "Smoking may cause genetic damage that increases the incidence of hyperactivity and abnormal brain function among offspring of both female *and* possibly even male smokers," said Lawrence Longo, M.D., director, division of perinatal biology, Loma Linda University School of Medicine.

Good news: Quitting smoking has real payoffs. Almost as soon as you stop smoking, your heart and lungs begin to regenerate—and within ten to fifteen years, it's almost as if you'd never smoked. Stopping before the fourth month of pregnancy returns your chances of normal delivery to that of a nonsmoker, and may also allow smoking-induced neurological and behavioral changes within the fetus to correct themselves.

While quitting isn't easy—and nicotine-withdrawal symptoms can include mood swings and sleep disturbances—one fear that many women have is unfounded: that, once you stop smoking, you'll substitute food for cigarettes and gain weight. In one study, one-third of the women who stopped smoking did gain some weight within the first year, but one-third maintained the same weight and another third actually *lost* weight after they quit smoking. The "secret" of the women whose weight didn't increase: their new interest in, and ability to, exercise regularly. Giving up smoking, for them, was a double health booster.

DRUGS: Women today are more likely than ever before to have problems with drugs. In studies of federally and state-funded drug-treatment programs during 1981, women made up more than half of the patients being treated for tranquilizer abuse, almost one-quarter of those seeking help for marijuana and cocaine dependencies, and over one-quarter of the patients addicted to heroin.

"Any drug has a benefit/risk ratio—and the dangers of drug abuse include death. For a pregnant woman to take any drug that is not absolutely essential to her health is downright foolish," said Herbert Kleber, M.D., professor of psychiatry, Yale University School of Medicine and director of the Substance Abuse Unit at the Connecticut Mental Health Center in New Haven.

"What we are seeing today is more and more upper-middle-class, well-educated, successful women who are turning to drugs to help them cope with increased pressures within their lives. Fortunately, it also seems that women are becoming more willing to seek professional help for their problems."

• **Prescription drugs** can become a problem when a woman finds so much pleasure in a drug's effects that she doesn't want to give it up, which is often the case with tranquilizers like Valium and Librium.

"Scientists have learned that Valium actually builds up in the body even when taken for as short a period of time as a week. Stopping the drug suddenly can then cause anxiety, irritability, and sleep disturbances, often the very symptoms that the drug is first prescribed to combat," says Dr. Kleber. "For this reason, doctors are now trying to gradually withdraw the use of such drugs rather than cut them out suddenly."

Tranquilizers have long been known to interact dangerously with alcohol, and new studies indicate that birth-control pills may make tranquilizers stay in the body longer, thus increasing the withdrawal symptoms.

Stimulants or amphetamines are no longer prescribed for any but the shortest-term weight-reduction programs because of their serious side effects, which became evident in the 1970s. As their prescription has lessened, so has their abuse.

• **"Recreational" drugs** are "truly a danger because women do not acknowledge the harm that they can cause," says Dr Kleber. "Cocaine can cause psychoses, paranoia, damage *(Continued on page 599)*

Age makes no difference

BY SHIRLEY LORD

beauty report 1983

When do we start to age? Recent research shows our skin actually starts to age just after adolescence. But there's a question of greater importance to many: when aging starts to *show*, what, if anything, can be done about it? During the last few years, the cosmetics industry has been mobilizing its considerable forces to find better solutions to the problems connected with aging skin.

Recently, at the first skin-care forum ever conducted by Chesebrough-Pond's, makers of Vaseline products, Barbara A. Gilchrest, M.D., the highly respected associate professor of dermatology at Tufts University School of Medicine, explained, "Today's heightened interest in aging is due in part to the fact that we as a country are older. By the year 2030, it is predicted, 20 percent of the population, one in five, will be sixty-five or older. Robert Butler, the first director of the National Institute of Aging, has called it 'the greying of America.'"

For an industry that for decades climbed to giddy heights with beauty products predicated on the needs and whims of a young—under twenty-five years old—audience, these sobering facts are already having a major impact at the nation's beauty counters, where skin care is unequivocably the name of the game.

More important for everyone of every age: this voracious demand for better and more efficacious skin care has led to an unprecedented number of large grants from leading cosmetics companies—Estée Lauder, L'Oréal, Revlon, and Avon among them—to universities eager and willing to undertake research programs in basic biochemistry, in particular that of aging skin.

"There are many aspects of aging that are not initially skin-related yet have an impact on how you appear and so how you feel about yourself," says Alayne Zatulove, vice president/scientific director of products for Estée Lauder. "Changes in your body's circulation ultimately alter your skin; but with this knowledge, you can be prepared to take steps with cosmetic treatment *(Continued on page 568)*

Alluring to men of any age: the appeal of a beautiful woman...

On these eight pages: a look "through the ages" at the highly various and often ambiguous nature of relationships. Here: a decidedly provocative relationship—between wearing black and exposing bare skin; between wearing black and the makeup that complements it for evening: a new approach that centers on a light-handed application that provides a very finished look.

Another focal point: a deeply colored mouth—an agelessly provocative symbol—that this fall balances a softer makeup for eyes. The makeup here, all from Christian Dior's Feux Follets collection: Mandragore lips and a blending of soft Bronze Pompeii and Brun Electra shadows on the eyelids, with the slightest shimmer of gold from the Gold Fusion four-color eyeshadow palette.

When it comes to hair: it's as finished as the makeup. The cast: Mike Maurillo; Andie MacDowell. Black suede jacket by Mario Valentino. Earrings, Wendy Gell Jewelry. These eight pages: Hair cut and styled by John Sahag; makeup, Alberto Fava; manicures, Elisabeth Drabinski of Christiana and Carmen, NYC. Details, last pages.

Denis Piel

(Continued from page 566) and with exercise. Some evidence suggests that increasing the supply of oxygen, for example, may be a key factor in younger-looking skin; and that means doing more exercise to increase body heat and blood flow to the skin's surface. Exercise may affect skin in many ways, for the increased oxygenation it produces probably speeds up internal 'cleansing,' clearing away cellular debris faster." (Skin studies currently being carried out in Russia by Moscow's Institute of Beauty indicate athletes in vigorous training appear to have "better"—stronger—collagen, responsible for skin firmness, than non-athletes.)

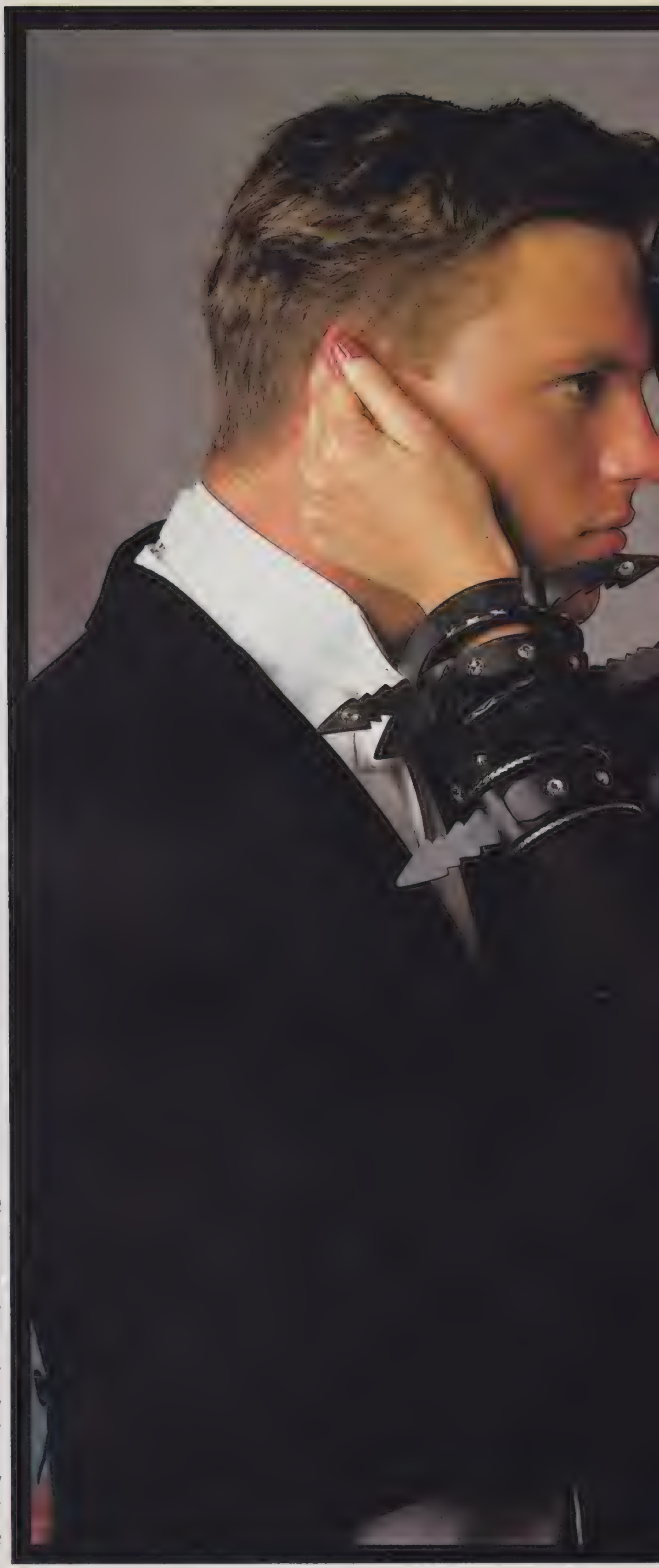
As Robert Buxbaum, M.D., wrote in an article in a recent Harvard Medical School Health Letter ". . .inactivity can produce many of the changes that we identify as 'aging.' Some decline in our functions with age is probably inevitable, but inactivity makes matters worse. No matter what your level of fitness, you can improve it at any age with regular participation in exercise. . . . Exercised muscles become more efficient in using oxygen from the blood and thus they can do more work without putting as great a demand on the heart. . . . It has been well known that the pull of a muscle on young bone stimulates it to acquire calcium—the mineral that gives it strength. For example, bones in the playing arm of a tennis player may have much more calcium than those of the other arm."

In the opinion of Lindsay Owen-Jones, president of Cosmair, the U.S. licensee for Lancôme and L'Oréal, it is the new-found ability to measure with absolute accuracy (and then compute the findings) the various effects of elements/biochemicals/physical tests on the skin that has brought about such enormous progress even in recent months as opposed to years. "There's a huge difference between thinking you've achieved something and being able to prove it with irrefutable data," he said. "Metrology—the science of measurement—is the one area where I feel we've progressed the most because today we can easily measure skin elasticity, firmness, sebum secretion, moisture content—facts of *(Continued on page 572)*

A beautiful woman's power: the ability to provoke a man or two...

The power of makeup: the ability to enhance any woman's natural beauty—increasingly, what we demand of makeup in lieu of concealment. You see it in action here, on model Rosemary McGrotha—engaged with the Stoltz twins—again, the stronger mouth, subtler eyes, and just enough blusher to define the cheekbones without adding the distraction of "more" color. Winewood mouth, eyes rimmed with Navy Trim eyeliner and deepened at the outer corners with Blueprint Blue shadow, Candlelit Rose blusher—all from Estée Lauder's Color Graphics collection.

With a look this polished: polished hair—straight, sleek, and blunt, with the interest—the charm—of upswept bangs. More power: black for night—OMO Norma Kamali's enticing lace dress. Earrings, Pauletta Brooks. Bracelets, wrist to cuff, Sherry Mills at Janet Norem. Joel Powell Designs. Details, stores, see last pages.



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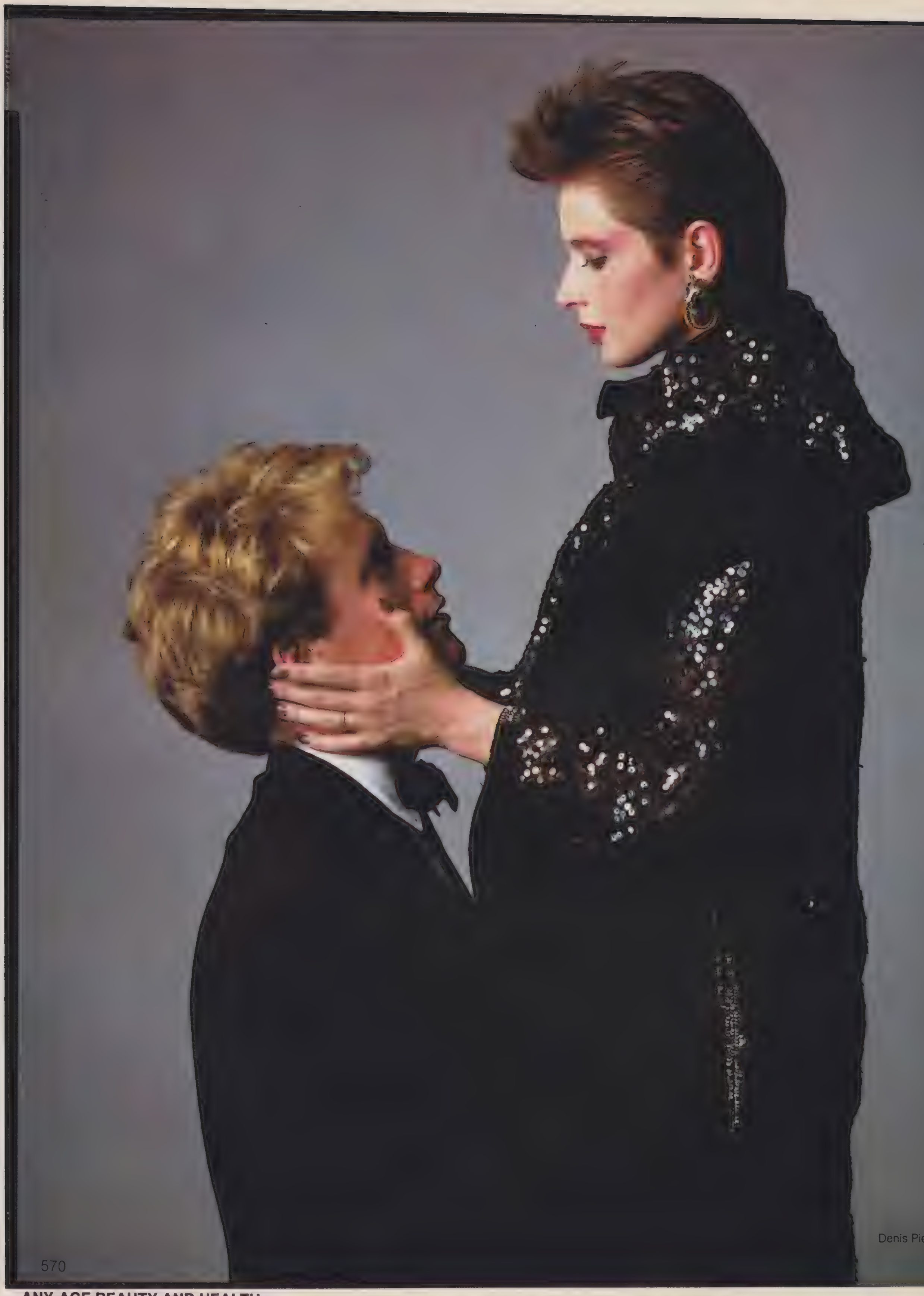

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Denis Piel

A different age, different circumstances...

. . . But the appeal remains constant: the appeal of a woman in black, of makeup that's unobtrusive but delivers a decidedly visible polish, hair that's sleek and clean-lined, with a bit of whimsy in the front: it's an attractiveness that can make a man fall to his knees! You see it, opposite page, on Isabella Rossellini—a darkened mouth, the eyelid gently shadowed with color that extends over the eyebrow to the hairline—a continuation of a striking new placement of color. On the nails: a difference to watch for—a color that's in the same family as the lipstick, but of a slightly softer tone. Lancôme's Mocha Rouge mouth, Silversmoke Fawn/Taupe Vert/Plum Ruby eyes, Cooled Lilac Nails.

In the family here: Isabella's husband Jon Wiedemann and about-to-be-born daughter Eletra Ingrid. The black velvet caftan with sequined cardigan and scarf by Zoran.

The relationship in question, this page, between Rob Russell and Wanakee . . . with more of the seductive spirit of black worn against bare skin, and of a more brilliant touch of makeup at night—the time to exercise the option of shimmer: strong eye colors that "pale in comparison" to an intense red on the mouth. Revlon's Billionaire Blue shadow highlighted with Superfrost Pink, Wine Dynasty lipstick. The black evening gown that plunges to the waist in front—a knockout by Calvin Klein. Earrings, both pages, Wendy Gell Jewelry. Details, stores, last pages.

(Continued from page 568) every kind, fed into computers,then tell us objectively exactly what is happening. It means the cosmetics industry now has the means to identify and to measure the most finite aspects of aging and can make valid comparisons between untreated and treated skin.

"Since we have begun to know what the problems are, we have begun the long haul to try to find solutions, antidotes. For example, skin thickness is now measured with echo waves, which work the way a sonar on a ship works, giving depth perception . . . and from studies measuring typical epidermis thickness we know that skin can start aging at puberty."

Mr. Owen-Jones continued, "Of course, the end result of today's highly sophisticated measuring 'equipment' is obviously better products, which come to the consumer with totally tried and tested track records."

An example is Lancôme's Progrès Plus, which has been proved—and demonstrated again and again with the most modern technology—to reduce the length and depth of wrinkles. A. John Penicnak, Ph.D., senior vice president of corporate science at Cosmair, explained, "Over a ten-week period of product use, we used two methods to test the skin of one hundred women at different intervals. Exact replicas of facial impressions were made with special rubberized polymers, then measured with a stylus attached to an integrating calculator to record all changes. They were then checked again with 'image analysis,' a 'shadow' method of measurement first used by NASA to determine the best landing sites for lunar spaceships! The most reassuring part of the tests came about when what we knew to be true in technical terms was corroborated by the participants, who could *see* results for themselves."

Mr. Owen-Jones went on, "At this point, I feel it's important to stress that although we have a product clinically proven to reduce the length and depth of wrinkles, we still don't know what a wrinkle really is or what causes it. Histopathology reveals no difference between the cells in a 'wrinkle' and the cells on the smooth areas of the skin. In other words, we have to acknowledge that, in addressing the problems *(Continued on page 604)*

At any age, in any relationship: a need for reflection...

. . . On the power, the excitement of a woman's beauty: unquestionable in black that reveals an expanse of bareness, with makeup so light-handed it demands—and highlights—well-cared-for skin. Here, on Suzy Amis, makeup from Yves Saint Laurent Beauté: mouth darkened with a rich strawberry lipstick (#40); the eyes shadowed with Powder Duo #45, rose and chestnut lifted with intriguing bronze color derived from eyeshadow #12 extending up over the eyebrow.

With this much skin revealed, there's need for an even tone, achieved by extending foundation, diluted with water on a sponge, over shoulders, arms, across cleavage, so no demarcation lines exist.

The tightly fitted—tantalizing—black velvet bustier by Giorgio Sant'Angelo for Marjer. Earrings, Wendy Gell Jewelry. Reflecting on the situation: J. Frederick Smith. Details, last pages.

Denis Piel

The earth-toned makeup, *left*—
a combination of colors that are
softer, more sensual, contrasted
with the new look of a matte,
pale face, all from Merle Norman.
On the eyes, Florentine Rust
and Wall Street Greige shadows,
Black Olive eye-liner.
Cheeks brushed in Elegant Sepia,
lips lined in Bronze, colored
in Rich Chestnut. Hair,
these ten pages, Christophe Carita.
Fashion details, last pages.

In Venice...

When you're dealing with attractive all-weather clothes, there's no setting more appropriate than the rainy season in Venice. That's the time—and the place—for the "intrigue" worked out on the following pages, all photographed by Deborah Turbeville. Here, amid scenes of mystery—with a constant undercurrent of something about to happen—the range of casual looks stands out: from the most sophisticated evolution of warm-up shapes to new versions of layering, even the occasional hit of bright color—all with a new sense of size, of scale, all enhanced by the aura of Venice—all looks that hold their own, no matter what!

...dressing, weather or not

In Venice, at a certain time of year, a certain time of day, an indescribable experience. The city, sliced by canals, peppered with islands, illuminated by a special quality of light, reflected on rippling water, stone façades.... All in all, the perfect escape, the calm after the summer crowds, summer rush—sailing along the broad ribbon of the Grand Canal

The fashion: Zoran's approach to all-weather dressing: the look of his wonderful, enveloping "poncho" in black ciré (about $800)—roomy, ample through the shoulders, and with narrowness underneath—the luxury of his black cashmeres: a hooded black pullover (about $600), narrow black pants (about $400). Barney's; Filene's, Chestnut Hill; Zoran, Washington D.C.; Linda Dresner, Troy, MI; Ultimo, Chicago; Magnum, Making these Venice pages, Eye Details, last pages.

In Venice...weather or not

In Venice...weather or not

Venice awash in morning light and shadows. A quiet moment alone (almost), and a city that invites lingering and promises unexpected attractions.

In Venice...weather or not

borah Turbeville

The allure of Venice—impossible mazes of unlit alleys and sunlit palaces . . . The allure of an afternoon walk, savoring the mysteries of the city. A "chance" meeting . . . disturbing memories . . . sudden recollections . . .

The fashion: with a charm all its own—and again, an appealing bigness of scale. From Norma Kamali, her bright, taxi-cab yellow slicker with a black/white flannel check lining ($156)—an OMO-emblem T-shirt ($30), matching flannel check "trumpet" skirt ($64). Bloomingdale's; Maas Brothers, Florida; Gidding-Jenny; Gantos, Detroit MI; Sakowitz; Nordstrom, Southern California. Man's black jogging suit, Agnes B. Details, see last pages.

And in the end, secrets revealed, motives explained. The final dilemma: to stay, in Venice—weather or not, to leave it all behind...

The fashion: more of the impact of bright color—real color—in a real Ralph Lauren "success," *below:* the big shape of his slickery red poncho, hooded, snapped, about $170. Here, over black stretch ski pants—an idea that's part of a whole new look in casual dressing—and a big black Shaker wool knit pullover sweater. Pants, about $178; sweater, about $118. Lord & Taylor; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Dallas; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Houston. . . .
Beauty Note: More of the effect of fall's new matte makeup—subtle, "muddied" colors, *right,* from Christian Dior: eyes brushed in Dior's Red/Gold Scarabée eyeshadows, lined all around in Deep Brown liner. The lip color: Mandragore on upper lip, Fabuleux on lower. Makeup here and on all ten pages of this portfolio, designed by Tyen. Fashion details, see last pages.

In Venice...weather or not

Deborah Turbeville

VOGUE'S

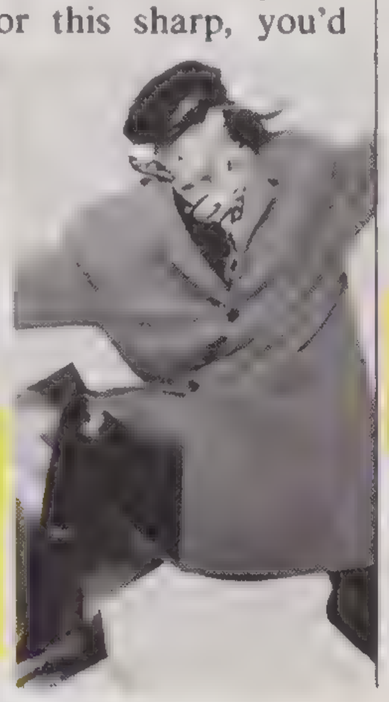
Last Word

ON FASHION IN THIS ISSUE

What works and what doesn't: when you want to give a lift to dark fall colors or have pleasure with brights . . . if you're warming up with layers or paring down under a big coat

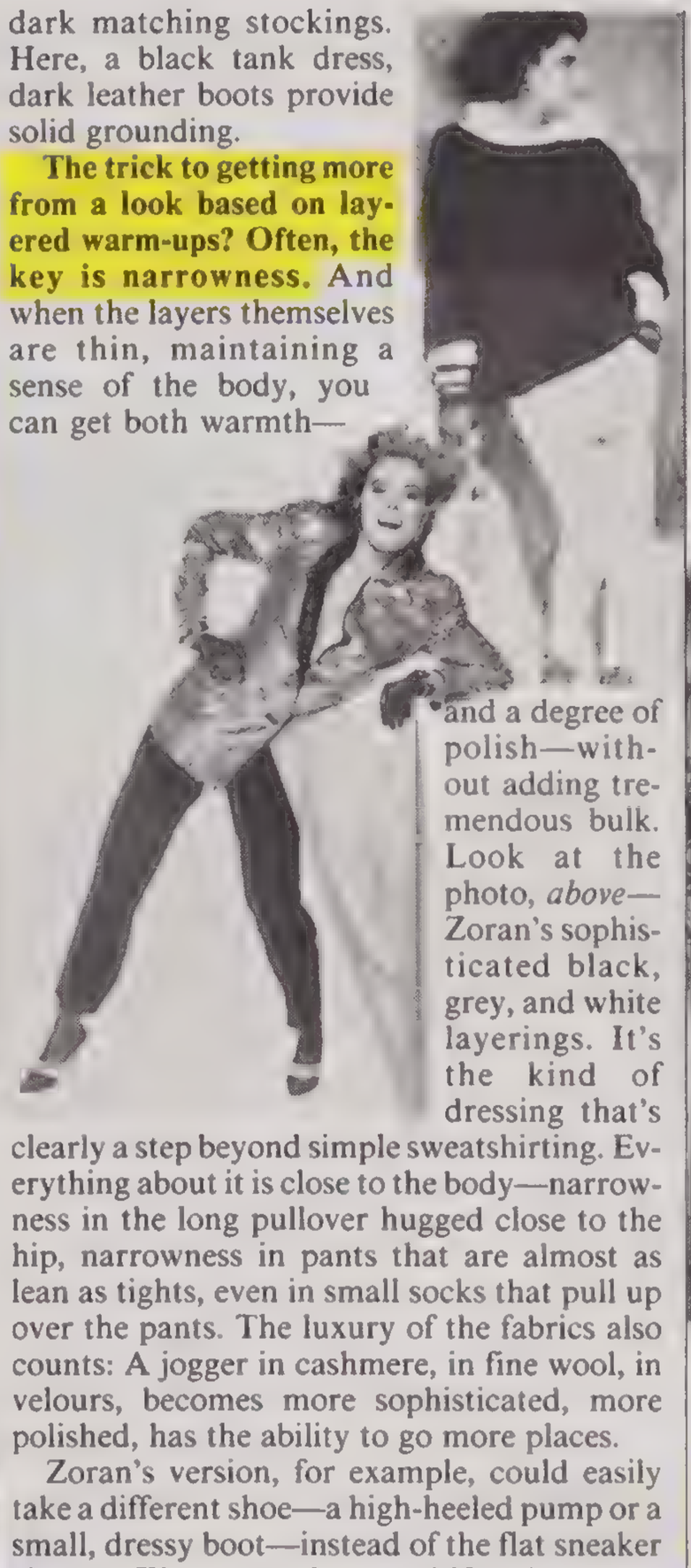
What works? In a season when blacks, greys, and darkened colors are so pervasive, a frequent result is the desire to relieve those tones by adding color. One obvious way to do that is with brights. **Another way to brighten black—equally effective but more low-key—is with shades bordering on neutrals, colors less bright than deep and more subtle.** In putting together some of the pages of this issue, we found that often colors borrowed from semiprecious stones gave us that effect: jade and malachite greens, carnelian red, cinnabar, the brown-gold of a topaz. Again and again, the addition of that element of strong, classic color—in the deep, rich tone of a heavy, sculpted cuff or, as here (*below, left*) in the red-brown shade of a leather belt with a gunmetal buckle (not gold or silver)—had a noticeable effect: brightening the darkness for us in a very attractive way.

Stephen Sprouse's neon-bright orange polo coat and fluorescent graffiti scarf, *below*, takes an opposite color tack: color that goes all the way. To make the point, we took the color-play to extremes—put bright against bright, just for the picture-taking. In real life, with any color this sharp, you'd



probably separate the elements—wear just the coat, just the scarf. . . . How to play this kind of color down? We found that **anything really bright usually works best anchored with black, another dark solid color, or with something very classic**—dark skirt, dark pumps, dark matching stockings. Here, a black tank dress, dark leather boots provide solid grounding.

The trick to getting more from a look based on layered warm-ups? Often, the key is narrowness. And when the layers themselves are thin, maintaining a sense of the body, you can get both warmth—



and a degree of polish—without adding tremendous bulk. Look at the photo, *above*—Zoran's sophisticated black, grey, and white layerings. It's the kind of dressing that's clearly a step beyond simple sweatshirting. Everything about it is close to the body—narrowness in the long pullover hugged close to the hip, narrowness in pants that are almost as lean as tights, even in small socks that pull up over the pants. The luxury of the fabrics also counts: A jogger in cashmere, in fine wool, in velours, becomes more sophisticated, more polished, has the ability to go more places.

Zoran's version, for example, could easily take a different shoe—a high-heeled pump or a small, dressy boot—instead of the flat sneaker shown. That one change shifts the mood quickly to another level of dressing.

Bringing proper pants—not warm-ups—up to the dressiest evenings, depends to a large extent not only on the jacket or top you wear with them but also on the shoe. Working with a variety of narrowed evening pants this month—in black velvet, in satin—no matter how casual the shape on top, a very dressed shoe defined the look. What worked for us most often was any kind of high-heeled shoe—satin pumps in black, in red, or, shoes with ornamentation. As for stockings, if the pants stop at the ankle (as the ones from Krizia do, *center below*), most women will find that stockings that are dark or opaque, or in a very small pattern in a tone that matches the pants look best: they keep the eye moving in an unbroken line. Stockings with a distracting pattern or in a contrasting color would stop the eye abruptly at the ankle.

What looks best under the big, long-haired furs so much in evidence this season?

In photographing a group of them for this issue (all foxes), we found that what worked best was invariably narrow and often black (*above left* and *right*): a soft black cashmere sweater, a black skirt that falls narrowly despite its length, skinny black leather jeans. **The general rule: under a big fur, keep everything else as lean as a whistle. And anything that's black or dark always looks leaner and longer.** Another point: Realize that often the natural markings of a fur constitute patterns in themselves. Bringing in any other pattern, then, could be confusing. The best bet: to keep everything underneath in solid tones—blacks, greys, any of the natural colors of the fur, or in a small menswear pattern. Whites—in a white muffler, a shirt—would also lighten up the look, but you probably wouldn't want to do much with any real color. With so much going on in terms of the fur itself—size, scale, pattern, and texture—adding an unrelated color could become one thing too many. ▽

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HEALTH *style*

"Health" vs. "chronological" age . . . good/bad relationships with food . . . daydreams: a mind break . . . reducing stress, upping energy . . . tension: is it contagious?

You can't remove all risk from life; but you can take steps to modify health habits (e.g., eat less fat; exercise regularly) and minimize hazards (wear seat belts!). Taking responsibility for your physical condition is a decision not only to improve health and well-being but to better the quality of your life as well. This quiz helps to determine your "health age" as opposed to your chronological age. If the test indicates your body is going "downhill" faster than need be, it could motivate you to make life-style changes now . . .

YOUR PERSONAL HEALTH INVENTORY

Directions: If you are uncertain, leave answer blank. Place scores (in parentheses) on lines provided in plus (+) or minus (—) columns. Total columns and subtract lower number from higher number to find the total (+ or —). To obtain your score, follow the instructions for calculating your "health age" at the end of the quiz.

LIFE STYLE INVENTORY

Disposition. Exceptionally good natured (—3); average (0); extremely tense, nervous most of the time (+6) _____

Exercise. Physically active employment or sedentary job with well-planned exercise program (—12); sedentary with moderate regular exercise (0); sedentary work, no exercise program (+12). _____

Home environment. Unusually pleasant, better-than-average family life (—6); average (0); unusual tension, family strife common (+9). _____

Job satisfaction. Above average (—3); average (0); discontented (+6). _____

Exposure to air pollution. Substantial (+9). _____

Smoking habits. Nonsmoker (—6); occasional (0); moderate, regularly smoking 20 cigarettes, 5 cigars or 5 pipefuls (+12); heavy, smoking 40 or more cigarettes daily (+24); marijuana, frequent (+24) _____

Alcohol habits. None or seldom (—6); moderate, less than 2 beers or 8 ounces of wine or 2 ounces whisky or hard liquor daily (+6); heavy, more than above (+24) _____

Eating habits. Drink skim or low fat milk only (—3); eat much bulky food (—3); heavy meat eater (three times a day) (+6); over 2 pats butter daily (+6); over 4 cups coffee/tea/cola daily (+6); usually add salt at table (+6). _____

Auto driving. Regularly less than 20,000 miles annually, always use seat belt (—3); regularly less than 20,000, belt not always worn (0); more than 20,000 (+12). _____

Drug habits. Use of street drugs (+36). _____

PHYSICAL INVENTORY

Weight. "Ideal" weight at age 20: _____ pounds. If current weight is more than 20 pounds over that, score (+6) for each 20 pounds. If same as age 20, or a gain of less than 10 pounds (—3). _____

Blood pressure. Under 40 years, if above 130/180 (+12); over 40 years, if above 140/90 (+12). _____

Cholesterol. Under 40 years, if above 220 (+6); over 40 years, if above 250 (+6). _____

Heart murmur. Not an "innocent" type (+24); with history of rheumatic fever (+48) _____

Pneumonia. If bacterial pneumonia more than 3 times (+6) _____

Asthma. (+6). _____

Rectal polyps. (+6). _____

Diabetes. Adult onset type (+18) _____

Depressions. Severe, frequent (+12). _____

Regular* medical checkup. Complete (—12); partial (—6). _____

Regular dental checkup. Twice yearly (—3). _____

*Regular refers to well people who have thorough medical exams at the following frequencies, according to age: 60 and up, every year; 50-60, every 2 years; 40-50, every 3 years; 30-40, every 5 years; 25-30, as required for jobs, military, etc.

FAMILY AND SOCIAL INVENTORY

Father. If alive and over 68 years, for each 5 years above 68 (—3); if alive and under 68 or dead after age 68 (0); if dead of medical causes (not accident) before 68 (+3). _____

Mother. If alive and over 73 years, for each 5 years above 73 (—3); if alive under 68 or dead after age 68 (0); if dead of medical causes (not accident) before 73 (+3). _____

Marital status. If married (0); unmarried and over 40 (+6) _____

Home. Large city (+6); suburb (0); farm or small town (—3). _____

FOR WOMEN ONLY

Family history of breast cancer. In mother or sister (+6). _____

Examines breasts monthly. (—6). _____

Yearly breast examination by physician (—6). _____

Pap smear yearly (—6) _____

YOUR SCORE

Chart total (+ or —)

(1) Divide chart total by 12 and enter with + or — _____

(2) Enter your current age.

Your medical age (Add or subtract figure 1 to or from figure 2). _____

Based on adaptation by the Health Education Center, Blue Cross and Blue Shield of Greater New York from *How To Be Your Own Doctor Sometimes!* by Keith W. Sehnert, M.D. with Howard Eisenberg. Grosset & Dunlop. Copyright © 1975, 1981 by Keith W. Sehnert, M.D. and Howard Eisenberg. Reprinted by permission of Grosset & Dunlop, a member of the Putnam Publishing Group. Photos: MICHEL COMTE. Hair: Howard Fuger; makeup: Pat Gobe.

At any given time, half of all Americans are on a diet

. . . watching what they eat . . . or switching back and forth between dieting and overeating.

This preoccupation produces distinctly unhealthy eating habits and, in extreme cases, dangerous disorders such as self-imposed starvation (anorexia nervosa) or binge/purge syndrome (bulimia).

"One of the first signs of trouble is an overconcern with body size or shape," says W. Stewart Agras, M.D., professor of psychiatry, director of the Eating Disorders Clinic, Stanford University Medical Center. "This results in two types of behavior: an overindulgence in exercise; and excluding from the diet certain food groups perceived as fattening.

"The victim forms food restrictions which, like the exercise, get more stringent," explains Dr. Agras. "What often happens is that when she breaks one of the rules, she says to hell with it and starts to binge." If it goes on for several years, such destructive behavior can be extremely difficult to treat; but if caught in the first few months, it can be quickly reversed. Early clues include:

● *Major weight changes.* The woman who loses twenty to twenty-five pounds in a few weeks is drastically restricting her diet.

● *Frequent weight fluctuations.* Repeatedly gaining and losing five to ten pounds is a sign of serious binge/purge behavior.

● *Preoccupation with food.* "Many of our patients tell us they are seldom not thinking of food," says Dr. Agras. "They often develop a real fear of food—particularly the avoided foods."

Dr. Agras also cautions against adhering to any fad diet that focuses on just one food group, such as fruits. "These regimens often begin dietary restrictions that lead to the temptation to eat, binge—the whole destructive cycle."

For help, write: National Anorexic Aid Society, Box 29461, Columbus OH 43229; National Association of Anorexia Nervosa and Associated Disorders, Box 271, Highland Park IL 60035.

mind

"Stop daydreaming," we've all been told, "it's a waste of time!" But is it? "It would be abnormal and unhealthy not to daydream," says Eric Klinger, Ph.D., a psychology professor at the University of Minnesota who has studied daydreams extensively. He estimates that the average person spends 30 to 40 percent of all waking time daydreaming, meaning spontaneous, undirected thought. Not only are daydreams useful tools for solving problems and rehearsing skills, they also may help the brain relax.

"Autobiographical accounts of people who experienced creative insights show that often those insights occurred during a daydreaming moment," Dr. Klinger says. "This suggests that daydreams are particularly fertile grounds for creative solutions to problems."

Studies suggest that daydream-like imagery can strengthen both social and physical skills, making people less shy, for example, or improving athletic ability.

Daydreaming also may be the brain's way of taking a break: people are more relaxed—with slower heart rates, more alpha brain waves—during periods of mental imagery than during more direct mental activity.

One pitfall of daydreaming is focusing on catastrophes that can strengthen fears. "Instead of daydreaming repeatedly about flying and crashing, and reinforcing your fear, one possible solution is to construct a daydream in which you are served Champagne and the plane arrives early."

Is it dangerous to daydream a lot? Not unless you do it while driving in heavy traffic. "It's a myth that if you daydream too much, you will lose contact with reality," Dr. Klinger maintains. "There's no evidence to support any kind of causal relationship. Many people daydream a great deal and manage to function well."

STRESS RELEASERS

It's easy to include in your environment elements other than pets that can be as relaxing, says Aaron H. Katcher, M.D., the University of Pennsylvania psychiatrist who reported the health benefits to be derived from pets. Gazing intently at anything that is visually interesting but completely nonthreatening tends to lower blood pressure and heart rate, Dr. Katcher adds. "We set up an environment where people could look at something that was constant, yet always changing—in this case, a tank of tropical fish. We measured large reductions in blood pressure and heart rate in people with normal pressure and in those with hypertension." Certain nonliving phenomena can have a similar effect: "Surf, a fire burning in the fireplace, a mobile, patterns of light and shade coming through a plant or tree have the same effect of attracting the eye, of always moving but never really changing, and of having no real content for the mind to process." If moving things are impractical, furnishing home and office with objects that are visually complex can help. Even plants, with their intricate shapes, attract the eye and slow down the mental merry-go-round. "Piles of papers on the desk," cautions Dr. Katcher, "are not things the eye can rest on without stimulating very unfortunate trains of thought." During leisure moments, strolling in a park is an obvious stress reducer. People-watching—as long as you are not actively involved—is a pleasurable way to unwind. Notes Dr. Katcher, "Tuning in to the pleasant aspects of one's environment is really a form of meditation."

Communicating with a pet is a well-known stress reducer, but there are alternatives . . .

BRUCE WEBER Hair, Sam McKnight; makeup, Linda Cantello; ski shield, Alpina Optics; all pants

"Our eyes are vital sports equipment," says optometrist Donald Teig, O.D., of Bausch & Lomb's Council on Sports Vision. To help eye-hand coordination: Practice your technique—a golf or tennis stroke—for ten minutes a day in a dark room illuminated only by a pulsating strobe light. "The concentration needed will 'carry over' to your activity." While other eye-care professionals note that there is no proof that such exercises work—and that, in any case, you should not look directly into the light—many professional athletes swear by similar exercise routines.

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Mothers Work

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JOHN LAUNOIS/BLACK STAR

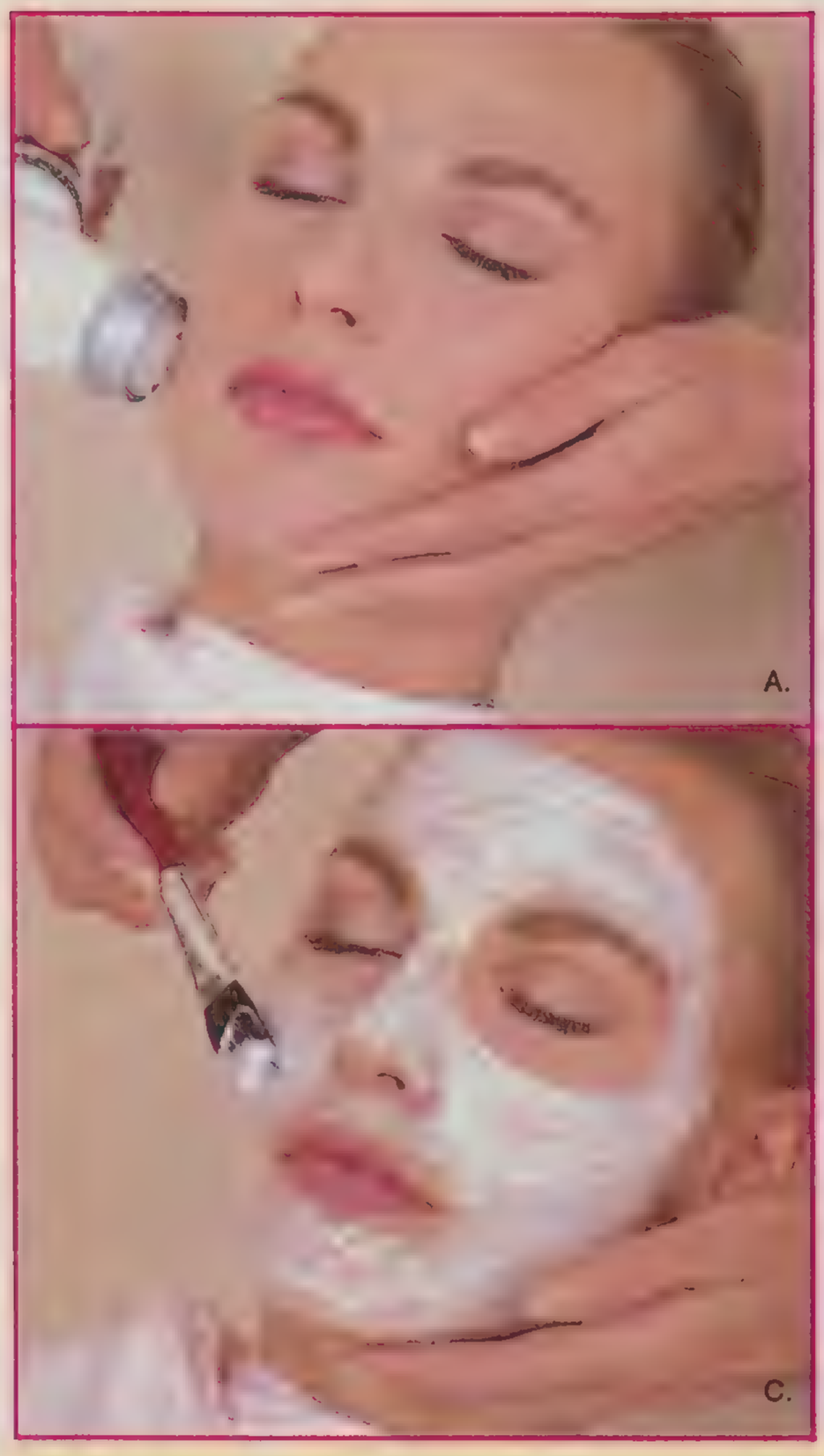
FIRE WISE

A few simple steps can increase your chances of escaping from a fire. Smoke detectors, required by law in some states, work two ways. One, the ionization smoke detector, has caused some concern because it employs a weak level of radiation, but government tests have found that holding the detector near you for eight hours a day for one year would give you less radiation than would a round-trip airline flight across the U.S. . . . Precaution for people who travel often: a portable smoke detector/alarm clock, SleepSafe by Stilwell Developments, Inc., Klamath Falls, Oregon. . . . Because forewarned is forearmed: *Dennis Smith's Fire Safety Book* (Bantam). This NYC fireman recommends mapping several escape routes because even adults are much less likely to panic or be confused when a fire occurs if they have rehearsed an escape plan.

It's moving less, not eating more, that keeps overweight teenagers heavier than "ideal weight" peers, according to recent studies. . .

trimming fat can trim considerable calories and cholesterol from your diet. These tips, from the American Meat Institute. . .

- **Less butter, oil:** on bread, substitute softened or whipped butter—spreads thinner—for regular stick butter; use jelly on toast instead of butter; experiment by doubling amount of fruit and reducing shortening when baking.
- **In salad dressing,** replace half the oil with tomato juice; use more herb vinegar or lemon juice, less oil.
- **Less cream:** thicken "creamy" soups with puréed vegetables, buttermilk, yogurt, dry-skim or evaporated milk.
- **Lean meat:** choose lean meat grades instead of prime cuts. Look for new low-fat, reduced-salt ham, salami, bologna, and frankfurters.



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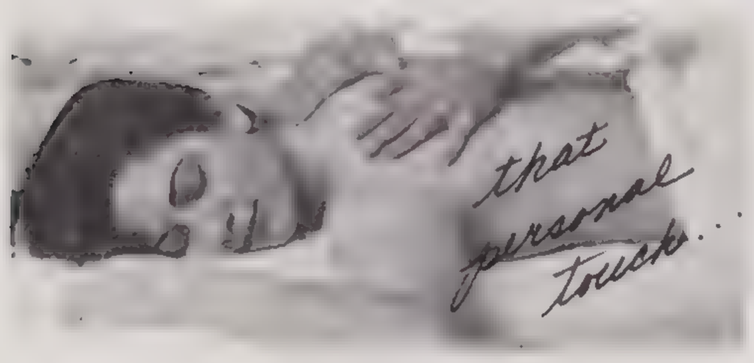
K. Peterson, Glen Ridge, NJ



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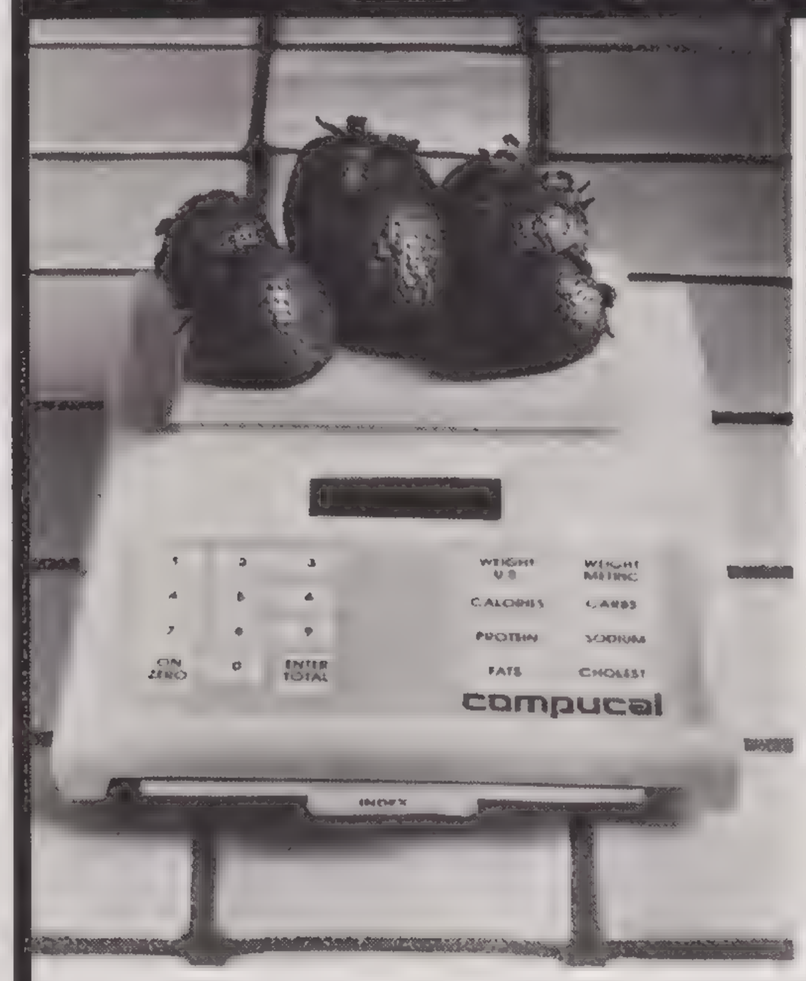

FIGURING...

To simplify the effort of losing weight, balancing diet: a computer with a conscience and a new breed of supermarket. The Compucal, *above*, records the weight, calorie, protein, carbohydrate, fat, cholesterol, and sodium contents of more than six hundred foods and keeps a "food diary" for up to nine people at the touch of a button . . . A market that stocks only low-calorie and good-health (no junk) foods plus a computer diet analysis and a weight-control program? Not too good to be true, all available at the new Carnation Health & Nutrition Centers, now in California, elsewhere soon.

SATISFACTION

Some foods are more nutrient-dense, calorie-lean, and filling than others. If a food is all three, it's a "Super Food" according to Mary Ann Crenshaw in *The Super Foods Diet* (MacMillan). A recipe for a super-food lunch, *below:*

Oriental Chicken Salad
(four servings)
4 chicken breasts (halves of two entire breasts)
1 can (13¾ oz) chicken broth
1 bunch scallions, thinly sliced
1 tablespoon soy sauce
1 tablespoon sesame or olive oil
1 teaspoon white-wine vinegar
1 clove minced garlic
Ground pepper to taste

Remove fat, place chicken in saucepan with broth. Simmer 20 minutes or until tender. Remove cooked chicken from broth and cool. Cut into slivers, place in bowl with scallions. Combine soy sauce, oil, vinegar, garlic, and pepper. Toss with chicken. Serve cold on watercress.

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Returning to society with the scars of illness or injury can be nearly as traumatic as the cause itself. To help a woman to cope with the baldness from chemotherapy: a scarf-like hat designed to wrap around the head securely, comfortably, and attractively. For more information, send a stamped self-addressed envelope to Marébar, Inc., Box 547, Marlton, New Jersey 08053. (Part of the cost of the hat is contributed to cancer and cystic fibrosis research.)

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TENSION:

Is it contagious? "Yes," says Sandra Samaniego, Ph.D., clinical psychologist, Lenox Hill Hospital, NYC. "People under stress unconsciously create a tense environment, which causes a chain reaction in others." And since each person has a different response style, the reaction may be as subtle as a change in tone or as blatant as a recurring headache.

To keep tension at bay, check for warning signs—a certain electricity in the air inevitably accompanies a stress-sufferer. Body language also provides clues. Once you recognize warning signs, learn how to control and defuse tension, especially at home. Turn on your emotional "radar" as soon as you walk through the door. If tension registers, confront it. Ask your housemate if something is wrong. Talk out the tension. If the other person isn't ready to open up, make yourself available but keep your distance. It's important that you leave the room. Concentrate on your own projects to raise resistance. Or exercise—any physical activity defuses tension.

Dr. Samaniego emphasizes that after a certain point only a professional counselor can defuse the effects of tension. "Without outside help, tension may catch up with you. Trying to help an uncooperative person can backfire into a tense situation, despite the best intentions."

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VOGUE'S HEALTH style

Q A

Bifocal contact lenses: update

I've never worn glasses but now find I'm having trouble reading. Are contact lenses an option instead of reading glasses?

"Yes. With a precise fit, contact lenses can be a desirable alternative to reading or bifocal eyeglasses," says Spencer E. Sherman, M.D., attending eye surgeon at Lenox Hill Hospital in New York City and author with Nancy P. Bruning of *A Consumer's Guide to Contact Lenses* (The Dial Press).

One option is a hard bifocal lens that holds two prescriptions, the top half corrects distance vision, the bottom, near, so when the wearer looks straight ahead, she sees for distance; when she looks down, for reading. To reduce the jolt of this vision shift, another type of hard lens, the multifocal or variable-focus lens, has progressively increasing corrective powers for seeing clearly at varying distances.

"The success rate of both these lenses is low," says Dr. Sherman. "Because all hard bifocal contacts must be stabilized with a small weight to keep them from drifting over the cornea, they're even less comfortable than regular hard contact lenses."

The newer soft bifocal contact lens, divided into concentric circles, corrects near vision on the outer rim of the lens and distance on the center circle, and does not need to be weighted or stabilized, increasing its already greater comfort. "The problem with soft bifocal contact lenses is that they're available in few strengths," says Dr. Sherman. "And, they're difficult to fit: the lens must be centered precisely on the eye for adequate vision correction.

"Many patients have tremendous success with a fitting technique called monovision," says Dr. Sherman. "One eye is corrected with a lens for near vision; the other with a lens for distance. After a short adjustment period, the eyes and the brain manage to make sense out of what seems to be visual schizophrenia. While depth perception is adequate with these lenses, I advise patients to wear two lenses for distance correction when driving or playing sports. The monovision technique can be used with hard, soft, gas-permeable, or extended-wear lenses." ▽

VOGUE, October, 1983

MEN ON SCREEN

(Continued from page 535)

jockey shorts, we see a body you wouldn't mind cuddling up with.

All this comes as something of a shock. Until very recently, only women got this kind of ogling-and-appraising treatment; it was their lot to be posed and dressed (or undressed) and merchandised for the male voyeur. If men got the pin-up treatment, they were suspect; they were automatically classified as homosexual bait. The assumption was that men, heterosexual and homosexual, were interested in sex, women in romance.

Actors who first made their mark as pretty boys or gorgeous hunks—William Holden and Sterling Hayden, for example—were eager to get out of the stud category and into something more respectable. In the 'fifties, the cultural stays were loosening and movies were becoming more sexually explicit, but still the "stud" roles—Holden in *Picnic*, Paul Newman in *Sweet Bird of Youth*—were projections of homosexual fantasies. Real men weren't beautiful; and if they were, they pretended not to be, sporting five-o'clock shadows or beards, or playing scruffy "man's man" roles (Newman in *The Hustler*, et al.). Even for a woman, the sex-idol label was a handicap, but for a man it could be fatal.

No longer. On television and in movies, PC&A (Pecs, Crotch, and Ass) have replaced Tits and Ass. In a collective spasm of male narcissism, men preen like peacocks and swagger like prizefighters. Stars work harder in gyms than they do on movie sets, cultivating each muscle like so many Arnold Schwarzeneggers. Far from shunning the sex symbol as demeaning, men enjoy it, as Travolta testified to a *New York Times* interviewer. "I like sex," he admitted, "and I feel sexual, so if that's coming across, then I don't want to deny people's perception. I think it's a compliment if people see me that way, and I don't find it limiting. It makes more things possible."

Women seem to agree, as they patronize male-stripper joints and describe their lust for Richard Gere, Christopher Reeve, or Matt Dillon in terms that would make a sailor blush.

Is this hankering for hunks for real or pure bravado? And is it progress or retrogression? A little of both, in answer to both questions, I think. There's a delicious and immensely satisfying joke, and an unexpected source of sisterly camaraderie, to be found in turning the tables, in subjecting men to the sort of graphic scrutiny to which they've been subjecting us all these years. It's our collective revenge fantasy on all the construction workers who've invaded our privacy with catcalls, and an ironic appropriation of the crude yardstick by which men judge women. If a woman can be dismissed as a "dog" or apotheosized as a "dish" on the basis of a few biological characteristics over which she has no control, well—so goes the unspoken message—so can you guys.

Yeats said it for all men to all women when he wrote, in the poem "For Ann Gregory," "That only God, my dear,/Could love you for yourself alone/And not your yellow hair."

Women have, in effect, served notice to men. We used to love you for yourselves alone, but now it's yellow-hair time. Look to your wrinkles, your middle-aged spread, your bald spots, your puffy hung-over eyes. A little anxiety about the ravages of time, please.

Hasn't Mark Hamill "lost it," as they say about ingenues who've become "women of a certain age"? Isn't Tom Selleck a little long in tooth and, well, paunchy (in the tummy and tail) to go prancing around in shorts and sneakers? Will the Travolta of *Staying Alive* survive the womanless autoeroticism of the most narcissistic performance in movie history? As for our sexy comic-book supermen in their race against time: Christopher Reeve's mask-like foundation is getting thicker by the roman numeral, and Roger Moore is definitely ripe for a desk job in British intelligence.

So how does it feel, fellas, to be graded on a one-to-ten basis? For us, the sexual bravado has a liberating effect, like the exhilaration we felt when, back in the 'sixties, we began using four-letter words with some abandon. Talking like "broads" makes us feel unladylike and in control. Beneath the irony, the reversal of roles reflects a situation in which women are genuinely less dependent and, at least theoretically, in more of a position to appraise and initiate. We're no longer exclusively devoted to the project of finding a husband, the romantic Mr. Right who will complete—and support—us. Perhaps as a consequence there are very few Mr. Rights. As our identities have expanded, the "Male" has lost some of his luster. We have more irons in the fire, more needs and appetites, and, no longer monolithically marriage-minded, we can indulge in the luxury of irresponsible fantasies, fly-by-night dreams of one-night stands with men we might not even want to be seen with on a city street.

Hence, the sudden popularity of semi-demonic lower-class figures, the greaser and the hardcore punk. Ethnic anti-heroes have been a hot item in recent years, but Vincent Spano in *Baby It's You*, Mickey Rourke in *Diner* and *Rumble Fish*, Sean Penn in *Bad Boys*, and Michael Paré as the doomed rock-and-roll star of *Eddie and the Cruisers* go beyond the arty alienation of the Pacino/De Niro/Hoffman generation into the demimonde of delinquency. They strut their stuff in a hot-rod heaven of leather and sweat and hair oil.

This nonetheless glamorized character (the real-life greaser would be drinking beer, watching baseball on television, or drag racing with the guys, and would be far too repressed to explore the kinkier avenues of sexuality) exercises a lure at once romantic and, within limits, threatening.

In *Baby It's You,* the coupling of the princess and the punk expresses a nostalgia for the egalitarian paradise of high school, before class and sex had carved us into hierarchical, unequal groups. But Spano's prince of sleaze exudes an air of the forbidden, an invitation to us "nice girls" to go home again and *rebel.* This was the guy from the wrong side of the tracks, the one we snubbed but were secretly attracted to. He was violent but—we now realize—vulnerable, his violence a defense against feelings of class inferiority and resentment. He wanted but couldn't have us; and we now, out of guilt and curiosity, give in.

Also, the punk lover with his sadistic air of indifference dishes out the sort of punishment some part of us may feel we need or deserve. Like those dreams of falling from perilous heights, which Freud explained as an unconscious act of compensation for our climbing too far too fast, our surrender to the slap in the face delivered by the punk-lover may be our way of equalizing our status, taking ourselves back a few steps and down a few pegs. The punks don't give a *(Continued on page 596)*

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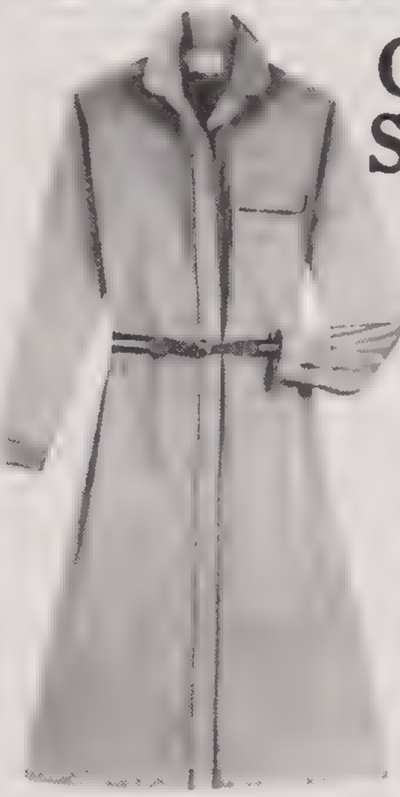

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MEN ON SCREEN

(Continued from page 595)

f--- for our accomplishments and—by the same token—aren't intimidated by them. In their arms we are merely, and only, women, our careerist anxieties and ambivalences forgotten.

Similarly, the stupid, the moronic, the young, and the dumb get us temporarily off the hook in our quandary as Women torn between Home and Career, Love and Work. Men our own age or professional level feel threatened by us, whereas the subarticulate male is too remote to compete. Mel Gibson as Piper Laurie's retarded lover *Tim* is all the more valuable for his inexperience. The dumb or childlike lover is, for the career woman, the male equivalent of the tired businessman's Tootsie—a charming companion who won't prove too challenging or mentally stimulating. And we don't have to practice the charade of pretending to be less than we are.

In the curious way that such fantasies have of dovetailing with a new reality, there seems to be solid social grounding for these new sexual patterns, namely the rise in the number of successful women and the (corresponding) shortage of men of equal status. The taste for truck drivers and sweet teens, little brothers, and even the sexually indifferent is a way of adjusting to a diminished supply of men and to a new order in which many women will be, in one way or another, superior to their mates.

Embracing the "worthless" love is also a reaction against the canons of good taste and marital ideals set by our mothers. Their generation's lily-white fantasies centered on such models of Continental sophistication as Charles Boyer, or such beacons of Anglo refinement as Herbert Marshall (and were they so wrong?). These men were essentially incorporeal, offering wit, refinement, a spiritual affinity with women, and an unspoken promise *not* to take advantage. They were the antithesis of the all-American male ideal, the nonchivalrous "man's man" like Cagney and Bogart who would whistle at you or sock you in the face with a grapefruit as soon as look at you.

As a daughter of the not-so-distant Old South, I still identify with Scarlett's preference for the man who thinks all women are goddesses to the one who thinks (and treats them as if) they're all whores. So far was Margaret Mitchell herself from succumbing to the carnal implications of her own creation that she envisioned not Clark Gable but Basil Rathbone—that utterly elegant and cerebral villain—in the role of Rhett Butler.

Now, it's as if the Clark Gable/Rhett Butler side of us had taken over. We want to be stepped on, sneered at, shown our place. We want to talk about our libidos "up front," acknowledge in our stars the sexual element that was always there, but under wraps. When a normally buttoned-up star revealed a spot of flesh, as Humphrey Bogart did while taking a shower in *Invisible Stripes*, the scene was a knockout, not just because Bogart's physique was unexpectedly marvelous, but largely also because he himself seemed unaware of it.

In the final analysis, male narcissism is a turn-off; and the current vogue for beautiful men may be short-lived, as the actors with talent and personality survive and the "pretty faces" fall by the wayside. Sean Penn's ugly-duckling face is a relief after the too perfect and pliant features of Matt Dillon. And least we think a new set of locker-room standards is prevailing in the way women view men, consider this: Richard Gere may have been a turn-on in *American Gigolo*, but it was in the infinitely more romantic, and successful, *An Officer and a Gentleman*, in which the Army wipes that punk smile off his face and he is made a Man of by the love of a good woman, that Gere had women in rapturous tears.

Tom Selleck's popularity—if I, as a long-time addict may be permitted to speak—has nothing to do with his hairy chest or his way with a Ferrari. It's his sense of humor, that self-mocking irony and playful directness with women—whom the man seems actually to *like* as well as lust after. Cary Grant's appeal lay not in his coal-black hair and athlete's body (though that didn't hurt), but in his infectious sense of the ridiculous. Wouldn't that man—we said to ourselves—be great to go through life collapsing in giggles with.

Not that I'm averse to bodies—though I still say the sexiest ones are those that are doing something besides serving as objects of contemplation; and the most appealing "hunks" are the ones who can talk like the Simon brothers on TV's *Simon & Simon*.

As oglers and appraisers, we women have a long way to go before we catch up with men, having traditionally looked for something beyond and beneath the flesh. If we trash men now, it's largely as a joke, and a salutary reversal; and there are signs that it may be producing the desired effect. In *The Man with Two Brains*, Steve Martin falls out of love with his wife, a perfect "10" and a murderous bitch, and falls in love with a pickled (female) brain whose feelings harmonize with his own.

Like the female "10," the crudest male pin-ups have been concocted and imposed on us by men, according to *their* idea of what makes men attractive. I'm not against women's having their pin-ups, too; on the contrary. Having looked for the *whole* man all these years, we have a more subtle appreciation of the way personality and sexuality intersect. For heaven's sake, let's hear it for women's fantasies. We may upgrade the level of discourse—and desire—all the way around! ▽

PHOTO CREDITS: *Cooper, Holden, Howard, Newman by Culver Pictures; Dillon by Annie Leibovitz; Gere by Herb Ritz; Gibson by Rico Puhlman; Penn, Rourke by Mary Ellen Mark*

THE SORROWS OF JAGA

(Continued from page 533)

stand why I love my spot on your desk. Now you think you understand why I get myself drunk on your expensive claret. 'She is plotting to trade him for me.' Only that is not so. Even with my émigré vulnerability, I will not fall in love with you."

"Good."

"I will let you do anything you want to me, but I will not fall in love."

"Fine."

"Only good, only fine? No, in my case it is excellent. Because I am the best woman in the world for falling in love with the wrong man. I have the record in the Communist countries. Either they are married, or they are murderers, or they are like you, men finished with

love. Gentle, sympathetic, kind with money and wine, but interested in you mainly as a subject. Warm ice. I know writers."

"I won't ask how. But go on."

"I know writers. Beautiful feelings. They sweep you away with their beautiful feelings. But the feelings disappear quickly once you are no longer posing for them. Once they've got you figured out and written down, you go. All they give is their attention."

"You could do worse."

"Oh yes, all that attention. It's lovely for the model while it lasts."

"What were you in Poland?"

"I told you. Champion woman to fall in love with the wrong man." And again she offered to assume any posture for penetration that would please and excite him. "Come however you like and don't wait for me. That is better for a writer than more questions."

And what is better for you? It was difficult to do her the kindness of not asking. Jaga was right about writers—all along, Zuckerman had been thinking that if only she told him enough, he might find in what she said something to start him writing. She insulted him, she berated him, when it was time to go home she sometimes grew so angry that she had all she could do not to reach out and strike him. She wanted to collapse and be rescued, and she wanted to be heroic and prevail, and she seemed to hate him most for reminding her, merely by taking it all in, that she could manage neither. A writer on the wane, Zuckerman did his best to remain unfazed. Mustn't confuse pleasure with work. He was there to listen. Listening was the only treatment he could give. They come, he thought, and tell me things, and I listen, and occasionally I say, "Maybe I understand more than you think," but there's no treatment I can offer to cure the woes of all the outpatients crossing my path, bent beneath their burdens and their separate griefs. Monstrous that all the world's suffering is good to me inasmuch as it's grist to my mill—that all I can do, when confronted with anyone's story, is to wish to turn it into *material,* but if that's the way one is possessed, that is the way one is possessed. There's a demonic side to this business that the Nobel Prize committee doesn't talk much about. It would be nice, particularly in the presence of the needy, to have pure disinterested motives like everybody else, but, alas, that isn't the job. The only patient the writer is treating with his writing is himself.

After she'd gone, and after Gloria had stopped by with his dinner, and some hours before he resumed composing into his tape recorder another rejoinder to Appel, he told himself, "Start tonight. Get on with it tonight," and began by transcribing every word he could still remember of the protracted tirade delivered that afternoon by Jaga while he lay beneath her on the playmat. Her pelvis rose and fell like something ticking, an instrument as automatic as a metronome. Light, regular, tireless thrusts, thrusting distinct as a pulsebeat, thrusting excruciatingly minute, and all the while she spoke without stopping, spoke like she fucked, steady voluptuous coldness, as though he was a man and this was an act that she didn't yet *entirely* despise. He felt like a convict digging a tunnel with a spoon.

"I hate America," she told him. "I hate New York. I hate the Bronx. I hate Bruckner Boulevard. In a village in Poland there are at least two Renaissance buildings. Here it is just ugly houses, one after another, and Americans asking you their direct questions. You cannot have a spiritual conversation with anyone. You cannot be poor here and I hate it." Tick tock. Tick tock. Tick tock. "You think I'm morbid and psychopathic. Crazy Jaga. You think I should be like an American girl—typical American: energetic, positive, talented. Like all these intelligent American girls with their thinking, 'I can be an actress, I can be a poet, I can be a good teacher. I'm positive, I'm growing—I hadn't been growing when I was growing, but now I'm growing.' You think I should be one of those good good boring American girls with their naïveté that goodness does it, that energy does it, that talent does it. 'How can a man like Nathan Zuckerman fall in love with me for two weeks, and then abandon me? I am so good and energetic and positive and talented and growing—how can that be?' But I am not so naïve, so don't worry. I have some darkness to go back on. Whatever darkness was behind them, it was explained to them by the psychiatrist. And now for them it's all recovery. Make my life meaningful. Growth. They buy this. Some of them, the smart ones, they sell it. 'The relationship I had, I learned something from it. It's good for my growth.' If they have a darkness, it's a nice darkness. When you sleep with them, they smile. They make it wonderful." Tick tock. "They make it beautiful." Tick tock. "They make it warm and tender." Tick tock. "They make it *loving*. But I do not have this good American optimism. I cannot stand to lose people. I cannot *stand* it. And I am not smiling. And I am not growing. I am disappearing!" Tick tock. Tick tock. "Did I tell you, Nathan, that I was raped? When I left here that day in the rain?" "No, you didn't tell me that." "I was walking to the subway in that rain. I was drunk. And I thought I couldn't make it—I was too drunk to walk. And I waved for a taxi, to take me to the station. And this limousine stopped. I don't remember very much. It was the limousine driver. He had a Polish name, too—that's what I remember. I think I had a blackout when I was in the limousine. I don't even know whether I did something provocative. He drove me and drove me and drove me. I thought I was going to the subway, and then he stopped and he said that I owed him twenty dollars. And I didn't have twenty dollars. And I said, 'Well, I can only write you a check.' And he said, 'How can I know the check is good?' And I said, 'You can call my husband.' That is the last thing I wanted to do, but I was so drunk, and so I didn't know what I was doing. And I gave him your number." "Where were you at this point?" "Somewhere. I think on the West Side. So he said, 'Okay, let's call your husband on the telephone. Here's a restaurant and we can go inside and we can call.' And I went inside and it wasn't a restaurant—it was some stairway. And there he pushed me down and raped me. And after that he drove me to the station." "And was it horrible or was it nothing?" "Ah, you want 'material.' It was nothing. I was too drunk to feel anything. He was afraid after I would call the police. Because I told him that I would. I told him, 'You have raped me and I'm going to do something about it. I didn't leave Poland to come to America to be raped by a Pole.' And he said, 'Well, you could have slept with hundreds of men—nobody's going to believe you.' And I didn't even mean to go to the police. He was right—they *wouldn't* believe me. I just wanted to tell him that he had done something dreadful. He was white, he had a Polish name, he was good-looking, young—why? Why a man feels like raping a drunken woman? What kind of pleasure can that be? He drives me to the station, asking me if I'm okay, if I can make the train. Even walks me down to the platform and buys me a token." "Very generous." "And he never called you?" "No." "I'm sorry I gave him your number, Nathan." "It hardly matters." "That rape itself—it didn't mean anything. I went home and washed myself. And there waiting for me is a postcard. From my lover in Warsaw. And that's when I began to cry. *That* had meaning. Me, a postcard! Finally he writes me—and it's a postcard! I had a vision, after his postcard, of my parents' house before the war—a vision of all that went. Your country is ethically maybe a better country than Poland, but even we, even *we*—you want to come now?" "Even we what?" "Even we deserved a little better than that. I never had a normal life almost from right after I was born. I'm not a very normal person. I once had a little child to tell me that I smell good and that my meatballs are the best in the world. That's gone too. Now I don't even have half-home. Now what I have is no-home. All I'm saying is, after you get tired of fucking me, I'll understand—but, please," she said, just as his body, playing yet another trick, erupted without so much as a warning, "please, don't just drop me as a friend."

The next week she again said yes as though it were no, and this time she had five glasses of wine

Despite what he'd had to drink with Jaga and to smoke with Gloria, he got himself upright in his chair and with his notebook open on the lapboard and the collar fixed around his neck, he tried to invent what he still didn't know. He thought of his little exile next to hers. Hers next to Dr. Kotler's. Exile like theirs is an illness, too; either it goes away in two or three years or it's chronic and you've got it for good. He tried to imagine a Poland, a past, a daughter, a lover, a postcard, as though his own cure would follow if only he began anew as a writer of stories wholly unlike his own. *The Sorrows of Jaga.* But he couldn't get anywhere. Though people are weeping in every corner of the earth from torture and ruin and cruelty and loss, that didn't mean that he could make their stories his, no matter how passionate and powerful they seemed beside his trivialities. One can be overcome by a story the way a reader is, but a reader isn't a writer. Desperation doesn't help either: it takes longer than one night to make a story, even when it's written in a sitting. Besides, if Zuckerman wrote about what he didn't know, who then would write about what he did know?

Only what did he know? The story he could dominate and to which his feelings had been enslaved had ended. Her stories weren't his stories and his stories were no longer his stories either. ▽

DIET MINUSES

(Continued from page 563)

drug," said Michael L. Freedman, M.D., professor of medicine and director, division of geriatrics, New York University School of Medicine/Bellevue Hospital. And women are big vitamin-takers in this country.

What of claims that vitamin A can prevent cancer, that E can extend our lives, C prevent colds and flu? "Studies to date have shown that risk of getting certain cancers, particularly lung cancer in heavy smokers, may be reduced with a diet high in vitamin A and/or beta-carotene, which is converted by the body into vitamin A and is present in vegetables like carrots and cabbage. But we do not know what the exact preventive levels are," said Richard Rivlin, M.D., professor of medicine, The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center/The Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center.

"With respect to vitamin E, it does not appear to extend the lifespan. Taking too much of any of the fat-soluble vitamins—A,D,E,K—results in their storage in the body and possible toxicity. Eating high levels of vegetables containing beta-carotene may turn your skin a yellowish color, a benign condition.

"Vitamin C has been a disappointment in treatment of the common cold, although there are ongoing studies examining its possible effects early in the cancer process. Excessively high doses of metals like iron and selenium have been shown to pose dangers."

Studies indicate that women who are on a weight-loss diet are more likely to take vitamins than are women who are not trying to lose weight. And some nutrition experts do advocate that women who are eating 1000 calories or so a day take a multivitamin with iron daily to insure that they get all the nutrients they need. Calcium supplementation is also being urged for many women.

Many women say that they take vitamins for "energy" or "pep." There is absolutely no evidence that vitamins can act as a stimulant, and overdoses of vitamins may actually cause health problems that rob the body of strength rather than increase it.

Do we need more vitamins as we age? Studies show that we may need less food as we get older, owing to our slower body metabolism; so, excepting calcium, a woman may need fewer vitamins and minerals as she ages, not more, despite the fact that the elderly are among the highest vitamin users and sometimes try to substitute vitamins for food.

CAFFEINE

High caffeine intake has been shown to cause sudden drops in blood sugar levels, heart palpitations, and, in pregnant women, caffeine has been shown to retard fetal growth. Women with cystic breast disease—benign but sometimes painful lumps within the breast tissue—often find that cutting back on caffeine eliminates the problem, which is most common in women with high-fat diets who are overweight.

How much caffeine is too much? "The answer is a very individual one," said Dr. Blackburn. "But during pregnancy, a woman may want to eliminate caffeine-containing foods and beverages from her diet, at least for the first three months when the fetus is most susceptible to chemicals."

Caffeine is a stimulant, and stimulants can be addictive, so you may notice a real change in your general energy level if you suddenly cut back from six cups of coffee daily to none. Gradually cutting back, though, seems easy for most women's bodies to adjust to.

Should you avoid caffeine? The dangers are still a matter of debate, but for a woman who can easily go without two cups of coffee in the morning and who can go for a brisk walk instead, the payoff is probably increased energy and health. ▽

WORKING PARTS

(Continued from page 562)

YOUR EYES AND EARS

Around the fortieth birthday, newspapers and telephone directories suddenly seem difficult to read. Bending close doesn't help; backing away does. Presbyopia, or stiffening of the crystalline lens of the eye, cause of loss of close focus, actually has been going on since age ten; glasses and contact lenses "cure" the problem.

Other age-related eye problems: cataract and glaucoma, both highly treatable with high success rates. Cataract, clouded lenses in the eye, is treated surgically by extraction of the cloudy tissue. Implanted lenses, now in use by hundreds of thousands, restore full vision.

Glaucoma, increased pressure inside the eyeball, doesn't hurt but can lead to blindness if undetected and untreated. Essential throughout mature life: annual tonometry, a painless test done by eye specialists.

For purposes of everyday living, hearing changes little with age; but high-frequency tones are less perceptible for most people after age fifty, and few can hear high frequencies past age sixty-five. Care of ears may be increasingly important. Exposure to prolonged or excessive sound (amplified rock music, occupational noise) can threaten hearing. Tinnitus—buzzing, crackling, ringing in ears—can be aggravated by smoking, too much aspirin, other factors.

YOUR MUSCLES

Our voluntary muscles lose in size and strength—not necessarily at parallel rates—as we grow older, but it's disuse rather than aging that is to blame for much of the loss. *(See Movement, page 564.)*

YOUR BONES

The thinning and wasting of bone substance—osteoporosis—is a distinct threat with age, particularly to women, more particularly to slender women, most of all to slim women who smoke. But osteoporosis is not natural in aging, nor unavoidable. Deprivation of estrogen, as occurs after menopause, is thought a triggering event, causing calcium metabolism to falter. Inadequate dietary calcium is another suspected factor, along with possible shortage of vitamins D and K. So is too little exercise. *(See Diet Pluses and Movement, pp. 563, 564.)*

—MELVA WEBER

ARE YOU FIT?

(Continued from page 557)

SCORING **Flexibility:** above 20, good; 11-20, fair; 0-10, poor. **Strength:** above 20, good; 11-20, fair; 0-10, poor.

- **If you score high in strength and flexibility:** Give equal attention to all body parts. Start with 3-pound strap-on weights; do 30 reps; increase to 5-pound weights.

- **A low strength score/high flexibility score** means you should concentrate less on stretching, more on strengthening. People commonly do exercises they are best at; for most women that means concentrating on stretch rather than strength. The flexibility test illustrates *norms* for each muscle group; going beyond these ranges is not necessary and without sufficient strength could result in injury. Ability to stretch in one area doesn't guarantee flexibility in another. **A high strength score/low flexibility score** means the reverse. **If you score low in flexibility:** the test is also a basic stretch program; repeat each test passively and gently for 60 seconds.

- **To improve strength and muscle tone:** Do double sets in low-scoring areas with 1- or 2-pound weights until you have raised the strength level of your weaker muscles. A basic set is 30 reps; double that for areas of deficiency. For example: If *inner thighs* test flexible but not strong, use lighter weights and do 60 repetitions. If *inner thighs,* on the other hand, test both flexible and strong, they're "balanced muscles"; begin with 3-pound weights, 30 reps. Work up to 5-pound weights.

- **If inner thighs have a lower strength score than outer thighs,** work inner thighs twice as hard doing 60 reps with 1- or 2-pound weights. Once you've achieved strength in your inner thighs (retest yourself after 4 weeks, when improvements begin to show), then you can go back to equal repetitions, equal weight with the outer thigh.

- **If you find you have strong abdominals, weak arms,** devote time to raising the strength level of the latter.

- **If you have strong arms/weak legs,** emphasize the leg-muscle exercises in this program.

- **A low strength/flexibility score** means to proceed with extreme caution; you're at risk of injury. After checking with your doctor, do strength exercise program without weights; start with 10 reps and work up; concentrate on gently doing flexibility exercises.

- **Notes:** The strength program on page 554 also stretches opposing muscle groups. Concentrate on contracting only the muscles that are lifting the weight, and remember to release and relax the opposite muscle group that isn't working. For example, if you're exercising the inner thigh, relax the outer thigh.

  Even those with low-back problems, after checking with an M.D., may be able to execute exercises on their backs *if* abdominal muscles are strong enough to keep back *flat* on floor, the non-working leg is bent, and a slow, constant rhythm is established.

- **Remember:** If you want to do all your exercise on the same day, do cardiovascular exercise (10 to 15 minutes on a stationary bike or jogging) *first* to warm up the body; strength work next, stretching last. The strength program should be done 3 times a week (as should your cardiovascular workout) and takes 10-20 minutes. If you do the flexibility program, one minute for each exercise, you'll have finished in ten! ▽

HEALTH/POSITIVES

(Continued from page 564)

physicians and internists throughout that state. A checklist of family history, daily habits, health attitudes, and medical exams, the test determines how a woman's "health age" compares with her actual chronological age. Ronald G. Blankenbaker, M.D., Indiana State Commissioner of Health, noted that "doctors use the test to show a woman how, by simply changing one habit—say exercising three times a week instead of one, or stopping smoking—she can drastically lower her 'health age.' Also, repeating the test on an annual basis is a simple way to keep tabs on your health throughout your life." *(A similar test that you can take at home, page 587.)*

Here, the habits and medical checkups that women should pay particular attention to . . .

HEALTH HABITS

• **Relax** "While it's impossible for most of us to avoid stressful situations totally, evidence is mounting that learning to 'de-stress' yourself not only improves your quality of life but also lessens your risk of heart attack or violent death. Many scientists also feel that negative stress, maintained for a long period of time, may make our bodies more vulnerable to cancer and other life-threatening diseases," said Dr. Blankenbaker. What many women find to be the best de-stresser: exercise. "Talking yourself out of anger when it arises and practicing gentle stretching exercises at night before you go to sleep can also help."

• **Seat belts** As many as 60 percent of fatal automobile deaths could be avoided if we all used seat belts whenever we are in a car, reported a 1980 study by the National Highway and Traffic Safety Administration. While women are slightly more likely than men to use seat belts, only 15 percent do so regularly.

• **Sleep** "Studies have shown that women and men who get an average of seven to eight hours of sleep a night seem to live longer than do those who get six hours or less or nine hours or more," says Richard M. Coleman, Ph.D., clinical faculty, Stanford University School of Medicine Sleep Disorders Center.

"The best way to insure getting a restful night's sleep seems to be by getting into a regular sleep schedule, going to bed and waking up at about the same time each day. While we don't need less sleep as we age, older people do seem to have more disturbed sleep at night and to compensate with midday naps. This is fine, as long as you try to schedule your naps at regular hours as you do your sleep."

While many women who take up exercise feel that they are sleeping better, there is no scientific proof that this is so. What has been shown, though, is that you shouldn't do vigorous aerobic exercise near bedtime, as it makes it harder to fall asleep. Gentle relaxation exercises, though, can help to encourage sleep.

MEDICAL EXAMS

• **Checkups** While the need for annual physical exams for healthy adults has been questioned by some doctors, others feel that the contact—and discussion—with a physician on an annual basis can help to reinforce good health habits, a worthwhile investment for all of us. In their twenties and thirties, many women rely on their gynecologists as their primary physicians; if you do, tell your gynecologist so that he or she is certain to do regular diagnostic tests that would otherwise be done by an internist or family physician.

"Tell your doctor of any small changes in the way you feel," advised Dr. Blankenbaker. "What may seem like trivial changes could be early warning signs of disease."

• **Breast self-exams** Every woman should do these monthly starting in her twenties. Report any changes in the contour of your breast tissue to your physician immediately. If you have an extensive family history of breast cancer, many physicians feel that you should have one of the new low-radiation mammograms every one to two years starting early in adulthood. And the American Cancer Society now recommends that every woman over age forty have a mammogram every one to two years, annually after age fifty.

• **Pap smears** "If you have a history of three negative tests in a row, a test every two to three years may be sufficient, but that does not mean that you shouldn't see your doctor annually for a pelvic exam," said Dr. Freedman. Women who are very sexually active may want to have more frequent Pap smears, in any case.

• **Blood cholesterol** Have yours checked at least once before menopause, then on a regular schedule established by your physician.

• **Influenza vaccine** More and more physicians recommend these for patients over sixty.

• **Read labels** Always read and follow instructions on patient inserts included with prescription or over-the-counter drugs, and check with your pharmacist or doctor before buying any over-the-counter medications if you are currently taking any prescription medications. Studies reveal that few of us take our medications correctly, so ask your doctor about anything you are unsure about before you leave his or her office. ▽

HEALTH/NEGATIVES

(Continued from page 565)

to the cardiovascular system and to the intranasal passageway. It is not uncommon for heroin use to end in death. Even marijuana, thought of often as a harmless substance, can cause respiratory disease, damage to the neuroendocrine, reproductive, and nervous systems when used heavily over a period of time."

• **Over-the-counter (OTC) medications** are often considered harmless because they are available without prescription. But even such "routine" drugs as aspirin and antihistamines can be dangerous when mixed with other prescription drugs or taken by a woman with an undiagnosed illness. Mixing OTC drugs and alcohol can be fatal.

"A woman should consult with her pharmacist as to what other drugs she is taking and what her general health is before buying any OTC drug," said NYU geriatric specialist Dr. Freedman. "And a pregnant woman should always consult with her obstetrician as well. Reactions to OTC medications, as to other drugs, become concentrated with age. No one over sixty-five or seventy should take *any* drugs without a doctor's okay." ▽

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JAZZ

(Continued from page 540)

Betty Carter is perhaps the most creative improvisor of the great jazz singers and has developed an exciting bandstand style in which she conducts her trio with gestures, stretches, and turns of her body that give physical form to the singing. It is as though the music were literally moving and dancing in front of you. Long a favorite of musicians but relatively unknown to large audiences, over the last six or seven years Carter has captured a big following both nationally and internationally. Her decidedly creative approach to her material leads to new arrangements she writes herself and to the search for songs that are both challenging and new or relatively unknown. Her self-produced *The Audience with Betty Carter* (Bet-Car Records) is an awe-inspiring recital of sustained invention, drive, and variety.

There is a spare beauty to the singing of **Abbey Lincoln** that is wonderfully complimented by her physical radiance. Lincoln uses a small range but fills every note with such worlds of complex adult emotion the music is magnified right before you. When very happy, she moves in time to her singing with a homemade twisting dance that is joyously erotic but never vulgar. *People in Me* (Inner City) and Cedar Walton's *The Maestro* (Muse), where she is a featured guest, offer fine examples of her deeply emotional skills.

THE SAXOPHONE

Sidney Bechet, Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, and Charlie Parker *made the saxophone essential to the jazz orchestra and the small group. Its translucent and percussive range is so great it can sound like a person alternately whispering or singing, talking or laughing, cajoling or serenading. It can make all the stops from the loftiest melodic dream to the most sensuous love call.*

At seventy-six, **Benny Carter** looks twenty years younger, and his alto saxophone style is as pure and rare as fresh city air; he has stripped down his approach to improvisation so that his lines now take on the crystalline insights of a grand master. Long a bandleader and a composer, he has written for everything from the small jazz band to the movie and television score.

Dexter Gordon lived in Europe for many years and his return to America in the middle 'seventies signaled the upsurge of interest in jazz. He has been rightfully celebrated as the first tenor saxophonist to develop a style compatible with the mid-'forties innovations of alto saxophonist Charlie Parker. Though sometimes inconsistent, Gordon's brusque songfulness and humor are mightily uplifting when he's in command.

Exaltation is what jazz is mostly about . . . it is good-time music

Sonny Rollins is the preeminent living saxophonist, and he asserts his gifts in public performances that include his strolling the stage and punctuating his phrases with his body. Though he frequently uses inferior accompanists, the inspired Sonny Rollins transcends his surroundings through the grandeur of his imagination and the peerless technique that liberates it. "Silver City" from *Don't Stop the Carnival* (Milestone) is a far better indication of his massive improvising powers than most of his recordings over the last ten years.

Out in Chicago, the tenor saxophonist **Von Freeman** works one night a week at El Matador. He can be shockingly original and has long been a legend for his ability to assault, dismember, and transform songs with the freedom of a seasoned sculptor whose quick twists stun the young who seek the new.

George Coleman is a harmonic maze-maker from Memphis, Tennessee, who has worked with many of the best bandleaders in modern jazz and has become one of the standard bearers of contemporary virtuosity. Coleman works hard, piling idea after idea upon the chords of a song until it nearly bursts, pursuing his variations with the stubbornness that often makes for volatile evenings.

THE PIANO PLAYERS

An orchestra unto itself, the jazz piano carries melody, voices, chords, and functions as a drum with notes. It can dip a tune deep into the indigo of the blues, paint feathery pictures, and fire melodic variations.

Jay McShann led the big band in which Charlie Parker played for dances from one end of America to the other, learning the craft that would soon be extended until it upset the jazz world. McShann is a bluesman, a piano player whose rocking beat, down-home harmonies and rhythms, satire and passion put every listener in touch with the panorama of dancing affirmation that gives despair heated eviction notices, bar by bar. His *A Tribute to Fats Waller* (Sackville) is a wonderful introduction to McShann's art.

Tommy Flanagan has been held in awe for at least twenty-five years by his peers. Flanagan possesses a touch that gives the instrument almost vocal powers, and has the melodic imagination to match it. With the ease of a storyteller who has invented tales for many more than a thousand and one nights, Flanagan bends and turns tunes until his improvisations elevate them to stations of elegance. When his head dips to the right and his shoulder rises, Flanagan has caught his groove and the piano begins to trot and strut its lyrical messages in phrases that rise and fall like the feet of a magnificent dancer. Hear *The Tokyo Recital* (Pablo) and *Super Session* (Inner City).

Randy Weston has been traveling to Africa for nearly twenty years and combining what he learns there with the jazz background he absorbed in Brooklyn. Weston is a few inches short of seven feet and makes all pianos seem small. His sound is enormous, and the rhythms he plays reject all separations from the drums. When listening to Weston, one gets a tour of a universe in which bongos, congas, and all manner of percussion have taken on melodic and harmonic identities. He creates a mood rich with mystery and stately dignity, but a mood never too aloof to rumble forth an embracing joy. On *Rhythms and Sounds* (Cora), he presents a breadth of styles as penetrating as they are pulsive.

Saxophonist **John Coltrane's** quartet expanded the language of jazz in the middle 'sixties and one of the central reasons was the piano work of **McCoy Tyner**. Tyner created a style close to that of Coltrane's and one that became a seminal influence on contemporary players. His interests in African, Middle Eastern, and Asian music led to an approach that is both exuberant and reverent. The power of his attack and the force of his ideas give his work a percussive texture that is thick with invention. *Passion Dance* (Milestone) is an appropriate title for one of his best offerings.

There is a body of techniques that give jazz piano its special quality; **Jimmy Rowles** knows just how to put them together for his own identity. Rowles appears introspective as he leans toward the keyboard, looking for the black and white combinations that can remake the songs so easefully they sound as if that is the way their composers would have written them had they either the time or the talent. His variations are sometimes sardonic, sometimes lilting; always singing, and rarely less then very soulful. *Jimmy Rowles Plays Ellington and Strayhorn* (Columbia) is as much a tribute to his own uniqueness as it is to the great writers.

THE TRUMPET

Since **Louis Armstrong**—*the New Orleans genius who conquered first his hometown, then the world—the trumpet has become an instrument of greater importance than it ever enjoyed prior to this century. With his horn, Armstrong could scoop mud from the gutter and transform it into a clarion note accurate enough to strike the emotional pinpoint of the furthest star. Now the trumpet can softly sing or boldly proclaim*

the tears and the triumphs of human life in all its smut and splendor.

At seventy-eight, **Doc Cheatham** is a phenomenon. His duet recording with pianist Sammy Price, *Black Beauty* (Sackville), proves that he is one of the most eloquent and persistently inventive trumpeters. Still straight as a board, full of wit and vinegar, and capable of filling a room with the size of his sound, Cheatham works every Sunday afternoon at Manhattan's Sweet Basil. There he sings out his melodic ideas with a richly expressive tone and an emotional scope—from plaintive to raucous—that is as much celebration of maturity as it is of mastery.

Dizzy Gillespie is one of the great innovators in jazz history. With Charlie Parker, Thelonious Monk, and Kenny Clarke, he pioneered the revolutionary style of the mid-'forties known as "bebop." It brought another degree of virtuosity and added more harmonic colors to the music's palette. Gillespie was also a champion of the combining of jazz with Latin rhythms, bringing together elements that seeped into everything from television scores to the riffs and vamps of James Brown. At sixty-six, Gillespie still delivers one of the most cunning styles in music.

Freddie Hubbard became his own man in the 1960s and added another pool of golden tone to the trumpet. He has performed in one capacity or another with most of the great jazz musicians but was caught for a few years in the slough of jazz-rock. Lately, however, Hubbard has been working with his own bands and in all-star combinations where he not only has come to eerily resemble Armstrong, but also extends his work into the bravura declamations of one of the most original contemporary styles.

Olu Dara is often associated with the jazz vanguard, but he can synthesize the old and the new into a style that pushes the trumpet across a wide range of music. He is in demand and can often be heard working with young bandleaders or leading his own group, the Okra Orchestra, where he sings blues with humor and authority, moves from tragedy to booting exaltation with a shift of the trumpet valves, and mixes a music of his own design. It includes ethnic and dance rhythms, from the bush to the fatback blues shuffle.

THE DRUMS

The drums have colored every significant turn of style in jazz history, from the solemn patterns of New Orleans funerals to small groups and big bands elevated by the crackle, the thump, and the sizzling ring of the snare and bass drums, to the tom-toms and the cymbals. A blue-ribbon drummer can swing the band, the room, and play solos as well-crafted, as subtle, and as breath-taking as those of any other instrumentalist.

Max Roach is perhaps the greatest drummer of the last four decades. Since he helped change jazz with Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker, Roach hasn't looked back; he has continued to search for substance, variety, and adventure. He performs with his own quartet, in duet with avant-gardists like Cecil Taylor and Archie Shepp, leads a percussion ensemble called M'Boom, commissions works for his quartet and strings, sometimes uses choirs, and plays the most artful of drum solos. If the term "genius" is overused, it becomes an accurate adjective when applied to Max Roach.

Art Blakey has led a group called the Jazz Messengers for almost thirty years and it has become a boiling *(Continued on page 602)*

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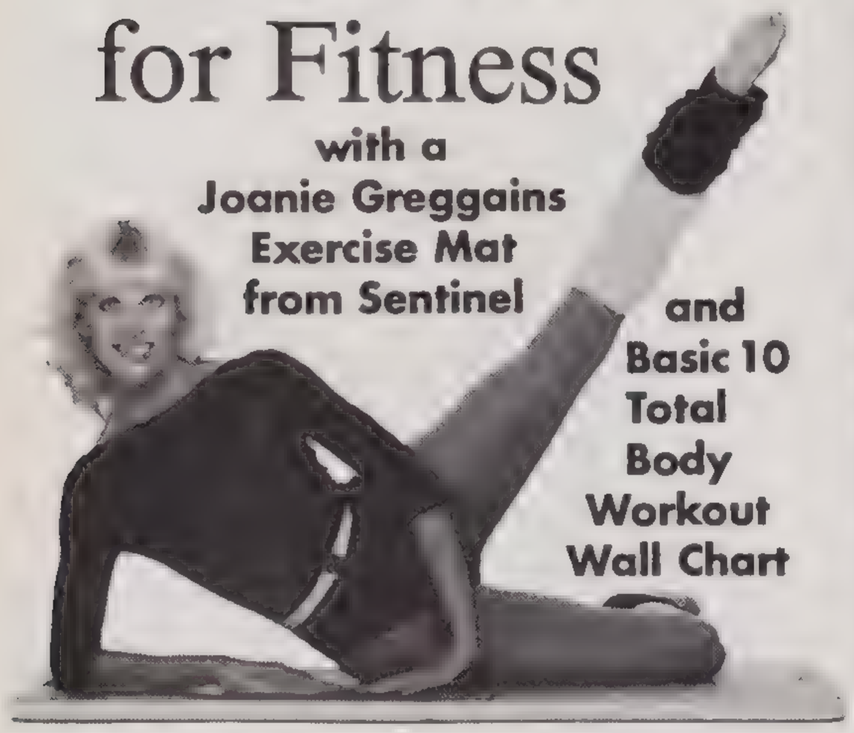

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JAZZ

(Continued from page 601)

finishing school for the young players Blakey always finds, grooms, and presents as fresh shock troops who boggle the complacent. When Blakey sits behind his drums, surrounded with the bristling work of his new discoveries, listening to the old master put those young men through their paces is one of the purest jazz joys.

Philly Joe Jones first became celebrated when he nearly swung the Miles Davis Quintet off the bandstand in the middle 'fifties. Jones now leads Dameronia, a nine-piece group given over to the extraordinary writing of Tadd Dameron. Dameronia sets standards and teaches lessons to younger musicians at the same time that the ensemble plays to turnaway crowds.

Elvin Jones revolutionized the drums within the innovative middle-'sixties quartet of saxophonist John Coltrane. He gave a more complicated beat to the rhythm and piled pattern on top of pattern until the beat became a veritable jungle of tension and release. His heavy stroke and the flow of his rhythm spark any ensemble he works with, from the Elvin Jones quartet through the all-star combinations he pummels until he provokes the joyous drive of swing that brings any house down.

Panama Francis is a veteran of the Lucky Millinder big band and fought many a battle of music at the Savoy Ballroom. Francis has made every kind of recording imaginable but has been at the helm of a regrouping of the Savoy Sultans for the last few years. The Sultans were the Savoy's house and band, and Francis has recaptured the fire and romance of the 1940s, not the sentimental loss of place that begets nostalgia. When his band is aflame, the impact is one of timeless pleasure.

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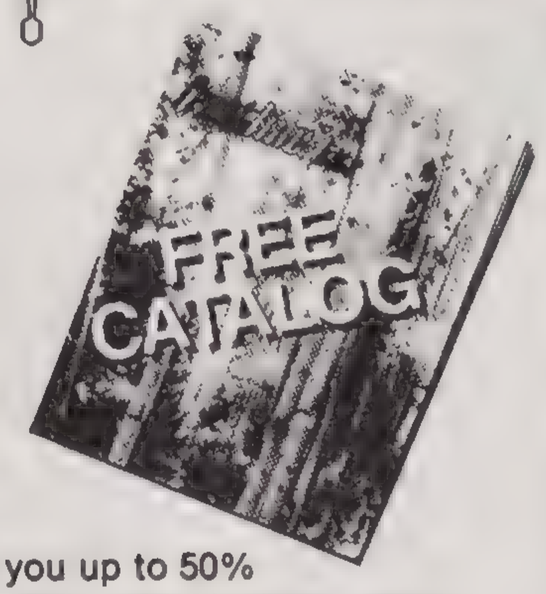

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THE GROUPS

The small jazz band has always been the laboratory for new styles and the purest example of the improvising musician creating within the ensemble. The best small bands always get the effects of a much larger unit by using every instrument so that it supports, underlines, inspires, and counterpoints. The inventive utilization of the instruments is, however, more often spontaneous than preconceived, but always sounds as though it had all been rehearsed down to the smallest tinkle of a cymbal.

One of the most important recent events in American music has been the reforming of **The Modern Jazz Quartet.** It had broken up a few years ago after a long association that resulted in work that was always sublime, tasteful, disciplined, empathetic, and hot with the lilt of its special swing. The arsenal of ideas and the inventive use of the group's sound by musical director and pianist John Lewis, the stinging fluency of vibist Milt Jackson, the drive of bassist Percy Heath, and the exquisite drumming of Connie Kay make for small ensemble jazz that is orchestral in dimension.

The Nat Adderley Quintet personifies the forceful surge of straight-ahead jazz that defined that great bands of the 'fifties and the 'sixties. Cornetist Adderley worked for many years with his late brother, Cannonball, who was one of the music's finest alto saxophonists. Now he works next to Philadelphia's Sonny Fortune, a fire-breathing alto player who melts each tune into his own image, building his improvisations, as does Adderley, on the shoulders of one of the strongest rhythm sections in the business—pianist Larry Willis, bassist Walter Booker, and drummer Jimmy Cobb.

The George Adams-Don Pullen Quartet rolls across all categories of style, from gutbucket blues to vanguard dissonance that never descends into meaningless noisemaking. It is an extremely compelling band that greatly benefits from the orchestral drumming of Dannie Richmond. Adams has formed a tenor saxophone style of enormous scope and Pullen has worked out the most effective and startling piano approach of the last decade. His "Tracey's Blues" on the solo album *Healing Force* (Black Saint) is one of the best examples of combining tradition with vanguard harmonies while enriching the power of both elements.

Sphere plays a repertoire dominated by the compositions of the late Thelonious Monk, whose death in 1982 was one of the most mourned passings, since he was not only an innovative pianist but the finest jazz writer since Duke Ellington. Both tenor saxophonist Charlie Rouse and drummer Ben Riley worked with Monk; and pianist Kenny Barron and bassist Buster Williams are, like their comembers, skilled instrumentalists and inspired improvisors. It is in keeping with the maturity of jazz that a band of excellent musicians would come together for the veneration of a great body of music like Monk's.

The idea of a jazz band made up of only four saxophone players might sound contrived, but the **World Saxophone Quartet** has been converting listeners since it formed in 1976. The members—Hamiet Bluiett, Julius Hemphill, Oliver Lake, and David Murray—usually wear tuxedos and begin performing rhythmic

chants offstage before strutting out in step with their music. They have figured out cunning ways to give saxophones the roles of piano, bass, and drums in order to *swing!* Because each of the members is a writer, the music is quite varied and has an affecting quality all its own. *Revue* (Black Saint) is one of the high water marks of new jazz.

FACES OF THE FUTURE

No art can avoid extinction if it fails to inspire the commitment of those young and imaginative enough to reinvent what gives the idiom its grandeur. A few years ago, many thought jazz was on its death bed, that there weren't the troops to carry the campaign into the future. They were wrong.

Wynton Marsalis is the *enfant terrible* of jazz. At twenty-two, he is as at home meeting the demands of superior jazzmen as he is performing European trumpet concerti. He was discovered by Art Blakey and has since left the drummer to lead his own band and appear as guest soloist with veterans like Sonny Rollins or Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter, and Tony Williams—the engine that pushed the last great Miles Davis band in the middle 'sixties. A natty dresser and an emergent matinee idol, Marsalis sees his job as one of synthesizing the innovations of the last twenty years, and his *Think of One* (Columbia) shows he is off to a strong start.

Both the writing and the playing of tenor saxophonist **David Murray** prove that vanguard jazz need be neither dull nor pretentious. Murray's score calls upon gospel, the blues, the jazz ballad, and Latin rhythms. His sound is huge and maintains the emotional scope of the masters while pushing a contemporary sensibility of alternately subtle and hot dissonance into performances that raise the roof. His *Home* (Black Saint) offers some of the freshest contemporary writing and playing around today.

Few flutists have been important to jazz and most have doubled on saxophones, but flutist **James Newton** has made the decision to play the flute only and has developed its potential into substantially new areas. Newton is as extraordinary a writer as he is a player and the body of his work contains a songful variety of expression compatible with his love for Duke Ellington. *James Newton* (Gramavision) is his best recording to date, illustrating as it does what seems a nearly limitless musical personality.

The **Henry Threadgill Septet** is captained by a man whose decision to rethink the entire tradition in his own terms is paying off. From work as stark as field hollers to intricately organized flag-wavers, this band moves across a wide territory and hits the audience in the soul, heart, and head with an authority so pure one almost forgets that the band is supposed to be, in some way, avant garde. Though not as stimulating as the live performances, *Just the Facts and Pass the Bucket* (About Time) gives an impression that will create more than passing interest.

The most imposing master of the alto saxophone to arrive since the middle 'sixties is **Arthur Blythe.** For sound, execution, swing, and emotional depth, Blythe is the alto's man of the hour. He is a musician so full of curiosity that he will experiment with colors that lead him to surround his saxophone with cello, guitar, tuba, and drums! As his *Illusions* (Columbia) shows, Blythe has the skill to make powerful music in whatever context he chooses. ▽

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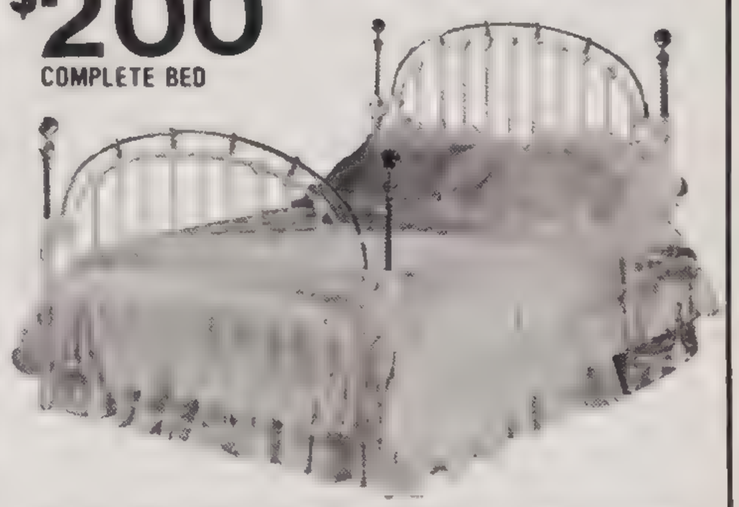

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MEETING OF ARTS & MINDS

(Continued from page 531)

life, she's not at all passive. Things happen in your acting, you don't plan it."

Did Bloom bring a lot of herself to the role of Hope?

"I don't know how you play anything that you don't bring a lot of yourself into, frankly. I know there are supposed to be great character actors who play roles totally away from their personalities—and in that case, I'm not one. That's all. When I read a script, my immediate reaction is yes or no—but immediate. And nearly always right. Not that I haven't made mistakes, obviously. But the first feeling is that something connects with what I've experienced, or might have experienced, or could experience. Hope is quite a familiar face.

"She is a very interesting woman, independent and strong. Independent in a dependent environment, really."

And Roth (dare we ask the question of any novelist?) does he bring much of himself to the characters he creates?

Well, yes—and no.

"The difference between a writer and someone who doesn't write is that the writer has something beyond self, which is imagination. I find that when certain people read books of mine, they say, 'Well, did that happen to you?' And I say, 'No.' Then they'll say, 'Well, we don't believe you,' and I'll say to them, 'Don't you see that what separates me from you is I can make things up? That's how I earn my living.' Tolstoy said you can see a street fight and write *War and Peace*—you know, you don't have to see a great battle to understand what combat is. You need something, some juice to get you going. If you had only the self, you wouldn't be a writer, you'd be something else. But you have this other thing that, for lack of a better word, is called imagination.

"Let's take the case of Lonoff, who is fifty-seven years old. I'm not fifty-seven years old now, and I was even younger when I wrote this book, but I certainly can project myself into that situation, and that's an act of imagination. I don't have to have lived it. If I had to live everything I wrote about, I'd be stuck."

Not to mention, exhausted. . . .

Roth: "Well, you do what your temperament requires. Hemingway had to go to Africa and shoot lions; and Chekhov didn't go anywhere, really, except finally to that prison camp in Siberia, and he never wrote fiction about it. When he finally did go off in search of experience, as it were, he couldn't make fiction out of it. He could make fiction only out of what flowed through his own life. What you're doing in those little rooms where you sit by yourself as a writer is not reconstructing your life—you're taking those germs and letting them sprout, aren't you?"

Bloom agrees—that is what she was saying. "I mean," she laughs, "what I tried to say, but not as well."

She goes on: "I suppose, in a way, an actor is more caged than a writer because as an actor you're limited by your body . . . but, even so, what dictates the range of your work is what you are capable of imagining yourself doing. You don't have to murder a Duncan to play Lady Macbeth. But you do have to think that you are capable of doing such a thing."

Can Philip Roth see himself as an actor?

"Not since I was in school. I just wanted to stand on the stage. In the light. No, no, I couldn't begin to do it. I remember picking Claire up at night after she'd been in a play in London. She'd be dressing, and I'd walk out onstage and stand there, just—terrified." (To Claire): "Do you ever feel that way?"

Bloom: "God, yes."

Roth: "I'd stand there on the stage and think, how does she dare do this? No one was there, and my heart was pounding."

About two years ago, Roth adapted a translation of Chekhov for a television production of *The Cherry Orchard* in which Bloom appeared. That was when he first had occasion to watch actors at work, in rehearsal, making the most awful mistakes and correcting them—much the way writers did, in fact.

"The experience of writing is mostly saying, 'This is wrong. This word is wrong, this sentence is wrong, this page is wrong.' Actors have to do all that in front of people, be wrong all the time—that's mostly in rehearsal. . . ."

(Bloom, quietly): "Not only in rehearsal."

Roth: "Well, but in rehearsal you get the first draft. That's where it's really happening.

"I think being a director is like being a writer. I do it quietly to my page, to myself. You keep saying, 'This isn't right, no, no, no, no, the other way. You talk to yourself, I think, the way a good director probably talks to actors. And that is sometimes very sweetly and gently, and sometimes saying, 'Look, take a walk, this stinks.' "

In her autobiography *Limelight and After,* Claire Bloom talks *(Continued on page 604)*

MEETING OF ARTS & MINDS

(Continued from page 603)

about actors' failings—how they signal that they are in trouble with a role: "It's a professional affliction that almost no one escapes . . . I have a little gesture that's an obvious sign of tension—the arm is straight down and I raise my wrist so my hand is parallel to the ground. . . . It's like something you might do out of nervousness at a cocktail party. You put on some kind of face or voice, some act that . . . you hope will get you by until you can get the hell out of there and on to something else."

Where did she get the nerve to expose a secret like that?

"Ah, well, I thought I'd give a lot of people an ax to hit me over the head with. . . . I found that a very difficult part of the book to write, because I knew I would be giving things away. I tried to be specific about how one acts. And it's a very mysterious and peculiar process altogether; but it's interesting to try to pin it down."

An urge to pin down the mystery is apparently what enables Claire Bloom to speak frankly about her abilities and limitations—the difficulty she had in being both a good mother and a good actress; the reasons for her failure to become a grand-scale Hollywood star ("In films, I fear I was a lady, and that is just fatal to anybody"). She is a woman who appears to have sacrificed certain illusions for the sake of emotional clarity.

The frustrations of being an actress:

"I have to rely on other people, on things and ideas that are not mine. And it's too late now; that's what I chose to do, and that's the world that I live in. I hesitate to say it, but I think my world is much more difficult than any other. It's chancy; and for the kind of person I am, that's not a particularly good way to live. I'm someone who likes to be in control, but I can't."

For Roth, of course, it is otherwise: "I don't need anyone else. That's probably why I chose to do what I do. And she needs a whole world."

But he is also—surprisingly—philosophical about an artist's limitations:

"As you go on in a career in the arts, what do you learn? You learn what you can't do. And that's exactly what happens over ten, twenty, thirty years. You know what you can't do. Others may accept it as your style or your trademark, your appeal. It may be the very thing that's most appealing, which is what others may call your 'vision.' You yourself may feel it as your limitation, your boundary."

In a sense, much of Roth's fiction is about the artist and his limitations. Lonoff is a case in point—his great limitation being that he is so thoroughly an artist. And then there is Nathan Zuckerman who, in the course of three novels, discovers what he is not.

"I wanted to take this writer through three stages of his career, the beginning, the middle—and the middle. And so the first book is about the enthusiasm, and the conflict, and the obsession. Then the next book [*Zuckerman Unbound*] is about his strange success. The last book is about Zuckerman's exhaustion in his forties, his exhaustion and his growing distaste for his own vocation—if not hatred of it—and his attempt to leave it.

"In *The Anatomy Lesson,* there are other consequences which appear to be physical—the ruin of his body, the toll that's been taken by his career. He decides to leave Manhattan and his life there, and become a doctor. There's nothing more different from being a writer than being a doctor. People actually need doctors—they don't need writers. But there's more to it than that. Zuckerman winds up in the hospital as a patient rather than as a doctor. In short, for him, there's no way out."

There is a scene in *The Ghost Writer* in which Hope, frustrated by Lonoff's relentless nobility, his faithful marriage to his profession, screams at him, "I cannot take any more moral fiber in the face of life's disappointments."

That sounds like a line either Philip Roth or Claire Bloom might have said.

Roth laughs. "I don't know what it means. I go completely blank when I hear it." (To Bloom): "Do you know?"

"I think it means she's had it up to here."

"She's talking about Lonoff," explains Roth, "Not giving in to his yearning for Amy, and not giving in to the monotony and boredom. . . ."

". . . and being," continues Bloom, "such an endlessly honorable man. Whereupon, Hope says, 'I'll go to Boston, I'll go to the end of the world. I'll go anywhere. Just let me out of this.' "

" 'Let me out of the prison of your decency' "—Roth is getting into the spirit now. "But it's complicated because the prison of his decency may well keep her together. Who knows? Lonoff is, as Claire says, a bottomlessly honorable man who has this fiendish dignity that she feels as a prison. . . . I did write it. I didn't say it."

Bloom laughs now. "And I said it. I didn't write it." ▽

BEAUTY REPORT 1983

(Continued from page 572)

involved with aging skin, we are moving one very slow step at a time . . . but there are signs we are getting there. For instance, we used the advantages of an already known benefit, the ability to accelerate skin-cell turnover rate in studies carried out on microcirculation; and, on the basis of our findings we have just introduced in Europe, Forté Vital, which augments and helps the 'transport' of nutrients from the dermis to the epidermis. This is a 'first' which we hope will come here in '84."

In 1979, L'Oréal gave several million dollars to CIRD, an independent advanced skin-research center in the South of France, to fund general research into the phenomenon of aging. Mr. Owen-Jones explained, "Ultimately, this could benefit the whole industry because we don't have any exclusive right to the information from CIRD as it is not product-oriented but concerns basic skin physiology."

To alleviate the visible signs of aging, Revlon's contribution has always been broad in scope. It began in the 'fifties with the first use of non-hormonal steroids in the legendary moisturizer Eterna '27', still a favorite product despite its having a heavier texture than most skin-care products have today. As Earle W. Brauer, M.D., Revlon vice president for medical affairs, explained, "The formula cannot be changed without having to go through the FDA approval processes again, which can take up to five years. Since its introduction, however, there have been many innovative developments from Revlon—one of the most outstanding was the use of high-quality soluble collagen in a series of skin improvers from CHR Moisture Concentrate to the more recent European Collagen Complex."

Next on Revlon's agenda—Stress Recovery, to be introduced at the end of this year, described by Dr. Brauer as "an amazing amino acid-collagen complex known as Eternagen, a fast regenerator of skin cells."

Securities analysts, who constantly monitor industry performances, see a trend in the way women are now responding to specialized, one-of-a-kind products like Stress Recovery—single items, as they are known in the cosmetics industry. As one of the leading Wall Street "sleuths," Jack L. Salzman of Smith Barney, Harris Upham & Co. Inc. put it, "Very few women today are loyal to a line, a regimen under one label, but there are significant signs that they might be loyal to an item . . ." Especially "landmark items" like Estée Lauder's Night Repair Cellular Recovery Complex, "where the emphasis is on reestablishing what is normal in healthy young skin," as Alayne Zatulove described it.

There has always been a strong scientific approach to skin care at Estée Lauder, where many products are acknowledged "landmarks" in the development of skin treatment in a general sense. Before it introduced "repair" into common cosmetic parlance, this company was the first to bring the thought—and the word—"control" into skin care, introducing, in 1981, Age-Controlling Creme.

"We are just at the beginning of a 'topically applied' age where the skin is used as a conduit for medical care," said Alayne Zatulove. "There are already topical applications to alleviate minor problems like sea sickness and major problems like those connected to heart disease. The skin has become a major treatment site . . . but the medical or pharmaceutical industry is continuing to search for new carrying agents to master the task fully."

She continued, "The knowledge gleaned in these studies helps us to find a more modern approach to moisturization, for example, with penetrating humectants that have the ability to draw moisture from *within* the skin to hold it where it's needed at skin's surface."

A frequently ignored agent, she pointed out, is the package insert. "People should get into the habit of reading it," she urged. "It usually has important technical information that should be read to ensure optimum product performance, saving mistakes and money. For example, a label or insert can teach you that sunscreen works much more efficiently when applied long before you go into the sun—because then it is chemically adsorbed by the skin."

Another example of a single "item" expected to gain rapid consumer loyalty is Extrait Vital, Dual Skin-Repair Complex from the prestigious skincare house of Orlane. Described by a company spokesman as "the single most important product introduction for the company in both 1983 and 1984," Extrait Vital continues the tradition begun by Orlane's Paris-based research team in the 'fifties, when Orlane's B-21 Treatment line made skin care history. Today's breakthrough means this one product repairs both above and below skin's surface, accelerating healthy new cell proliferation, hydrating and improving the skin's use of oxygen to bring a new quality to skin texture and appearance.

"It's certainly an exciting time to be in this industry," said Elizabeth Arden's research scientist Neil Delapp, Ph.D., who in 1975 left his post-doctoral work at the Department of Dermatology at Stanford University School of Medicine to start the first biochemistry program for Arden. Last year, Elizabeth Arden felt it was appropriate to hold their first professional symposium on dermal aging, inviting the country's leading skin scientists and doctors to discuss the latest research.

John A. Cella, Ph.D., vice president in charge of research and development at Elizabeth Arden, summed up the symposium at the time with, "Many of our speakers describe the aging of the dermis as a depressing laundry list of ugliness. . .but however dreary all the changes seem, the burgeoning body of knowledge on the biochemical processes injects a note of optimism."

Today, Dr. Cella believes his optimism is even more well founded. "The three most deleterious things as far as the visible signs of aging are concerned are overexposure to the sun, the 'wrong' parents (poor genes), and the inexorable genetic process of aging. The first two factors are related. Your natural heritage dictates how your skin reacts to the sun, and I believe everyone knows sun exposure is cumulative and influences the aging process.

"It's simply explained—if you put a flashlight under your wrist, the light shines through—so obviously visible light rays penetrate right *through* the skin. Shorter wave lengths of light get absorbed into the dermis and epidermis and are responsible for most of sun's undesirable effects—burning, skin cancer, and probably accelerated aging. Today, there are many products that can screen or block out these damaging rays, so that aspect of aging is totally preventable."

Research going on now at the National Cancer Institute concerns studying those factors that may predispose people to the development of skin cancer owing to sun exposure. Said Dr. Cella, "This will lead to a better understanding of how much sun protection each of us needs, based on exact genetic readings. It could bring about a totally different definition to the description 'sensitive skin.'

"At the moment, the only known benefit of the sun for human beings is in vitamin D metabolism, but we get enough D from our food. On the other hand, it's known that keeping human beings in darkness for any length of time has dire psychological effects. We feel now there is not enough known about the sun's influence to block all of it for everybody."

On one thing the industry is unanimously agreed—that one of the biggest steps in fighting visible signs of age was the breakthrough in skin-cell regeneration—accelerating skin-cell turnover. "When Elizabeth Arden developed Millenium to speed up cell turnover rate, there was a tendency to ask 'What's the benefit?'" said Dr. Cella. "One answer we could give with absolute certainty was that a faster turnover of cells makes the skin a better barrier—and, after all, that's the main function of the skin; to keep the environment out and body fluids in. I like to use the analogy that when you look in a mirror what looks back at you is your epidermis, something only about ten to twenty microns thick, which is very, very thin. If a wall is old, damaged, it's likely you'd put a nice fresh covering on it. The epidermis is your personal covering that might help to cover up some underlying flaws in the lower layer of the skin and improve appearance, as a good wallpaper can cover up a faulty wall."

Under the direction of Jack Mausner, Ph.D., vice president of research and development, Chanel skin care has long been focused on deeper needs of the skin, apart from the basic requirements of cleansing and moisturization. Cell regeneration—to produce necessary fresh cells; cell elimination—shedding off the top layer to allow the new cells to move up from below; skin respiration (oxygen exchange)—essential for skin's integrity and color: all these functions have now been addressed with Chanel's F.R.E. (Facteur Respiratoire Equilibré), a biological complex of proteins, lipids, glycogen, and carbohydrates. The most modern kind of exfoliator—Skin Renewal Extract—was also designed to slough without scraping and to give a more even look to the skin.

The last objective in Chanel's initial skin-caring onslaught is protection—thoroughly taken care of last year with the introduction of Total Protection, a line of products that addresses Dr. Gilchrest's often repeated warning: sun damage occurs every time you go into the sun. "It begins in childhood, which is when sun protection should begin. Most of the sun damage happens in short exposures, not in long sunbathing bouts."

All this illustrates the growing belief that the fine line between dermatological and regular skin-care products is getting thinner. As the beauty industry's *Product Marketing/Cosmetic & Fragrance Retailing* pointed out recently, "With each introduction of a treatment product that claims to improve the condition of the skin, the distinction between the two categories blurs further, so much so that many professionals from both sides of the fence no longer see any difference."

It's true the cosmetics industry has never been richer in scientific talent, with those who have spent their professional lives studying skin—biochemists, physicists, post-doctorate dermatologists. Charles of the Ritz, a firm that can call on the vast armory of knowledge and talent owned by its parent Squibb Corporation, also employed outside dermatologists to help create its Prescribed Skincare System of fragrance-free products.

When Avon recently announced a grant of $450,000 to the School of Medicine at the University of Pennsylvania Hospital to study the aging of normal skin, James J. Leyden, M.D., professor of dermatology at the University, commented, "This generous grant allows us to explore the biochemical changes that occur with aging or with exposure to ultraviolet rays. For the past twenty-five years, Penn's dermatology department has focused on the problems of skin's aging process. It has the only clinic for the diagnosis and treatment of the special problems of aging skin. . . ." Obviously, Avon's new Momentum Cell Energizing Formula is the forerunner of many serious skin carers, a new direction for the world's largest seller of beauty products.

Because fighting the visible effects of age concerns everyone everywhere, it has become a worldwide occupation with information increasingly shared on all levels. Shiseido recently announced the introduction of Facial Concentrates, describing them as "highly efficacious anti-aging products that boost cellular activity, prevent build-up of wastes, and increase cell's moisturizing capabilities." One of the main ingredients is hyaluronic acid, found in the skin to bind collagen together.

France has always been known for its comprehensive, specialized skin treatments. A magnificent new *(Continued on page 606)*

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BEAUTY REPORT 1983

(Continued from page 605)

research center has been built for Christian Dior Cosmetics in Saint Jean de Braye outside Paris, where the Dior research team developed for the first time a solubilization process to incorporate elastin (another protein found in the skin) into the Resultante skin-care products. The Moisturizing Day Cream, just introduced here, contains, in common with Resultante Wrinkle and Throat Creams, a filter against dangerous UVA and UVB rays.

The Supplegen Skincare System from Germaine Monteil—based on 100 percent stabilized soluable collagen—was a collaborative effort on the part of Monteil's researchers in Europe and in the U.S. Two results: One, the new Instant Action Firmer said to show skin-improving results in minutes. The other, "Firming Action" products said to achieve special firming.

In common with many research and development leaders, Dr. Cella of Elizabeth Arden believes the scientific approach is the only approach to perfecting and maintaining skin's optimum performance. "As far as dermal research is concerned, we are only at the fact-gathering stage. We don't even have a hypothesis yet, and remember the dermis makes up 95 percent of skin's weight. Skin's top layer—the epidermis—is a mere 5 percent and in a perpetual process of change; when you affect that change, you see immediate results.

"The dermal layer is completely different, made up mostly of a fibrous protein, collagen, not cells. Ten years ago, when we looked at the dermis, we thought it was something we were not going to be able to change very easily by simply treating the skin. Now there are clear examples suggesting that we can make some changes in the dermis, not yet from the cosmetic area but from the medical field. Now you can show, in fact, that some things can alter the wound-healing process, and that involves both the dermal *and* epidermal functions. A promising find is one of the analogues of a simple amino acid called proline, found in collagen. Introduce that into a cell and it gets confused. The cell doesn't make its collagen right, slowing down its manufacture. This could eventually help keloid sufferers. Then there's the use of ascorbic acid, vitamin C, which *stimulates* collagen production in laboratory observations.

"Slowing down, speeding up, vitamin effects, hormonal effects, biochemical effects—a wide field of activity is going on," continued Dr. Cella. "We work with plastic surgeons and other doctors in our endeavors, and now are looking at information that suggests you *can* modify the dermis and the potential to do it *topically*—i.e., cosmetically—is there. In five, ten years, who knows where we'll be as far as aging skin is concerned? The important thing is we're on the right track." ▽

FASHION INFORMATION

Page 134: Earrings, $100. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. Scarf, $210. Bergdorf Goodman; Regine, Los Angeles. **166:** Earrings and cuff, see information page 510, model on *left.* **484:** Accessories, Yves Saint Laurent. **485:** Earrings, Yves Saint Laurent. **486:** Accessories, Yves Saint Laurent. **487:** Accessories, Yves Saint Laurent. **488:** Accessories, Yves Saint Laurent. **489:** Accessories, Yves Saint Laurent. **490:** Earrings, ring and bracelet, Yves Saint Laurent. Shoes, Charles Jourdan. **491:** Earrings, Yves Saint Laurent. **492:** Accessories, Emanuel Ungaro. Hat, Jean Barthet for Ungaro. **493:** Accessories, Emanuel Ungaro. **494:** Accessories, Emanuel Ungaro. Ungaro Shoes for Schwartz & Benjamin. **495:** Accessories, Emanuel Ungaro. **496:** Accessories, Emanuel Ungaro. Shoes, Maud Frizon. **497:** Accessories, Emanuel Ungaro. **498:** Accessories, Givenchy. **499:** Earrings, Valentino. **500:** Accessories, Chanel couture. **501:** Accessories, Chanel couture. **502:** Earrings, Valentino. **503:** Earrings, Valentino. **504:** Accessories, Helietta Caracciola. **505:** Accessories, Christian Dior. **506:** Sweater, Valentino Boutique, distributed by Cidat, U.S.A. $3,510. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC, Dept. 531. Earrings, Jerry Kott. Ultimo, Chicago. **507:** Lambswool tank top, $46. Cotton pants, $36. Turnout at Bloomingdale's, Dept. 267; L.L. Berger, Buffalo NY; Claire Pearone; Balliet's; Sakowitz, Dept. 71; Bullock's, Dept. 335; Lazarus, Columbus OH; MM Cohn, Little Rock AR; Woolf Brothers, Kansas City MO. Rings, Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Henri Bendel. Shoes, Walter Steiger, Madison Avenue, NYC. **508:** Calvin Klein lambswool/angora sweater $140. Altman's, Dept. 147; Kaufmann's, Dept. 857; Saks-Jandel; Marshall Field's, Dept. 175; Sakowitz, Dept. 71; I. Magnin, Dept. 201. Hat, David, Henri Bendel; Ultimo, Chicago; Lou Lattimore, Dallas. Belt, Tack I by Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Henri Bendel. **509:** Stephen Sprouse silk/wool scarf also at stores listed on page 509. Norma Kamali for Stetson Hats. Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfelds; Macy's, San Francisco. Gloves, La Bagagerie. **510:** Chanel cardigan. Bloomingdale's, Dept. 353; Jacobson's, Dept. 60; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 91; Bullocks Wilshire, Dept. 356; I. Magnin, Dept. 31. Also at Rich's, Dept. 330; Sara Fredericks, Palm Beach FL. Chanel black cashmere sweater, $260. See stores for cardigan. Shoes, Pancaldi. I. Miller, NYC; Golfer's Green-Gazebo, Elkins Park and Narbath PA; Dolly Duz, Boca Raton and South Miami FL. Mario Valentino also at Lou Lattimore, Dallas; Capriccio, La Jolla CA. Panty stockings, Legs Fever. Shoes, Joan & David Couture. **511:** Necklace also at Diane Glynn, Philadelphia PA. Fiorucci acrylic sweater, $55. Fiorucci, NYC. **512:** Left: Acetate jacket, shirt and pants. Lord & Taylor, Dept. 91; Hudson's, Dept. 353; Marshall Field's, Dept. 814; Sakowitz, Dept. 76; Nordstrom; Liberty House, Dept. 398; Turnout also at Swansons on the Plaza; Bullocks, Dept. 380. Earrings, Terrafirma. Bracelet, Daphne. Bergdorf Goodman; Nordstrom, Southern California. Shoes, Chloe. Eleganza, Millburn NJ. *Right:* Polyester jacket. Acetate/Rayon pants. Earrings, Sherry Mills. Henri Bendel. Gloves, Sachiko for LaCrasia. Saks Fifth Avenue. Bracelets, Mary Anne Sgroi. Both models, panty stockings, Geoffrey Beene for Bonnie Doon. Shoes, Chloe. Eleganza, Millburn NJ. **513:** Gloves, La Bagagerie, NYC. **514:** Outfit also at Marie Leavell, Dallas. Bracelet, Sachiko Uozumi at Artwear, NYC. Earrings, Marieluisa Stern for Stigi. Henri Bendel; Rue de Rêves, Dallas; Nordstrom. Hanes Hosiery. Shoes, Vittorio Ricci. I. Miller, NYC; Fancy, Pittsburgh PA; Karen's Shoes, Winter Park FL. **515:** Necklace also at Sakowitz. Raincoat, Yohji Yamamoto. Tank top, Anne Klein II. Gloves, Sachiko for LaCrasia. Charivari, NYC; Lou Lattimore, Dallas; Nan Duskin. Earrings, Kirsten Hawthorne. Gindi, NYC; Handmoor, Chicago; Applause, Boulder CO. **516:** Belt, Ruza. Henri Bendel; Lemon & Lime, Old Greenwich CT; Parisian, Birmingham AL. **517:** Outfit at Jacobson's, Dept. 60; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 94; I. Magnin, Dept. 31. Belt and bracelet, Chanel. Bracelet at Amen Wardy, Newport Beach, CA; to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Panty stockings, Gerbe. **518:** Fernando Sanchez cotton/acetate blouse. Earrings, Robert Lee Morris at Artwear, NYC. Bracelets, wrist to cuff: Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun; Pellini Bijoux. Belt, Randi Zinz and Ginger Propper for Two Blondes. Macy's; Marshall Field's. **519:** Perry Ellis wool skirt. Outfit at Bloomingdale's, Dept. 317; Neiman-Marcus, Dept. 36; Bullock's, Dept. 333; Macy's, San Francisco, Dept. 165. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Henri Bendel. Bracelets, Pellini Bijoux. Belt, Calvin Klein. **520:** Cotton/nylon skirt. Outfit at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 45; Filene's, Dept. 351; I. Magnin, Dept. 211. Also at Holt Renfrew of Canada. Dept. 09. Earrings, Robert Lee Morris at Artwear, NYC. Bracelet, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Bergdorf Goodman. **521:** Outfit at Altman's, Dept. 147; Montaldo's, Dept. 90; Frost Bros., Dept. 550; I. Magnin, Dept. 201; Frederick & Nelson, Dept. 378. Also at Ruth Kishline's Country Clothes, Evansville IN; Barbara/Jean, Little Rock AR; The Avenue, Omaha NE. Earrings, Kenneth Jay Lane. **522:** Fingerless gloves, Boinot. Leopard print gloves, Jean-Charles Brosseau for Commodore. **525:** Earrings, Robert Lee Morris at Artwear, NYC. Gloves, Sachiko for LaCrasia. Bloomingdale's. Belt, Pellini Bijoux. To order at Bergdorf Goodman. **526:** Hat, Jay Lord Hatters. Bergdorf Goodman. **527:** Cotton/acrylic skirt. $82. Bloomingdale's, Dept. 295; Neiman-Marcus; Diamonds, Tucson AZ. Earrings, Pauletta Brooks. Henri Bendel. Bracelet, M.E. Stewart. Gloves and belt, Jean-Paul Gaultier. **528:** Hat, Maggie Vall. Henri Bendel. **529:** Silk taffeta shirt, $250. To order at OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Michael Hoban for North Beach Leather pants, $220. North Beach Leather, NYC, Atlanta, Chicago, Houston, Las Vegas, Los Angeles, San Francisco. Sunglasses, Ninth Avenue Sweatshop, NYC. Belt, at Henri Bendel; Ultimo, Chicago; Maxfield Bleu, Los Angeles; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Bracelet, Patrick Retif for Jean-Paul Gaultier. Gloves, Prada. Bergdorf Goodman. **550:** Hat at Macy's, Herald Square; Rich's; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis MO; Ultimo, Chicago; Robinson's, California. Brooch at Artwear, NYC. **552:** *Left to right:* Azzedine Alaïa. Suede top, $530. Suede skirt, $1135. Barney's, Dept. 76; Sakowitz; Charles Gallay, Beverly Hills; Bullock's Dept. 335; I. Magnin, Dept. 267. Shoes, Walter Steiger Madison Avenue, NYC and Brighton Way, Beverly Hills. Thierry Mugler wool knit suit. Rose Lash/Corrine Travis, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills. Giorgio Sant' Angelo wool jersey dress. $510. Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 45; Frost Bros., Dept. 520; I. Magnin, Dept. 36. Hair by Valentin; makeup, Bobby Butz. **553:** *Left:* Shoes, Walter Steiger Madison Avenue, NYC and Brighton Way, Beverly Hills. *Far right:* Shoes, Maud Frizon, NYC and Bal Harbour. Hair, Valentin; makeup, Bobby Butz. **554-555:** Cotton/lycra white leotard, $18. Capezio Ballet Makers. Available at all Capezio retailers nationwide. Grey leotard, Stevi Brooks Bodywear. Strap-on weights, Ad Hoc Softwear, NYC. Hair, Toshi Ogata for Gerard Bollei at the Galleria, NYC; makeup, Tomoko. **556-557:** Cotton/lycra leotard, $28. Park Lane Hosiery (57th Street), NYC; The Avant Garde Leotard, Coral Gables FL; Jenny Ferguson, Dallas; No Sweat Bodywear, Santa Monica CA. (White tube top not part of leotard.) Hair, Toshi Ogata for Gerard Bollei at the Galleria, NYC; makeup, Tomoko. **558:** Polyurethane maillot, OMO Norma Kamali, $65. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. **567:** Jacket, see stores, page 510. Earrings at Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; Ultimo, Chicago; I. Magnin. Bracelet, Pellini Bijoux. Bergdorf Goodman. **568-569:** Dress $850. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Earrings at Henri Bendel; The Knit Wit, Philadelphia; DeZanella, Detroit. Bracelets wrist to cuff: Arrow bracelets at Macy's; My Sister's Circus, Chicago. Black metal bracelets at Bergdorf Goodman; Bullocks Wilshire; Joseph Magnin. Men's clothes from David's Outfitters, NYC. **570:** Silk velvet dress. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC, Dept. 45; Filene's, Chestnut Hill, Dept. 351; Zoran, Washington DC; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Jackson Graves, Minneapolis, Dept. 185; Holt Renfrew of Canada, Dept. 04. Earrings at Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; Sandra Graham, Grosse Ile MI; I. Magnin. **571:** Earrings at Victoria Falls, NYC; Divino, Boston; Pomegranate, La Jolla CA. Man's tuxedo, Paul Stuart, NYC. **572-573:** Earrings at Victoria Falls, NYC; Camille, Coconut Grove FL; Ultimo, Chicago. Man's tuxedo, David's Outfitters, NYC. **574-575:** *Left:* Claude Montana jacket. Earrings by Faith. Gindi, NYC; Nonpareil, Chicago. *Right:* Jacket by Browns Paris. Scarf, Hermès. **576:** Nylon coat with acrylic pile lining. Barney's, Dept. 77; I. Magnin, Dept. 211. Turnout also at Holt Renfrew of Canada. Gloves, Levabre Cadet. Man's suit, Arthur & Fox Paris. Shirt, Charvet. Scarf, Hermès. Sneakers, Pony. **578-579:** Cotton/nylon sweatshirt and pants. I. Magnin, Dept. 211. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Soho Zoo, NYC. Sneakers, Seven Star. Man's coat, Cerruti 1881. Barney's. **580:** Rubberized cotton jacket. Cotton shirt, skirt and turban. Turban, $30. See stores, page 580. Bloomingdale's, Dept. 295; Sakowitz, Dept. 76; Nordstrom, Dept. 34. Shoes, Julianelli for Andrew Geller. Man's suit, Agnes B., NYC. Man's shoes, Pony. **582:** Ralph Lauren rubber poncho and stretch cloth pants. Outfit at Lord & Taylor, Dept. 163. Gloves, Isabel Canovas. Man's clothes: Blouson, Charles Chevignon. Pants, Lanvin. Sneakers, Pony. **583:** Turban, Norma Kamali for Stetson Hats. Bloomingdale's.

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